

Court backs Patten over capping

Education cuts threat after poll tax ruling

By JAMIE DETTMER

THE biggest legal challenge mounted against the poll tax failed yesterday when the High Court ruled the government acted lawfully in charge-capping 21 councils.

The judges rejected claims that Chris Patten, the environment secretary, had acted arbitrarily in his charge-capping last April. In a two-hour, 91-page judgment, they said Mr Patten was within his powers in refusing to explain to councils the criteria used to decide which authorities should be capped.

Council leaders accused the High Court yesterday of making a political judgment and said the ruling would mean swingeing cuts in services, particularly in education.

Twelve of the 19 Labour-controlled councils that had gone to the High Court, immediately announced that they would appeal. "We must go the higher court to seek justice," Margaret Hodge, leader of Islington borough council, said. "The implications are that the secretary of state can do what he likes and



Peter Ustinov, the actor and dramatist, with his wife, Hélène, after the announcement of his knighthood

Life peerage for Barbara Castle

By PHILIP WEBSTER
CHIEF POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT

BARBARA Castle, the former Labour cabinet minister, and Dame Lydia Dunn, who has been prominent in efforts to safeguard the interests of Hong Kong residents after the colony is handed back to China in 1997, are among six life peers created in today's birthday honours list.

Richard Hadlee, the New Zealand fast bowler, Jimmy Savile, the radio and television personality and fundraiser, and Kingsley Amis, the author, are knighted.

The other life peers created today are Sir Robert Haslam, chairman of British Coal, Sir Peter Lane, chairman of the executive committee of the National Union of Conservative Associations, Sir George Porter, president of the Royal Society, and Dr Robert Runcie, the Archbishop of Canterbury and already a Lord spiritual.

Richard Hadlee heads a list of sporting awards which include MBEs for Peter Scudmore, the champion national hunt jockey, and John Lever, the Essex and England cricketer.

There is also an MBE for Tracy Edwards, skipper of the first all-woman crew to complete the Whitbread Round the World Yacht Race, and an OBE for Ian McGeechan, coach of the Scotland rugby union team which last season won the grand slam.

The arts awards include knighthoods for Peter Ustinov and Ronald Grierson, chairman of the South Bank Centre. Four Conservative MPs are knighted: Tom Arnold (Hazel Grove), a vice-chairman of the Tory party; Michael Marshall (Arundel), Robert McCrindle (Brentwood and Ongar) and Wyn Roberts (Conwy), who is Minister of State at the Welsh Office.

Sir William Clark, MP for Croydon South and long-serving chairman of the Conservative backbench finance committee, is made a privy councillor, as is the Earl of Caithness, the paymaster-general.

Bernard Levin, a Times columnist, is made a CBE. There is also a CBE for John Chatteris, a former North of England correspondent of The Times.

REVIEW

Were you out at midnight?

Before dawn this morning thousands of anglers were already in action on the first day of the coarse season. William Greaves catches the fervour of those who catch fish: Page 29

A 'nice lad' who made it



Gary Lineker, England's World Cup forward, struck his future father-in-law as a nice lad who would never make a footballer. As England face a crucial match against the Netherlands tonight, Lineker talks to Ray Connolly about his boyhood: Page 31

As for the match, Stuart Jones reports on a change of tactics by the England manager: Page 45

Meades among the Unreals

Once upon a time in Portobello Road, Jonathan Meades met Real People. Now he describes eating out in a restaurant surrounded by Unreals: Page 34

Shades of green

As Britain's biggest environment show prepares to open next week, Sally Brompton finds some unexpected companions beneath the green banner: Page 33

SPORT

Good day for the big names

Boris Becker, Ivan Lendl and Stefan Edberg are all through to the semi-finals of the Stella Artois tournament at Queen's Club: Page 49

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Mob rules again in Bucharest

FROM CHRISTOPHER WALKER IN BUCHAREST

POST-revolutionary Romania yesterday suffered a second day of uncontrolled mob rule as miners ran amok in Bucharest, savagely beating anyone suspected of being a student or an intellectual.

The inauguration of the new president, Ion Iliescu, was postponed.

Petre Roman, the prime minister and son of a famous communist family, launched a bitter attack on reporting of events by the world's media just as hundreds of miners were trying to break into the luxury hotel, where most were staying, in order to beat cameramen.

In scenes of Orwellian proportions, some 400 miners charged down Bucharest's central boulevard beating

passers-by at random. Some of them were shouting "death to the intellectuals" as the country became irrevocably split between its workers and smaller professional classes.

Shortly after the charge, many of the miners left the capital in a fleet of official-looking buses and Mr Roman promised that all would leave before today. This appeared to contradict government claims that the ruling National Salvation Front had no control over the miners; a leading Front member was clearly seen directing their exodus.

The Front's spokesman, Adrian Nastase, claimed that "the miners have saved democracy in Romania" and said that without their intervention, regarded by most

foreign observers as sadistic anarchy of the worst kind, the Romanian parliament would be unable to meet.

By nightfall, the death toll during the worse few days of violence since the December revolution had risen to six and more than 400 people were treated in 17 different hospitals. A number of students were in intensive care after beatings which brought them close to death.

Cameramen became the targets after miners heard a rumour that they were disobeying instructions given by the miners' leaders and filming beatings from the balconies of the Intercontinental Hotel a few yards away. I was inside the building

as the charging miners, wielding long clubs and iron bars tried to force their way in. "We will find those bastard cameramen," one of them shouted as desperate hotel management appealed for army or police protection.

"Stay inside this room or you will be killed," a receptionist said. "They are determined to kill anyone who tells the truth to the world about what is going on here. They hate anyone who tries to say what they are really doing, but people like you can see it."

Frightened hotel staff broadcast repeated warnings telling television men to retreat from their balconies.

Ratio defiant, page 8
Trail of despair, page 8

Lithuania may freeze its freedom

FROM ANATOL LIEVEN IN VILNIUS

THE Lithuanian Prime Minister, Kazimiera Prunskiene, yesterday announced an independent investigation into his force over the trial of the businessman, Kevin Taylor.

The case against Mr Taylor - a close friend of John Stalker, former deputy chief constable - collapsed in January. Mr Taylor claimed he was framed by police to discredit Mr Stalker's investigation in Northern Ireland of "shoot to kill" allegations.

The announcement, at a meeting of the Greater Manchester police authority, came five months after the director of public prosecutions had called for Mr Anderson to consider an inquiry. The chief constable said another announcement would be made when the investigating officer had been appointed.

Anderton force faces enquiry

By A STAFF REPORTER

JAMES Anderton, Greater Manchester's chief constable, yesterday announced an independent investigation into his force over the trial of the businessman, Kevin Taylor.

The case against Mr Taylor - a close friend of John Stalker, former deputy chief constable - collapsed in January. Mr Taylor claimed he was framed by police to discredit Mr Stalker's investigation in Northern Ireland of "shoot to kill" allegations.

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ERM early entry hit by inflation rate

By RODNEY LORD, ECONOMICS EDITOR

INFLATION rose sharply last month, making it more difficult for Britain to become a full member of the European Monetary System (EMS) at an early date.

Under the Madrid conditions agreed last summer, the government wants to see inflation closer to the EC average before Britain joins the exchange-rate mechanism of the EMS. Last month the underlying inflation rate moved strongly in the other direction rising from 6.5 to 7 per cent. The underlying rate, which excludes mortgage interest payments and the effect

of the poll tax, compares with an equivalent average for the EC as a whole of about 5 per cent.

The retail price index rose 0.9 per cent last month to 126.2 (January 1987=100) pushing up the published inflation rate from 9.4 to 9.7 per cent.

Shares and sterling dipped, the FTSE 100 index closing down 10.7 at 2392.3 and the pound falling from 90.8 to 90.5 on the figures before recovering to close unchanged on the previous day at 90.6.

Early hopes hit, page 17

Team with magic at their fingertips

By CLIVE WHITE

PUBLIC enthusiasm over Cameroon, the new peoples' champions of the football world as a result of their performance in the World Cup, has spread to Leeds.

The John Waddington company, manufacturers of Subbuteo, the miniature football game, have been inundated with requests for Cameroon teams, and have sold more than 2,000. A few weeks ago the company was being accused of racial discrimination for not producing black sides.

At the same time, bookmakers have reduced their odds on the Cameroon winning the World Cup to 25-1. Before the start of the competition, the African side was quoted at 500-1.

It would seem that, along with most of the rest of us, the bookies had dismissed the side as merely a nice contrast to the

more professional, better organised teams of Europe and South America, regarded as the serious contenders for the title of world champions.

A little research would have revealed just how well qualified the Cameroon side is to succeed at the highest level. Far from being under-privileged in terms of quality competition, the nucleus of the side is playing regularly in the French league with some of the most gifted footballers in Europe.

The natural ball skills developed since the game was introduced to the country in the 1920s by the French and the Germans has recently been harnessed into a more disciplined framework by their new coach, Valeri Nepomniachy, who acquired his expertise as an assistant to Valeri Lobanovsky, manager of the Soviet Union's national side.

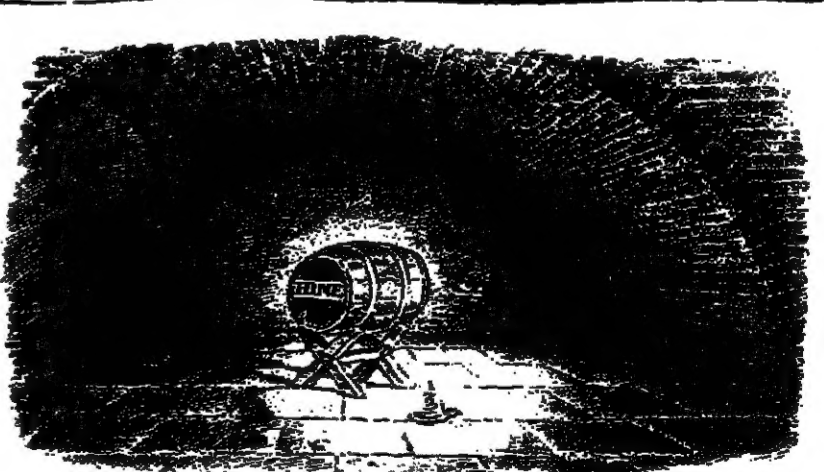
Cameroon came to Italy as the only country with an unbeaten record in the

finals. They were eliminated after the first round of the 1982 competition in Spain without losing a game, having held the likes of Peru, Poland and Italy, the eventual winners, all to a draw. Italy went through ahead of Cameroon merely by virtue of having scored one more goal.

One of the heroes of that series was a forward, Roger Milla, who retired last year from international competition. But when Milla, who has played for Monaco and St Etienne, made known his desire to participate in this year's finals President Biya "suggested" to the football federation that it might be a good idea if Milla was included in the squad.

Milla, aged 38, the second oldest player in the competition after England's Peter Shilton, has proved more than equal to the occasion again.

Match reports, page 45
Graham Taylor, page 48



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Court to rule on Ridley's inaction over Harrods

By PAUL WILKINSON

THE battle over the ownership of Harrods flared again yesterday when Lord Denning High Court permission for a judicial review of the government's decision not to seek disqualification of the Fayed brothers as directors of the store's controlling company.

Lorho, beaten in 1985 for ownership of the House of Fraser stores group, claims the trade and industry secretary, Nicholas Ridley, failed in his duty to act under the Company Directors Disqualification Act, 1986. The court can order Mr Ridley to reconsider his decision, but he is not bound to change his opinion.

Mr Ridley resisted great pressure in the Commons to act in spite of a damning report, published by his own department in March, on the Fayed brothers' behaviour in acquiring House of Fraser.

Among other things, the department of trade inspectors concluded that the Fayed brothers had dishonestly misrepresented their origins, their wealth, their business interests and their resources to the secretary of state, the Office of Fair Trading, House of Fraser directors and shareholders and their own advisers.

The Commons trade and industry select committee suggested last month that the issue of disqualification should be put to the courts to decide. Mr Paul Spicer, a director of Lorho, said "We are pleased that the review can go ahead. This is not an

attempt to keep a feud going with the Fayed, merely an effort to make the secretary of state act."

The House of Fraser would make no comment, saying the matter was sub judice, but it is understood the group intends to fight the Lorho application to the House of Lords. One source said: "It is simply another attempt by Lorho to waste £1 million of its shareholders' money in pointless litigation which will get them nowhere."

There was no comment from the trade and industry department.

The dispute between the Fayed brothers and Lorho's chief executive, Tiny Rowland, goes back beyond the takeover to 1981 when Mr Rowland gave an undertaking to the department not to bid for the store group after the Monopolies and Mergers Commission ruled a merger would be against the public interest. Norman Tebbit, the then trade secretary, refused to release Lorho from that promise and allowed a bid from the Egyptian-born Fayed instead in March 1985.

Mr Tebbit's action was the subject of a separate legal action launched by Lorho last month, seeking damages for loss of opportunity to bid for the group.

After the Fayed took control of House of Fraser, Mr Rowland pressed for a trade department inquiry. Late in 1985, Lord Denning, who had taken over as secretary of state, rejected that request, but in April, 1987, his successor, Paul Channon agreed to set up an investigation. The report was delivered a year ago to Lord Young.

Lorho used its ownership of the Observer newspaper to publish a leaked copy of the report, but an injunction was obtained by the department to halt its dissemination. It was eventually released by Mr Ridley on March 7, and condemned the Fayed brothers for their deviousness.

Suggestions at the time that much of their financial support came from the Sultan of Brunei was denied.



The Duchess of Devonshire, right, patron of the Chapel Manor Trust Fund, and Marion Roe, left, Conservative MP for Broxbourne, left, with pupils of Bush Hill junior school touring the Chapel Manor, the green heritage centre at Enfield, north London, yesterday after the launch of its £1 million appeal. The centre wants to raise the cash to provide 15 scholarships for horticultural students and a riding centre

Test Valley residents lose appeal against gravel site

MORE than 500 residents of the Test Valley, Hampshire, including Lord Denning, failed to persuade the High Court yesterday to overturn the decision by the former environment secretary, Nicholas Ridley, to allow a sand and gravel extraction operation at Kimbridge.

The scheme involves extracting sand and gravel from farmland to be transported across the valley to a despatch and storage site near Mottisfont Abbey, owned by the National Trust. Lord Denning, former Master of the Rolls, David Frost, the television personality, and other valley residents urged Mr Justice Hodgson to quash the planning permission granted to Hall Aggregates (South Coast) Ltd, a subsidiary of Ready Mixed Concrete.

The protesters' case hinged on the correct interpretation of local development plans. The judge ruled that the

interpretation made by an environment department inspector, who held an enquiry into the proposals, was correct. The inspector decided there was no "presumption" in the plans against a development for extracting minerals. He found that the actual extraction operation was not within the Test Valley although the conveyor belt and despatch operation were.

The judge also rejected an application by Oliver Cuts, a Hampshire landowner, for Mr Ridley's decision to be quashed. Mr Cuts claimed the scheme would "devastate" the area and the residents would have to pay the legal costs of the secretary of state. However, an application for costs against them by Hall Aggregates failed.

After the judgment Roderick Hall, vice-chairman of the management committee of the residents' action group, Save a Valley's Environment, said

they would be consulting their legal advisers about a possible appeal. Lord Denning was not surprised at the outcome. He said from his home in Wiltshire he was "disappointed" and vowed that the fight would go on. The task now was to make representations to the new environment secretary "to say that his predecessor was wrong. We hope the new minister will put the matter right".

Tony Fage, solicitor for Ready Mixed Concrete, said on behalf of Hall Aggregates: "The company is naturally very pleased to have had the decision of the inspector upheld by the judge today." Asked about residents' fears that the countryside would be ruined, he said: "We consider their objections on those grounds are not well-founded."

"The evidence given on these matters at the public enquiry was very fully considered by the inspector."

Laird must wait for isle of Eigg ruling

By KERRY GILL

SCOTLAND'S supreme civil court yesterday reserved judgment on the future of the Hebridean island of Eigg.

The laird, Keith Schellenberg, is appealing to the Court of Session in Edinburgh to overturn a ruling allowing his former wife, the Hon Margaret De Hauteville Uday-Hamilton, to sell the island.

Last year, Lord Prosser ruled that Mrs De Hauteville Uday-Hamilton, now Mrs Williams, should be free to sell the island, estimated to be worth £1 million.

A divorce agreement in 1980 laid down that the island should be divided between the couple. Mrs Williams would continue to own half of Eigg but would not be involved in the island's management.

Mr Schellenberg, a former Olympic bobsleigh champion and captain of the Yorkshire rugby union team, transferred

his half share to Cleveland and Highland Holdings, of which he is managing director. Mrs Williams petitioned the court to force sale of the island, which has 70 inhabitants, claiming that Mr Schellenberg was mismanaging the estate and the value of her share was declining.

Yesterday, the advocate Richard Keen said Mr Schellenberg had ceased to be co-proprietor and had no legal right to conduct the business of the island.

The original agreement was that he and Mrs Williams were co-proprietors, but it was not laid down that he should continue running the business of the island if he ceased to be a proprietor.

Mr Schellenberg, it was said, had no title to oppose his former wife's claim because he had sold his half share to Cleveland and Highland Holdings.

Logic of Maguire case is destroyed, says QC

By MARK SOUSTER

THE director of public prosecutions was accused yesterday of "beating a tactical retreat" after declaring the convictions of the Maguire Seven unsafe.

Anthony Arlidge, QC, counsel for the family, said the DPP's conclusion, based only on the possibility that those involved had been innocently contaminated with nitroglycerine "did not do justice to the evidence".

On the closing day of the first stage of the May enquiry, Mr Arlidge said there were other grounds for quashing the convictions. Had the trial judge in 1976 known facts revealed at the inquiry, it was "all but certain" the prosecution would have been withdrawn, at least in part.

Anne Maguire, her sons Patrick and Vincent, her husband Patrick, her brother Sean Smyth, her husband's brother-in-law Guiseppe Conlon, and a family friend, Patrick O'Neill, were sentenced to between five and 14 years after being convicted in 1976 of running an IRA bomb factory. Conlon died in prison.

Mr Arlidge said it was astonishing that forensic scientists had held back evidence that threw doubt on the prosecution case. Those scientists had been discredited. The judge would certainly have summed up the case "wholly differently".

"It is not just a question that Mr Higgs, Dr Hayes and Mr Elliott, forensic scientists at the Royal Armament Research and Development Establishment who provided the evidence to convict the Maguires, have been discredited; it goes further than that," he said. "The whole logic of the Crown's case has been destroyed by the evidence we have heard here."

Mr Arlidge said Douglas Higgs and Dr Thomas Hayes had concealed the fact that a second test of swabs of the Maguires' hands had been taken, which proved negative. "If experts come forward and put forward a positive case, make positive statements about things knowing perfectly well that they have records of experiments and procedures in their laboratory that undermine positive statements they are making, they are under obvious duty to bring them forward," Mr Arlidge said. "It seems astonishing that both he (Mr Higgs) and Dr Hayes came to this enquiry knowing the nature of the issues involved and were prepared to give their evidence without making any mention that they knew of this second test."

"Had all this information come to light in the course of the original trial, the Crown witnesses would have been cross-examined into the ground. That so undermines the whole of the original trial that it is in itself a ground for quashing the convictions."

The Home Office said yesterday there was no limit to the payments the seven may receive if the Court of Appeal rules the convictions cannot stand. David Waddington, the home secretary, is to refer the case to the appeal court on receipt of Sir John May's interim enquiry report, which he is expected to provide speedily.

An application for compensation would be considered by the independent assessor Lord Justice Calcutt. One legal source said the Maguire family and a friend could receive about £10,000 for each year they served in prison. Four people jailed for life for the Guildford pub bombings and released last October each received an immediate interim payment of £50,000 and their lawyers expect final sums of £150,000 each.

Saliva may hold clue to peptic ulcers

By PEARCE WRIGHT
SCIENCE EDITOR

SCIENTISTS have detected a biochemical deficiency in the saliva of sufferers of rheumatoid arthritis and gastric ulcers.

The discovery by a team working with Dr Christopher Hawkey at the Queen's Medical Centre, Nottingham, could help to establish the cause of peptic ulcers and find new treatments.

A report of the study, published today in the *European Journal of Gastroenterology and Hepatology*, says the investigation was prompted by the discovery that animals lick their wounds for good health reasons. The saliva contains epidermal growth factor (EGF) that stimulates normal skin to grow and repair the wound.

Investigations began when doctors noticed that rheumatoid arthritis patients were prone to ulcers and to sicca syndrome, which affects the salivary glands and reduces production of saliva. The combination of disorders caused the researchers to question the assumption that gastric ulcers were caused by anti-arthritis drugs.

Saliva with EGF is known to protect animals against the development of gastric ulcers, so the scientists reasoned that a deficiency in patients with rheumatoid arthritis may lead to gastric ulceration.

The theory seemed to be borne out when saliva from 29 arthritis sufferers was compared with that from 23 healthy people. All the arthritis patients had a shortage of saliva. More important, the saliva was deficient in EGF.

Dr Hawkey was cautious about drawing too many conclusions. "What is not clear is whether this is a primary problem in this group or whether it might have arisen as a consequence of their drug treatment. We do not know how to increase the production of EGF," he said.

Estate agent stole £378,000 to back roulette addiction

AN ESTATE agent who stole £378,000 from his firm and lost it all on the roulette table was jailed by Southwark Crown Court yesterday.

Spencer Lebetkin set up false bank accounts and forged cheques to finance his addiction. By day he appeared a respectable, ambitious, estate agent. But by night he gambled away hundreds of thousands of pounds at Stakis Regency Club, in Russell Square, London.

Between September 1987 and May 1989, Lebetkin staked more than £900,000 on the roulette wheel, losing almost half a million pounds.

Alison Ginn, for the prosecution, said Lebetkin was a senior partner with Richard Ashleigh of Bloomsbury, for five years. He plundered the company's funds for 11 months, stealing £378,045. "Every penny of the money he stole was lost on the roulette table," Miss Ginn said.

Lebetkin, aged 28, of Broadhurst Avenue, Edgware, admitted three sample charges of obtaining money by deception and asked for 117 similar offences to be taken into consideration. He was jailed for six months, with a further 12 months suspended.

The court was told that Lebetkin had attended Gamblers Anonymous, but could

not overcome his addiction, which had been fuelled when he won £100,000 in the early 1980s. He gave half the money to friends, who helped him to set up his estate agency.

Miss Ginn said the company held three management bank accounts. Lebetkin set up a further six bogus accounts, then forged the signature of his partner, Mr Richard Susskind. He was caught out in March last year when the bank wrote to Mr Susskind pointing out that the management accounts were overdrawn.

He was declared bankrupt last year. Peter Clarke, for the defence, described the amounts stolen as startling. He said: "He suffered from this addiction for some while and it reached a peak at a time when he was in a position to steal this money."

Vauxhall recalls Cavaliers

VAUXHALL recalled more than 29,000 cars from its top-selling Cavalier range "as a precaution" yesterday after a driver was seriously injured when the seat belt of his car failed (Kevin Faxon writes).

The motorist, who is not being named for legal reasons, was driving a three-day-old Cavalier when it was involved in a collision. Vauxhall said it was believed that the seat belt did not restrain the driver properly because of incorrect tightening of the upper mounting bolt in the car. Although only this one incident has been reported, the company decided to recall 29,366 Cavaliers, almost the whole output from its main factory in Luton for the first three months of this year.

The company was last night writing to owners calling them in for a free vehicle inspection at local showrooms. Owners can also call a help line on (0734) 845517.

Film makers hail Thatcher cash injection for industry

By RICHARD EVANS, MEDIA EDITOR

A CASH boost of £5 million for British film makers and a working party to examine the problems facing the industry were announced by the prime minister yesterday after a Downing Street seminar attended by 20 leading figures in the film industry.

The money combined with the sympathetic hearing given to the main proposals made by film chiefs surprised those present, including Sir Richard Attenborough, chairman of the British Screen Advisory Council, who last night described the three-hour meeting as "very positive".

The Downing Street seminar, chaired by Mrs Thatcher, follows growing concern over the plight of the British film industry, which has seen production fall to the lowest point since the 1920s.

The absence of fiscal incentives for investors, minimal government support and

encouragement compared to European counterparts and punitive tax measures have been blamed for the decline in the industry.

As well as providing £5 million over the next three years to help British producers seeking to enter European co-productions, the prime minister agreed to set up a working party, chaired by trade and industry secretary Nicholas Ridley, to examine the structure of the film.

The working party, which will have to report back by autumn, will look at the introduction of accelerated write-off procedures for qualifying expenditure on British film production, reducing punitive tax measures which have discouraged foreign actors working in Britain, and modifying the Business Expansion Scheme to encourage production.

The Government will also study plans to establish a Film Commission to improve the promotion of British films in the United Kingdom and overseas. Sir Richard said last night: "The proposals that we put forward were all taken on board; none were rejected."

Although the French and German governments provide between £40 and £50 million in subsidy to their film industries compared to the £1.5 million provided by the British government, Sir Richard refused to criticise the size of the new cash boost.

"The fact that there was some new money at all pleased us. Of course we would like five times that but £5 million... is not desecratory."

He added: "We are not suggesting this is the final answer. On the contrary this is the beginning, but it is a very positive beginning. The point of the working party is not to talk about the £5 million but about real money for the British film industry and that money has to come in other ways, through television, video or tax incentives or whatever."

Egyptian queen who kept her head

By NORMAN HAMMOND, ARCHAEOLOGY CORRESPONDENT



Queen Senebt: Huge wig and tight-fitting dress

A RARE and important statue of a queen of Egypt dating back 3,800 years has been rediscovered in the Royal Collection at Sandringham. Now identified as Queen Senebt, consort of an as yet unidentified pharaoh of the Twelfth Dynasty, the statue is only the second representation known, and the first on which the head survives.

The black granite figure, nearly two feet high, was identified by Nicholas Reeves, of the British Museum, who was invited to examine the Royal Collection after the Queen had seen Lord Carnarvon's Egyptian material at Highclere Castle, near Newbury, which Dr Reeves has catalogued and placed on display.

The statue of Senebt, "the king's wife and the king's mother", is on loan to Highclere this weekend, where Lord Carnarvon and Dr Reeves have organized an international conference on the Valley of the Kings.

The meeting marks the 75th anniversary of the start of excavations in the royal burial ground there by Howard Carter and the fifth Earl of Carnarvon, the present earl's grandfather. Senebt is shown

seated, clad in a tight-fitting simple dress and with her hands on her knees. A huge wig outlines her face, which was damaged in antiquity and reshaped in the 19th century, probably to make the statue an acceptable gift.

Nearly 30 pieces from the Royal Collection have been lent to Highclere: apart from the Senebt statue there are two elegant vessels, one of translucent calcite and one of blue faience, ribbed like a melon. The latter probably comes from the site of Tuna el-Gebel and dates to around 950 BC: a group of similar material is in the museum at Eton College.

Among the unusual pieces, all of which are thought to have been collected in the latter part of the 19th century by the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, and other members of the Royal Family who visited Egypt, are a cosmetic spoon in the shape of a swimming woman, and two bronze coffins for mummified kittens, one with the corpse still inside. "Although small, it is a fascinating example of the sort of collection made by distinguished travellers in the last century," Dr Reeves said. Lord Carnarvon added: "We are very honoured that Her

Majesty is allowing us to show some of the Egyptian artefacts from the Royal Collection to those attending the conference."

After this weekend the objects will be returned to Osborne House on the Isle of Wight, where some of them form part of the Swiss Cottage Museum, or to Sandringham. The Sandringham pieces are not normally on display. Sir Geoffrey de Bellingue, Surveyor of the Works of Art to the Queen, said: However, they could be included in some future exhibition.

The weekend conference will include lectures by specialists from Europe, the United States and Japan. John Harris, until recently at Durham and now at the University of Copenhagen, will speak on Akhenaten and Neferneferun in the tomb of Tutankhamun. Claude van der Sijpe of Louvain on the royal figures from the tomb and their historical usefulness, and Marianne Eaton-Krauss from Germany on the sarcophagus in which Tutankhamun was buried. She believes that it was originally intended for somebody else, and will reveal who that was at the conference.

'Race' drivers banned

TWO motorists were each fined £750 and banned from driving for two years after a Scottish court was told yesterday they had been involved in a race on the A9 Perth to Inverness road (Kerry Gill writes).

Inverness Sheriff Court was told that Anthony Duggan, aged 35, who lives in Bermuda, reached 130mph in his Porsche as he tried to shake off

Mark Elder, aged 22, of Wick, Caithness, in a Vauxhall. Elder's car reached 120mph, according to police. Both admitted driving recklessly.

Jack Gowans, defending Duggan, said he had noticed the Vauxhall had been too close behind and he could not shake him off. Robert Forrest, defending Elder, said he was overtaking cars when the Porsche pulled out in front.

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Struggle to haul Britain's Eurotrain out of the sidings



Fletcher: government feared costs spiral

After rejecting £2.6 billion of private sector capital for the Channel tunnel rail link, Cecil Parkinson has set out to finance it without "unacceptable" risk to the taxpayer. Michael Dynes examines the possibilities.

THE spectre of spiralling costs, similar to those experienced by Eurotunnel, appears to have played a central role in the government's decision to reject the European Rail Link (ERL) consortium's proposal for a Channel tunnel rail link.

Eurotunnel's cost increases, from £4.7 billion in 1987 to £7.56 billion by this year, were seen as a dangerous precedent that made ministers extremely nervous about backing the ERL scheme, according to John Fletcher, chairman of the Eurotunnel private sector partnership.

The consortium insists, however, there is no comparison between the two schemes. The tunnel is a "fast-track" construction project on which work began before the design

was completed, while the rail link was fully designed and engineered before any work was scheduled to begin, it said.

Unexpected cost increases could not be ruled out, particularly as a quarter of the proposed route is in tunnel. However, ERL would have started from a far more financially secure position, and would not have faced the risk of the scale of cost increases experienced by Eurotunnel. The consortium is less than happy about the way Cecil Parkinson, the transport secretary, presented the various costs involved in the ERL scheme, which were described as a "£2 billion government subsidy to finance a £4 billion project". Mr Parkinson said the

ERL proposal involved a £400 million contribution from Network SouthEast, a £500 million capital grant, and the conversion of the £1.1 billion being spent on upgrading the existing line into a low-interest loan, repayable in full by 2010.

According to ERL, the cost involved a £400 million "user fee" from Network SouthEast, in exchange for rights to a quarter of the new line's capacity between Folkestone and Swanley, and half of the capacity from there to King's Cross. The £500 million was a capital grant to Network SouthEast, which it would have required for developments at King's Cross to provide through services for Kent commuters. The grant had nothing to do with the cost of the ERL scheme.

Conversion of the £1.1 billion into a loan for ERL was money that had to be spent in preparation for when the tunnel opens in 1993.

Finally, Mr Parkinson made no mention of the private capital to be put into the scheme. Mr Parkinson said the £2.6 billion of private sector capital for the proposed 68-mile route because of the £2 billion of public sector capital requested to underwrite it, £1.5 billion of which (loan plus capital grant) it would have had to spend in any case.

Mr Parkinson told the Commons that the ERL scheme involved an unacceptable financial risk for the taxpayer, and immediately set Robert Reid, British Rail's new chairman, who is knighted today, the task of re-examining the route to see what additional savings could be made. Much of this effort is likely to be concentrated on the route's "missing link" between the North Downs and King's Cross. By maximising commuter revenues, it may be possible to reduce further the project's costs. But they would

have to be substantial savings to make any significant inroads into the size of the public sector contribution requested by ERL, unless the government is prepared to make do with a partial link.

Although welcoming Mr Parkinson's commitment to the high-speed link, Sir Robert is aware it can proceed only as a public sector enterprise, backed by public funds, or as a joint venture, in which the private sector partner would still demand some financial guarantee from the taxpayer. This dilemma could result in the revival of the ERL partnership within the year.

Examining the British situation after a decade of success at building high-speed railways, John Pierre Loubinoux, managing director of French Railways UK, points out that, unlike France, Britain has yet to appreciate that a modern railway infrastructure soon pays for itself.

Saunders illness halts Guinness trial

By PAUL WILKINSON

THE Guinness trial was halted yesterday for the second time this week after Ernest Saunders said he would be unable to continue giving evidence in his defence.

His counsel, Richard Ferguson, QC, said that Mr Saunders was having trouble with his voice and it was feared it could be a recurrence of a thyroid condition.

Mr Saunders had been expected to conclude his evidence-in-chief yesterday on what would have been his seventh day in the witness box at Southwark Crown Court, south London.

Later, outside the court, Mr Ferguson said it was hoped that Mr Saunders' breathing difficulties, sore throat and high temperature might be the symptoms of influenza, which would resolve themselves over the weekend.

The last time Mr Saunders suffered thyroid problems, a year ago, he was ill for six weeks.

The judge, Mr Justice Henry, accepted Mr Ferguson's suggestion that Mr Saunders should consult a specialist at Guy's Hospital who could prepare a report for the court on Monday. A decision would then be made on whether the trial can continue.

Sending the jury home for the day, the judge told them: "Clearly Mr Saunders is in no state of health to give a proper account of himself."

One day of the trial was lost last Wednesday after a problem involving a juror, who was subsequently discharged.

Mr Saunders, Gerald Ronson, the head of Heron International, the stockbroker Anthony Parnes, and the financier Sir Jack Lyons deny 24 counts of theft, false accounting and breaches of the Companies Act. The charges arise from the Guinness takeover of the Distillers drinks group in 1986.

Villagers 'vote out' council

Villagers at Sutton Bridge, Lincolnshire, yesterday voted by a 28 majority for their parish council to resign after disagreements about industrial expansion and the way the authority is run. Nine hundred and thirteen people (34 per cent) voted.

John Coote, a councillor and former chairman, said: "I have no intention of resigning. We can stand at next year's elections."

TV apology

Channel 4 Television apologised to the McDonald's Corporation yesterday for screening a programme that implied it was responsible for the destruction of rain forests in Costa Rica to raise cattle for hamburgers. The TV company also agreed to pay McDonald's costs in settlement of a libel action at the High Court in London.

Drug testing

Parents have supported proposals for random drug tests at Marlborough College, Wiltshire, after the expulsion of seven students in February for smoking cannabis.

Male suicides

Research by a team at Leicester University shows that between 1980 and 1988 the suicide rate for men aged between 15 and 24 rose by 86 per cent. This was claimed in the BBC television programme *Public Eye* last night.

Relics removed

A display of shrunken Maori heads has been removed from Whitby museum, north Yorkshire, where they had been on show for more than a century, after complaints by two New Zealand tourists who said the relics could cause offence to Maori visitors.

Soldiers held

Two members of the First Battalion, the Black Watch, which is deployed along the Irish border, were being held yesterday on drugs charges.

Rail patrol

British Rail police are to patrol accident "black spots" in an attempt to catch hooligans throwing stones at trains. Police chiefs in Bristol fear that, after the recent spate of attacks, it is only a matter of time before someone is killed.

School sale

Hertfordshire county council is planning to sell Hadham Hall School, near Bishop's Stortford, reported to have been used as a hunting lodge by Queen Elizabeth I, for an estimated £5 million.

Consumers' right over faulty goods 'threatened'

By FRANCES GIBB, LEGAL AFFAIRS CORRESPONDENT

CONSUMERS may lose the right to reject faulty goods that they have not had a chance to examine because of changes to the law coming before the House of Lords for debate next week.

The National Consumer Council is concerned that under the Consumers' Guarantees Bill, the buyer's right to reject will be lost, despite the backing that this provision originally won from five law lords and the then Lord Chancellor, Lord Gardiner.

Guy Dehn, the council's legal officer, said: "This is a right that affects almost every citizen. We fear that if this bill goes through as it stands, a shop or garage will be able to assert to a customer, shortly

after purchase, that even though the product is faulty and however much it costs, they cannot have a refund because that is the law."

The Consumer Guarantees Bill would implement a recommendation of the Law Commission, which in its report on the sale and supply of goods in 1987 said the right to reject can be lost "whether or not the buyer has had a reasonable opportunity to examine the goods".

Although the Consumer Guarantees Bill is not intended to rob a buyer of his right to reject, there are conflicting views over the effect of the bill as drafted. The council is worried that although the bill gives buyers a "reasonable time" to examine goods, that does not mean they would also have had a "reasonable opportunity" to examine the goods.

Buyers could therefore lose their right to reject faulty goods, the council says, because that reasonable period of time has elapsed, even though they have not had a chance to look at the goods. However, the Law Commission, on whose report the bill draws, says that in practice "reasonable time" would mean that the buyer should have a chance to look at his goods.

The council says that under the bill, it is not clear that the buyer must be given a reasonable opportunity within which to examine the goods. There was a danger therefore that the buyer would be deemed to have accepted the goods through lapse of time. "This provision is inequitable," Mr Dehn says.

The Office of Fair Trading estimates that there are one million unresolved complaints about faulty new goods a year. The problem arises particularly over cars and large household appliances where one in three complaints is not settled.

A steep rise in the level of dissatisfaction with goods from 28 per cent of the adult population in 1985 to 38 per cent in 1988 suggests the problem is worsening, the council says. Some retailers are also starting to insist household goods are accepted within seven days of purchase.

The council is backing an amendment, to be put forward by Lady Ewart-Biggs, which would make clear that there must be a "reasonable opportunity" for the buyer to examine the goods.

Family Money, page 23



Leonie Morris, aged eight, of the Prior Weston school, is tossed in a blanket at the City of London, in the ancient beating the bounds ceremony to remind her where the Aldersgate boundary lies. It passes through the building. In the Middle Ages, boys were birched as a reminder of their parish boundaries

Imbert attacks prison system

By QUENTIN COWDRY, HOME AFFAIRS CORRESPONDENT

SIR Peter Imbert, the metropolitan police commissioner, yesterday criticised the failure of the modern prison system to reform criminals.

The system's inability to rehabilitate prisoners, together with the high levels of overcrowding and the length of time defendants spent on remand, would "surprise and disappoint" the eighteenth century penal reformer, John Howard, had he been alive.

Sir Peter, addressing a conference in London to commemorate the bi-centenary of Howard's death, praised a speech made earlier by Tom Conti, the actor, who claimed that most people turned to crime because of social and economic factors and said prison, for most offenders, was about as sensible as a doctor rubbing glass into an open wound. "Two

hundred years after the death of John Howard it is a matter of regret that so much of his work remains to be done," Sir Peter said.

However, the commissioner claimed that the past two or three years had seen the development of an encouraging new partnership in tackling crime, involving the various criminal justice agencies, government, businesses and the public. Such work, he said, was vital. "The future does look better for joint efforts to prevent crime and the criminalisation of our younger generation."

Mr Conti said that prison was an inappropriate penalty as so much crime was caused by personal stress brought on, for example, by broken families or violent parents. Punishment for such offenders, he claimed, was illogical.

Strangeways staff accused of putting own safety first

PRISON officers at Strangeways appeared to have been more concerned with their own safety than with controlling the riot, counsel to Lord Justice Woolf's enquiry suggested yesterday. A prison officer said that, as violence erupted, officers in the main prison were brought to the centre of the jail, from where they were later withdrawn.

The enquiry has been told that rioting inmates gained control of the prison after breaking through from the chapel at the level of the fourth landing.

David Latham, QC, counsel to the enquiry, asked James Johnson, who was an acting senior officer operating as centre co-ordinator on the morning of the riot: "Did anyone suggest they might consider going to the fourth level to see the extent to which the chapel could be contained?" Mr Johnson replied: "Not to my knowledge."

Mr Johnson said that a colleague, Prison Officer Rigby, had decided to congregate the officers at the second level in the centre of the jail after hearing the

reporting Mr Latham said: "The impression would appear to be that when the decision was taken that Mr Rigby should go to collect prison officers you were more concerned with the safety of the officers than controlling the disturbance. Is that a fair assessment?"

Mr Johnson said the message received from the chapel was that "staff were down and inmates had keys". When he heard that, it was obvious that the prisoners would have a free run. He had been so concerned about the possibility of trouble because of warnings received that he had already written a list of actions he would take. "There was no assistance given to me or plans given to me by higher management. There was no way you could contain them."

He was giving evidence on the fifth day of the enquiry into the violence in prisons, including the Strangeways riot on April 1 and the subsequent 25-day siege. Mr Johnson criticised prison management for having no contingency plans. He said that one of the jail's governors, who joined him in the control box at the

centre of the main prison, appeared to have panicked. Mr Johnson told Malcolm Lee, QC, for the Prison Governors' Association, that on the morning of the disturbance he had handed over to superior officers documents containing the warnings that there was going to be trouble.

He was asked about what Mr Lee called a "nightmarish quarter of an hour" in the control box after the riot erupted.

Mr Johnson said he was joined in the box by Gordon Morrison, one of the governor grades. "Mr Morrison was stood behind me. In my opinion he did not give any leadership qualities whatsoever. To me he was frightened and, I believe, panicked."

Mr Morrison eventually gave the order for staff to retreat from the main prison.

Mr Johnson said he would have expected that some type of contingency plan should have been put into operation. He had handed over the warnings to governors and a meeting had been held.

The enquiry continues on Monday.

Killer on run caught in coal bunker

By PETER DAVENPORT

ALAN Lord, a ringleader of the Strangeways riot who escaped from a police cell on the eve of the first public session of Lord Justice Woolf's enquiry into the disturbances, was back in custody yesterday after an operation involving 60 officers and a helicopter.

The convicted murderer, aged 29, one of the last seven inmates to resist the authorities during the prison siege, smashed his way through the doors and windows of three houses in an attempt to escape police who raided the house in Liverpool where he was hiding.

As a police helicopter hovered overhead, Lord was finally discovered in a back yard coal bunker. He was slightly injured during the chase, mainly with cuts from broken glass, but he refused medical help. Merseyside police said that Lord was taken to Wakefield prison.



Mrs Allen shows the bunker where Lord was hiding

success of the offensive that finally ended the 25-day siege. Lord was being held in a police cell in Bolton, where he was awaiting transfer to Wakefield prison, when he escaped on Sunday. He is believed to have got the keys to his cell door. Yesterday, Det Supt Albert Kirby, of

Merseyside serious crime squad, who headed the operation that succeeded in recapturing Lord, said it had involved 60 officers from the Merseyside and Greater Manchester forces.

Mr Kirby described Lord's attempt to escape police as they raided a terrace house in

Alwyn Street, Aigburth, Liverpool shortly before midnight on Thursday, after a tip-off. "Lord was very alarmed and surprised when we went in. While trying to escape he jumped over several walls and forced entry into three houses, smashing his way through doors and windows."

Anne Brown told yesterday how her husband, David, burst into their home through a window. "He crashed in through the back window and we were terrified. There was blood everywhere. My husband jumped up to challenge him but he threw him out of the way. The police came in seconds later but he had already dived out through the glass front door."

Lord was finally cornered in the coal bunker at the home of Shelagh Allen, on Allington Street. She said the police dragged him out and handcuffed him as he lay on the ground.

William Gould, aged 42, was accused at Manchester City magistrates' court yesterday of inciting Alan Lord and other prisoners to burn down Strangeways prison. He pleaded not guilty and was bailed until August 28.

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Israelis go on rampage in revenge for stabbing

From Richard Owen in Jerusalem

HUNDREDS of angry Israelis rampaged through an Arab village on the outskirts of Jerusalem in the early hours of yesterday morning smashing windows, attacking cars and setting fire to fields, in revenge for the stabbing on Thursday of an 11-year-old Jewish boy in the next-door suburb of East Talpott.

"We have to teach the Arabs a lesson," one of the rioters said as the demonstrators ran through the village of Tsur Bahir.

The village, a picturesque collection of flat-roofed houses and mosques set on a hillside, has always been a stronghold of Hamas, the Islamic fundamentalist organisation, and tensions with Jewish neighbours in East Talpott have always run high. Yesterday they snapped as Arab youths fought back and riot police intervened with tear gas and rubber bullets. Police continued their search for the Arab woman who stabbed the boy at a bus stop, amid reports that the attacker may have been a man in disguise.

The violence reflects growing mutual fear and hostility among Arabs and Jews,

following the massacre of Arab labourers near Tel Aviv by a deranged Israeli gunman a month ago. The atmosphere has deteriorated markedly in the three months since the Likud-Labour "national unity" coalition collapsed in mid-March, and the subsequent collapse of American-backed efforts to secure an Israeli-Palestinian dialogue.

Jewish fears of Arab violence and distrust of "moderation" on the part of the Palestine Liberation Organisation were reinforced by the explosion in Jerusalem's Jewish market at the end of last month, and the attempt by Palestinian gunmen to land on a busy Israeli beach a few days later in a sea-borne assault.

But for Palestinians, there is an even deeper fear, close to despair: that the apparent end of the American peace plan and the formation this week of a narrow-based right-wing Israeli government, spell doom for any hope of an independent Palestine in the occupied West Bank and Gaza. That is despite decades of diplomatic effort, and two and a half years of the *Intifada*, the Palestinian uprising.

Colonel is shot dead in Spain

Valladolid — Suspected left-wing guerrillas shot dead a Spanish army colonel in here yesterday in apparent revenge for the death in jail of a hunger striker, one of their comrades. Witnesses said a man and a woman shot Manuel López Muñoz three times. The attack occurred in the centre of Valladolid, 125 miles northwest of Madrid. The couple had been waiting in a bar near his home and escaped after the attack.

Residents said they had seen the two in the area over the past few days, apparently preparing the assassination.

Black hole image clearest yet

Sydney — Australian and American astronomers have produced the clearest images yet of a black hole thought to exist at the centre of the galaxy, an object so powerful it devours an entire sun every 10,000 years.

The images released this week at an astronomers' symposium in Albuquerque, New Mexico, after months of computer processing, appear to show the black hole's powerful gravitational pull stripping matter from nearby stars.

Made by a giant radio telescope array near Socorro, New Mexico, the images also show floating debris surrounding the hole.

Cold comfort for noises off

Sydney — The Sydney Opera House will hand out 20,000 throat lozenges over the next two months in an attempt to achieve the near-impossible — a coughless concert.

The Opera House said yesterday it had begun a Coughless Concert series sponsored by a maker of lozenges. (Reuter)



Passers-by in a prosperous district of Medellín, the Colombian city known for its cocaine barons, view the destruction wreaked by a powerful car bomb which killed the two bombers, a policeman and a civilian and injured 43 others. The bombing on Thursday is thought to be in revenge for the

police killing of John Jaime Arias Tascón, a key member of the Medellín cocaine cartel, in a raid on a city flat (Reuter reports). Arias Tascón was number five in the cartel and the head of its squad of assassins. Police said his loss was the hardest blow to the drug barons since police killed the

cartel's number two, José Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha last December. Together with the Cali cartel, the Medellín cartel supplies 80 per cent of the cocaine used in the United States. The police said Arias Tascón, who reported directly to his fugitive leader, Pablo Escobar, had been involved in

bomb attacks and murders of public figures, including the murder in 1984 of the Justice Minister, Rodrigo Lara Bonilla. His killing is likely to open a new, brutal phase in the 10-month-old drugs war, which had died down since the May 28 presidential elections won by the Liberal, César Gaviria.

Islamic win alarms Algeria's neighbours

From Susan MacDonald in Algiers

THOUSANDS flocked yesterday to the Kouba mosque in the Algiers suburbs to hear their idol, the radical preacher Ali Bel Hadj, harangue them on God's purpose in winning the simultaneous local and regional elections held here on Tuesday.

The Islamic Salvation Front (FIS) has gained about 55 per cent of the local and provincial councils, with the ruling National Liberation Front (FLN) trailing with around 34 per cent. It was a humiliating moment for Mohamed Mohammed, the interior minister and a leading light in the FLN. With dignity, he said that the FLN could be proud of the fact they had ushered in democracy in Algeria by abolishing the one-party state, recognising more than 20 opposition parties, including the salvation front, and organising the first multi-party local elections.

"You call this democracy?" said one Algerian journalist, overcome by the news. "I hope," said the minister, "that you are not expecting me to criticise a group of people openly elected by the people!"

At a press conference on Thursday, the day after the attack by 15 armed men which left his wife with a fractured skull and his daughter bruised, Kenneth Matiba could barely disguise his conviction that "this was no ordinary theft".

He said: "Threats have been made on us, some by very highly placed officials. I do not want to make any insinuations, but it is very hard for me and my family not to associate our stand in public affairs with this attack."

Mr Matiba, a wealthy Kikuyu businessman and former

transport minister, has in recent months become the *de facto* leader of Kenya's pro-democracy movement.

Earlier this week he and his political ally Charles Rubia, also a Kikuyu, flouted the wishes of President Moi by applying for a licence to hold a public meeting to discuss "the case for multi-parties". They are dismissive of President Moi's argument that political plurality would promote tribalism and civil unrest and are calling for a referendum to decide on constitutional change.

Calls by ministers for Mr Matiba and Mr Rubia to be detained for subversive activities are just the latest in a series of attempts to intimidate prominent Kikuyus who have become increasingly vocal in their criticisms of

President Moi and his "rubber stamp" government.

Since the unexplained murder of Robert Ouko, then foreign minister, in February, more than 50 Kikuyus including academics, lawyers, a former vice-president and ministers have been questioned concerning alleged "rumour-mongering". Far from being silenced, many have issued statements accusing the security forces of harassment and intimidation.

It is not only the Kikuyus who are expressing concern. Lawyers have criticised government attempts to erode the independence of the judiciary. In 1988 the constitution was amended to deny security of tenure to the Attorney-General and High Court judges.

Former ministers, most notably Martin Shikuku, have spoken out against what they see as injustices enshrined in the system. At a press conference on Thursday, Mr Shikuku suggested that the multi-party debate originated in the outrage aroused by allegations of election-rigging after a queue-voting system was introduced in 1986. He added that recent laws to introduce cost-sharing in the health sector were unfair since civil servants were exempted.

people who might not agree with their extremism but feel they are the only real opposition to the government.

The FIS president, Abbassi Madani, has said he will not interfere in Tunisian and Moroccan politics, but the Algerian fundamentalist victory will act as a spur to their Tunisian "brothers" as it will to the more fragmented outlawed fundamentalist groups in Morocco, who are, however, gaining in strength as Moroccans suffer increasing economic hardship and the rigours of King Hassan's system of government.

The King has ordered the rounding up of several Islamic fundamentalist leaders this year, who are now serving prison sentences. Both the Moroccan and Tunisian leaders are extremely worried about the contagious effects of the Algerian fundamentalist success — a worry that will paradoxically increase if the Islamic front can keep its promise of behaving responsibly and following the democratic road to power.

The FLN hopes that people will turn against the Islamic

front once it is in control of local councils. An Islamic council cannot immediately shut bars or force women to wear strict Islamic dress, but they can fail to renew licences for selling alcohol or, for instance, turn a cinema into a mosque.

The pressures on women here are already enormous. There have been several cases of beatings or acid attacks on women considered to have low morals, be improperly dressed or to be taking jobs, away from men by working.

Opposition political leaders such as Mr Ait Ahmed say they will now regroup the silent majority into a democratic opposition force, while the alternative of a military coup now in Algeria cannot be excluded. The army itself has said it will not stand by and see Islamic fundamentalism installed in Algeria — a stand that has undoubtedly found favour with the Tunisian and Moroccan leaders.

The FLN has not yet reacted to the outcome of these local elections. When it does, that will pave the way for the next step in Algerian politics.

Attack on family 'attempt to intimidate critic of Moi'

From A Correspondent in Nairobi

A BRUTAL attack on the family of one of the Kenyan government's most outspoken critics has aroused speculation that it was aimed at intimidating the increasingly vocal lobby calling for an end to one-party rule.

At a press conference on Thursday, the day after the attack by 15 armed men which left his wife with a fractured skull and his daughter bruised, Kenneth Matiba could barely disguise his conviction that "this was no ordinary theft".

He said: "Threats have been made on us, some by very highly placed officials. I do not want to make any insinuations, but it is very hard for me and my family not to associate our stand in public affairs with this attack."

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Survivor tells of Tamil killings

From Vitha Yapa in Colombo

THE killing of 23 policemen in the majority Sinhala community by the main Tamil rebel group at Kinniya on Thursday was confirmed by Sri Lankan security sources.

The policemen were among 69 captured by the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam when they overran the Kinniya police station on Wednesday. The fate of more than 800 other policemen captured by the rebels when they took over 18 police stations in the island's northern and eastern provinces is unknown, but security sources fear the worst.

Sub-Inspector Piyarathne Ranawera, 23, the sole survivor of a massacre of three busloads of policemen said to number about 300, said he escaped by pretending to be dead. The sub-inspector, who was recruited only seven months ago, said that more than 155 policemen at Kinniya police station were attacked by the Tigers on Monday. They were completely surprised by the attack, and offered little resistance.

They were disarmed, their uniforms, watches, wallets and personal belongings taken, and then blindfolded. Their hands were tied behind

their backs, and they were taken in three buses to the rebels' camp at Tirukovil. There they were attacked with rifle bullets and forced to squat on the ground.

Some of them were loaded into a bus and taken away. Mr Ranawera was told to get into a second bus. They were taken to a jungle where they were asked to lie down. While the policemen begged for mercy, the Tigers' cadres shot them in cold blood.

One bullet struck his chest and his arm. Another struck his head near the ear. He pretended to be dead and the rebels left. He then crept into the jungle, after freeing himself. A few minutes later, the rebels came in a third bus, asked more people to get down and shot them, too.

He ran for his life and after walking many miles, was taken by a villager to the Damabana police station. He was rushed from there to a hospital from where he was airlifted to Kandy where he underwent emergency surgery.

Meanwhile, the fighting in the Eastern province continued for the fifth day with the Tamil Tigers attacking army camps. Three army captains were among soldiers killed.

Rival blacks agree truce

From Gavin Bell in Johannesburg

RIVAL black nationalist organisations in South Africa have signed an interim pact to halt fighting between their supporters in which at least two have been killed and several wounded.

The essence of the agreement between the African National Congress and the smaller but more radical Pan Africanist Congress is political tolerance, recognising freedom of expression and the right to belong to either organization without fear of intimidation. A joint committee is being established to monitor the accord, the first of its kind, and to identify "sinister forces" who are suspected of exploiting political tension in black communities.

The government ban on the two groups was lifted in February, and sporadic violence has been reported since. The worst incidents took place recently in Vosloorus township, east of Johannesburg. Student leaders on both sides have called a meeting of youths in Vosloorus next Friday to explain the pact's terms.

Benny Alexander, general secretary of the "internal" wing of the PAC, said: "This is a beacon of hope, and an example for the rest of the country. We hope there will be peace between the liberation movements." That said, Mr Alexander proceeded to distance his organization from ANC policies which, he said, were leading nowhere.

Addressing a foreign correspondents' luncheon, he laid down three conditions for joining the ANC in negotiations with Pretoria: the government must accept (black) majority rule, redistribution of land, and creation of a constituent assembly to draw up a new constitution. The PAC proposes a 265-member assembly elected on a proportional representation basis.

Thus while the ANC is prepared to negotiate for such goals, the PAC requires prior commitments which Mr Alexander readily concedes are unlikely. "We don't believe the government will agree to our conditions, so there is no immediate prospect of a settlement."

Mr Zeph Mothopeng, the PAC president, has expressed its creed in succinct terms: "Slaves have nothing to gain from negotiating with their masters."

PAC militants given to wearing T-shirts with the legend "One settler one bullet" have a deliberately ambivalent attitude towards their so-called armed struggle. Mr Alexander drew parallels with the Irish conflict in describing the internal wing as a political body like Sinn Féin. He said support for PAC military operations comes from Iran, Libya and China.

In concluding remarks hardly in keeping with this week's peace accord, he dismissed Nelson Mandela, the ANC deputy president, with contempt. "Mandela's release was the best thing that could have happened for the PAC. The myths which surrounded him in prison are dissolving like mist in the morning sun."

Family freed: Pretoria has negotiated the release of a South African family by rebels in Mozambique and is evacuating them by warship. Pik Botha, South Africa's foreign minister, said yesterday.

David and Sandy Muller and their children Tammy, aged eight, and Seth, five, were captured by Renamo guerrillas when their yacht ran aground on April 28.

The foreign ministry said the family had been flown by helicopter to the ship Tadelberg, which President Chissano had allowed into Mozambique's territorial waters.

South Africa once supported Renamo against Mozambique's left-wing government but says it no longer does so. (Reuter)

Parliament 'EC accepting Britain's view'

SIGNS are appearing that European Community governments are accepting the British approach on economic and monetary union. Peter Lilley, financial secretary to the Treasury, told MPs yesterday. They were moving away from stage three of the Delors plan which involved the establishment of a central bank and a single currency, he said.

Speaking during a Commons debate on developments in the EC, he said that both sides of the House supported the first stage of the Delors proposals, which included entry into the exchange-rate mechanism of the European Monetary System (EMS) and rejected the third stage of Delors.

Joining the exchange-rate mechanism (ERM) did not mean a loss of sovereignty. Pegged exchange rates did not automatically lead to a single currency. There had been other fixed rate systems, such as Bretton Woods, none of which had produced a single currency. "It is not an inevitable consequence," he said.

Fixing the exchange rate was a sovereign decision to be taken or not taken as a country chose, but it could not be taken wholly unilaterally.

By contrast the proposal to share a single currency and a single bank went to the heart of

sovereignty and self-government. The government hoped to reach a consensus within Europe on the practical approach to economic and monetary union. There were already good signs that an agreement could be reached.

Opening the debate, Brian Sedgemoor (Hackney South and Shoreditch, Lab) said that there was an aura of arrogance in the prime minister's view as she blocked progress in the community time and time again. She moved from false premise to false conclusion by somewhat suspect logic. Was it any wonder that the government dithered about when Britain would join the ERM, fumbled against monetary union or the idea of a single currency, and believed that proposals for European political integration threatened the very existence of the only version of democracy that the government seemed to understand?

It now was anxious to steal Labour's clothes and get Britain into the ERM, preferably later this year but certainly before the next general election.

Although there were some steps which the next Labour government could take to reduce inflation, particularly government-induced inflation, it would find itself forced back

into a statutory price and incomes policy if Britain was not in the ERM. "The political consequences of a return to such a policy would be disastrous and thoroughly unacceptable," he said.

Sir Russell Johnston, Liberal Democrat spokesman on Europe, said that the views of opponents of more integration came more from the puts than from the head. It was almost a matter of religious faith that Britain was better. He did not accept that Britain was better, or worse.

The great attraction of a European bank was its indepen-

dence, but many MPs would say that you could not have an independent institution with such vast powers outside democratic control.

The bank could be accountable to the European parliament and the governors and president might be elected by parliament or, on the American model, be confirmed by parliament.

There were sound economic reasons for joining. It would bring stability of planning for British industry which would be able to assume a stable exchange rate.

It would be unacceptable to have central European determination of the fiscal policies and budgetary deficits or surpluses of individual EC states or to have an independent central bank with unelected bankers exercising control over important matters of economic policy.

The employment bill, which outlaws the closed shop and curbs wild-cat strikes, was given an unopposed second reading in the Lords. The Bill has already been through the Commons.



Mr Sedgemoor: Arrogance in the prime minister's view

Christopher Smith, an Opposition spokesman on economic affairs, urged the Government immediately to start discussions on membership of the ERM.

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FROM SUSAN ELLICOTT IN WASHINGTON

THE US government this week published its latest version of the "great American novel", a weighty volume in which the protagonist is an anonymous person whose calorie consumption has been increasing steadily over the past two decades and whose two favourite spectator sports are horse racing and baseball.

The book is short on plot and its title, *Statistical Abstract of the United States 1990*, is hardly catchy. But its 991 pages and 1,532 tables form an almanac of facts that give shape, especially in its eating habits, to this nation of 250 million people. The archetypal US couch potato, the government found, now drinks more than 30 gallons of soft drink a year, or more than one and a half the amount swallowed in 1970.

Americans like to browse through the data, playing a sort of customised form of "Trivial Pursuits". The book contains the most recent statistics on almost

anything they could wish to know about themselves — from the membership of the Boy Scout movement, to the number of mergers and acquisitions which took place between 1980 and 1988, and the number of hospital beds in North Dakota.

They can also alarm themselves with the latest reports about their diet, which show a pattern of contradictions. In one sign that health concerns are hitting hamburger lovers, the consumption of red meat has gradually declined in recent years, from 167lb per person in 1970 to 144lb. At the same time, the consumption of fresh fruit has grown to 98.6lb per year from 76.9lb in 1970, while the intake of sweeteners has increased to 151.4lb a year from 128.3lb.

The one thing the book does not explain is why anything happens. Its readers are expected to look between the lines to work out why a nation of people who have been frantically cutting back on full-fat milk over the past 13 years have raised their intake of cream to 4.7

gallons annually from 3.8 gallons in 1970. It appears they could be trying to compensate for the indulgence by eating more yoghurt — a staggering 4.6 gallons two years ago compared with 0.8 gallons in 1970.

Mysteriously, the humble and healthy grapefruit has fallen out of favour. The average American now eats only 6.5lb of grapefruit compared with 7.9lb in 1970.

Overall, despite a barrage of advertising warning people to watch their weight, cholesterol, sodium and other sensitive levels, Americans are also apparently eating more. The government statistics report that since 1960 the average daily intake of calories in the United States has risen steadily from 3,100 to 3,500 in 1985.

Reflecting America's sweet tooth, *The New York Times* recently published an article on recipes sent in by readers who use soft drinks in their cooking. Their favourite dishes included Coca-Cola ice cream and thick barbecue sauce, and apple dumplings with 7-Up.

Mob rule leaves trail of despair

EC to reject Efta claim for equality in new group

From MICHAEL BINYON IN BRUSSELS

EUROPEAN Community foreign ministers are likely to give a tart response on Monday to demands by the European Free Trade Association for joint decision making in the proposed 18-nation European Economic Space.

Community leaders have long insisted that, while Efta can share in preliminary consultations, the six Nordic and Alpine nations cannot join in fashioning EC legislation. The more federalist members of the community have strong reservations about any formula that would slow EC integration or dilute its political cohesion.

Forging closer co-operation with Efta is one of the main tasks facing the EC this year, and is a vital plank in the construction of a unified Europe. The EC wants to extend full freedom of labour, capital, goods and services to Norway, Sweden, Finland, Iceland, Austria and Switzerland, together with Liechtenstein, counted in the negotiations as a separate entity.

But hopes in Brussels that a reinvigorated Efta might be used as a halfway house for East European countries unwilling yet to take on all the commitments of full EC membership were dashed by Efta leaders at their summit in Gothenburg on Thursday. "They had better forget about that idea," Ingvar Carlsson, the Swedish prime minister, declared.

EC leaders will review the changing architecture of Europe at their Dublin summit in 10 days' time, and on Monday their foreign ministers are likely to approve, with few changes, the tough negotiating mandate drawn up by the European Commission. Community officials have suggested yesterday that the Efta stance may only be an opening bargaining position.

Formal talks are expected to begin on Wednesday. In the wake of demands by Efta leaders for a "genuine joint decision-making mechanism in substance and form" there is every sign that these will be arduous. The six-month timetable suggested by Mr Carlsson looks unrealistic, although both sides still hope the European Economic Space can come into being on schedule on 1 January, 1993.

Efta, promising to speak with one voice throughout, will be led by the Swiss, who take over the presidency on July 1. They have taken the hardest line on accepting community legislation, and originally wanted a long list of exceptions. Efta has narrowed these to about 10 headings, to protect individual countries' vital interests. Iceland, for example, can never accept freedom of labour, or Switzerland freedom of outsiders to buy Swiss property.

But the Swiss have per-

suaded their partners that a final position on accepting EC law — the *aquis communautaire* — depends on a satisfactory solution to the management and development of Economic Space legislation. If negotiations bog down, the pressures on Efta members will grow. Austria has already applied for community membership and Norway and Sweden may follow. Mr Carlsson suggested in Gothenburg that obstacles to Swedish membership, such as the security situation in Europe, were crumbling.

The Economic Space, brainchild of Jacques Delors, the European Commission president, is seen by many diplomats as only an interim stage on the road to full EC membership. This was, in fact, the inspiration behind the founding of Efta. Britain and the other six original members — Austria, Denmark, Norway, Portugal, Sweden and Switzerland — were alarmed at the challenge posed by the Treaty of Rome and banded together in loose self-protection. They aimed to remove all tariffs on industrial goods (achieved in 1966), but not to include the vexed issue of agriculture.

The Convention of Stockholm was signed in 1960. Efta had none of the dynamism of the EEC, and Britain was disproportionately dominant, politically and economically. It sought to leave almost upon joining, and when Britain, Denmark and Norway opened negotiations with Brussels, signing treaties of accession in 1972, Efta seemed finished. It was saved by politics.

Norway's rejection in a referendum of EC membership gave the association continued life. Iceland had already joined and Finland became an associate. The Swiss and Swedes, out of chosen neutrality, could not join the EC, and Portugal's political system made it unacceptable to the EC.

Efta was from the start, and remains, the EC's largest trading partner. Community goods and services accounted last year for almost 60 per cent of Efta imports and almost 30 per cent of EC exports; Efta exports to the EC increased by over 6 per cent last year.

Despite its lack of central authority, Efta also negotiated a trade agreement with Spain in 1979 (abolished in 1986), and with Yugoslavia in 1983. All Efta members are part of the Group of 24 nations aiding Eastern Europe. And on Wednesday the association signed three landmark declarations with Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, promising to step up trade and co-operation. In each case the preamble, linking economic help to political pluralism and market economies, is identical to agreements the three have signed with Brussels.



Like father, like son: The boys of volunteer firemen in the Carinthian village resort of Krumpendorf in Austria yesterday donned the appropriate uniform for weekend celebrations to mark the 110th anniversary of the local fire brigade

Salvador pursues ceasefire

By MICHAEL KNIFE
DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENT

THE government's pledge in El Salvador to reach a ceasefire agreement with left-wing rebels by September will not be shaken by guerrilla attacks this week. Ernesto Altschul, a senior minister in the government of President Cristiani, said in London yesterday.

Urban guerrillas of the Farabundo Martí Liberation Front attacked army positions in San Salvador on Wednesday while battles in the east of the country left 11 dead and two wounded.

A new round of peace talks is scheduled to begin in Mexico City next Tuesday. Alvaro de Soto, a personal representative of Javier Pérez de Cuellar, the United Nations secretary-general, will mediate.

Señor Altschul, a vice-minister with responsibility for co-ordinating intelligence, said agreement on a time frame and an agenda for peace negotiations with the front had been agreed in Caracas last month, and the target for implementing the ceasefire agreement was September.

The second phase would be to establish guarantees and verification procedures that would enable the rebels to transform themselves into a political entity. It was likely that this would be supervised by the United Nations. Elections were scheduled for March 1991, he said.

Castro aims to buy off discontent

From MICHAEL LLANOS IN HAVANA

LIKE parents whose children take them for granted, President Castro of Cuba and his one-party socialist government have entered mid-life crisis. Young people are more concerned about tennis shoes than free health services and workers are driven more by high wages than by socialist doctrine.

Unable to curb the expectations of Cubans, Dr Castro is trying to keep one step ahead by reaching out to youth and providing material incentives to some workers. The unanswered question is how far he is willing to go, in accommodating demands which so far are economic but have the potential to become political.

For three decades, Cuba's centralised planning has given priority to education, rural development and health. So set are the priorities that a director of Cuba's leading hospital said with pride that "it is easier to get a heart transplant than an ice-cold glass of water".

The trouble is that many of the 60 per cent of Cubans born after the revolution now take the services for granted. Instead, they clamour for consumption. The youngest ask for chewing gum and ballpoint pens; teenagers want Western clothing. Workers, too, are no longer satisfied with just "moral incentives". Government figures place absenteeism at 12 per cent, with some areas as high as 19 per cent.

Dr Castro counters by showing off his model workers, known as the Blas Roca

contingent, "examples of what socialism is capable of, and what moral awareness can do". According to Dr Castro, these 4,000 elite troops work on average 13 hours a day.

What the president does not emphasise is the material incentives provided to these "vanguard" workers: wages three times the national average, air-conditioned dining halls and better food.

Three decades of socialism also reflect a Cuba of contradictions. Rural development has meant almost total abandonment of Havana, home to 20 per cent of Cuba's 10.5 million population. In old Havana many Cubans have reacted by creating a black market economy — buying dollars from visiting foreigners, and finding a way into tourist-only stores.

"Germs of capitalism", according to officials, these outcasts roam the Malecón, the avenue hugging Havana's coastline. Alain says he has spent half of his 20 years in the business, first trading sea

shells with the Russians and now purchasing tourist dollars in order to obtain Western goods which he then sells on the black market.

Even more dangerous to the regime is the discontent breeding among the middle class of bureaucrats. "I am in debt to the revolution because it made me study, it gave me a house," said Zenobio González León, a state official. "But my daughter does not think like me."

Señor González's advice to "first produce, then consume" is lost on those Cubans who wait in long queues for ice-cream and cheese pizza and who see that privileges exist for a few: the policemen with extra subsidies, the 25,000 foreign students given free education, the 10,000 Chernobyl children invited to recover here.

The promotion of tourism has added to the problem. "It is not that we resent the tourists," said Raimundo, aged 24, a computer technician. "It is the system that

we are mad at." Dr Castro's response has been to develop tourist centres away from populated areas.

"For 20 years the authorities did not want tourism, since they felt it would ideologically intoxicate people," a diplomat said. "Now that they need hard currency they are moving tourists out of Havana, ideologically the most intoxicated city in Cuba. But in the end Cubans will become intoxicated."

A second strategy has been to vent frustrations by opening pressure valves. The black market operators are not actively weeded out, even though neighbourhood watchdog groups know who they are, and the state is providing more entertainment for youth.

Moreover, the strong sense of nationalism expressed by Cubans young and old, money changers and bureaucrats is a source of unity. US interventionist policies add to mistrust of Cuba's neighbour. "On that we all think alike," Raimundo said.

Six more guerrilla fugitives arrested

From ANNE MCELVOY
IN EAST BERLIN

SIX more suspected terrorists, including three on the West German police's most wanted list, have been arrested in East Germany in an unprecedented catch of Red Army Faction activists. Nine fugitives have now been unearthed living under assumed identities in the country where the shaken population is being confronted with the murkiest chapter in the history of the communist state.

Horst-Ludwig Meyer, his wife, Barbara Meyer, and Wolfgang Grams, three of the most prominent Red Army activists sought by police, were arrested yesterday at Leipzig station, apparently after being recognised by fellow-passengers.

Herr Meyer, aged 37, is thought to have been one of the ringleaders of the Faction during its time in the mid-1970s and is wanted for the assassination of Karl-Heinz Beckurts, a director of the electronics firm Siemens, together with his driver.

The couple are also suspected of involvement in the murder of the Dresdner Bank chief, Jürgen Ponto, and the assassination of the director of the employers' federation, Hans-Martin Schleier. His wife, aged 34, is wanted for robbery and an attempted bombing. Werner Lotze, Ekkehard von Seckendorff, and Monika Hebeling, all of whom are thought to be RAF activists, were arrested on Thursday night in their homes near the Polish border.

Herr Lotze's wife, Christine Dümlein, was released yesterday after the West German authorities confirmed that the warrant for her arrest had expired a year ago.

The arrests follow those of Susanne Albrecht and Inge Vietz, probably after denunciations by former Stasi handlers. The East German interior minister, Peter Dierstel, confirming the arrests said that the second state of discoveries had not come from within the ranks of the Stasi but due to the "higher awareness" in the minds of the public and police in the East.

The East German authorities are now attempting to secure extradition in the next week, but a lawyer has objected that this is inadmissible due to the lack of legal ties between the two countries. It is just possible that the accused will have to be held in East Germany until unification.

World Cup tourist boom flops in Italian desert of 'dry' trattorias

From PAUL BOMFORD IN ROME

THE Etruscan Museum in Rome is quieter than it ever usually is in June. The man in the box office lazily tears off a ticket for a solitary German visitor. "Not many visitors this year," he says. "They are staying away because of the Mondiale, because they are afraid of finding inflated prices, packed hotels, hooligans and traffic jams."

But surely thousands of football fans are taking in Etruscan art between matches, as the World Cup organisers assured us they would? "Come off it," he snorts. "The only visitors who looked anything like football supporters were three Austrians a week ago."

The idea of using the World Cup to boost tourism in Italy, to show off its artistic and historical treasures to the rest

of the world, has so far backfired badly. According to the Italian Tourist Authority, fewer than half the expected World Cup visitors have shown up, but in turn they have kept away a much greater number of ordinary tourists. Rather than being taken by storm at the hands of rap art lovers, Italy's museums, churches and monuments are being ignored.

With grim optimism, the Tourist Authority spokesman said: "We expect a long-term effect on Italy's image for the future." Giovanni Colombo, president of the Hotels Association, complained: "We are certainly not full up because of the Mondiale. And this year the normal tourists have stayed away. You can get a hotel room very easily these days, which is unheard of for

June." Two years ago the Ministry of Tourism forecast that the World Cup would attract eight million extra "presences", or nights spent in Italy, by foreign tourists. That estimate has recently shrunk to three million which, according to the Hotels Association, is still optimistic and has been more than offset by a drop in traditional tourism. The Tourist Authority says that by mid-June only about 100,000 people had come for the World Cup.

Tommaso Tanzilli, of the Rome Hotels Association, says that the worst effects of the Mondiale are being felt in Rome, Florence and Venice. "Sure, a few thousand people have come for the football, but they have kept away a lot of regular clients who are much better quality customers than

the football fans." And while the big hotels have let their rooms in blocks at cut rates to the various football organisations, the medium-class hotels are missing the traditional family trade.

On St Peter's Square, hub of Roman tourism, business is down at the Savelli Gallery, almost a supermarket of traditional art and religious objects. "We are working 40 per cent less than last year," says Enzo Savelli, "thanks to the Mondiale."

To add to the problems, total bans on alcohol sales in the cities where World Cup matches are taking place have been crippling trade for restaurants, trattorias and bars.

Giorgio Bodoni, president of the Restaurants Association, this week called on his members to close down in protest on match days. On Thursday evening, while Italy was narrowly beating the United States, half of Rome's restaurants were shut.

Giulio Bendandi, the proprietor of the Isola Del Sole, a fashionable restaurant on a pontoon on the Tiber, says: "I closed, not so much in protest but simply because none of my clients would want to have dinner with water."

Ironically, one of the Mondiale sponsors is a consortium of producers called "Vini Italia", who paid millions to promote their wines through the World Cup. But many trattorias are adapting: regular customers get their usual half-litre of Frascati... in a mineral-water bottle.



Sleep coach: A driver takes a nap in Rome as he waits for tourist customers to turn up

New Woman

WIN the chance to re-invent yourself

Why you're sexier than you think you are

Do you take this man? "I do, don't I?"

Save up Big spendings out of style

SPECIAL REPORT Is class a thing of the past?

Why men won't work for a (younger) woman

The de-tox diet that works FAST

BETTE MIDLER Still divine after all these years

OUT NOW
New Woman. You can't be one without it.

The liberal pressgang

Clifford Longley

Few substances have such powerful emotional and ritual associations as blood, the sign of life itself. At the end of the third chapter of *Leviticus*, God solemnly commands his people never to let themselves drink blood, a command which throws into a more dramatic light the action of Jesus at the Last Supper, when he poured wine for his disciples and told them "Drink all of you from this, for this is my blood..."

A society which has grown indifferent to the power of blood shows itself indifferent to one of the most potent symbols of all. When that indifference is so assured that other people's deepest taboos are treated as little more than madness, a profound ugliness has crept in.

The word for it is bigotry. When a family of Jehovah's Witnesses is forced to flee abroad rather than allow a child to be subjected to a blood transfusion, a practice utterly forbidden by the tenets of their faith, the group is the prohibition in *Leviticus*, Britain is caught in the act of blatant religious persecution.

Majorities convinced they are right are immensely dangerous; in this case the majority has, through the courts and the child protection laws, given itself the right to overrule the rights of a parent on a point of conscientious conviction. It is the majority's view that the point of conviction is not important, or not so important that it counts for very much. So a court may step in, declare the parents' conviction unreasonable, and replace them as parents, in effect, by its own so reasonable self.

But all religious convictions are in principle unreasonable, and so are many other cherished beliefs on which people are prepared to base their lives. Nobody, unless he is prepared to adopt for himself only those beliefs and practices which are supported by the majority, is safe from such bullying. For the real test is not reasonableness, but the opinion, reasonable or not, of the majority. One of the lessons of the controversy over the *Satanic Verses* is that majorities can be just as unreasonably intolerant as fundamentalists. Indeed, we have had to learn to speak of liberal or secular fundamentalism. Majorities pose as tolerant until they are challenged, then their bigotry is revealed.

Britain has yet to learn to live with a multicultural society. So far it has largely been assumed that the tolerance this demands will be begrudged only by a small minority, the obvious racists. This is a misreading both of the nature of tolerance and of the real implications of multiculturalism. Many of those who think they easily accept outside groups have not begun to think about the inevitable challenge to their own perceptions of right and justice.

Thus Asian immigrants must not be discriminated against or

insulted in the streets; but if they want to educate their daughters separately and differently from their sons, in accordance with their culture and beliefs, they must be stopped. Not all racists are blatantly so. Liberal fundamentalists cannot understand that many Asian immigrants want to uphold their basic religious laws even at the cost of insult and discrimination.

A society needs laws which none can break with impunity. Even if his religion says he has to — although in practice no religion does — a father may not sell his daughter into slavery or prostitution. The rules imposed by criminal law represent the basic values of that society, which is entitled to insist that those not prepared to keep them should live elsewhere.

There would be no point in making a child a ward of court if the judge himself were a Jehovah's Witness and the court were committed to upholding the beliefs of that group. When the American Mormons found that their beliefs were regarded as criminal, they decided to start a society of their own, and did so in Utah. As, much earlier, did the Puritans who crossed the Atlantic. Multiculturalism has far deeper roots in America than here.

Criminal law represents the relationship between the individual and the state (prosecution is always in the name of public authority, usually the Crown), but civil law regulates the relationship between individuals, for which the state also makes rules. In civil actions, which are essentially actions between private individuals, a different standard, far more sensitive to a diversity of values, ought to apply. Parental rights are a matter for civil law. In reality, however, wardship proceedings to gain control of a child in order to grant consent to medical treatment, though civil in character, have trespassed into the area which ought to be reserved for the criminal law.

This could not happen in a country with a bill of rights, which would require a clear and deliberate decision by Parliament to make a law dealing with consent to blood transfusion when parental religious conviction forbids it. Only Parliament can adjudicate when basic rights conflict. At present the courts do not recognise religious rights as such at all.

The more sinister problem, peculiarly British, is the way indifference to religion is turning into contempt for it. This is a movement away from tolerance. To understand and respect the beliefs of another, it is necessary, at least to a degree, to have a religious imagination. The retreat from religion, which began as tepid lapsing from the practices of the Church of England, is gradually passing through indifference into insolence: if God exists, it is necessary to disavow him.

...and moreover

MATTHEW PARRIS

Marcus Lipton was for many years the MP (Labour) for Brixton. He was widely liked and respected. To many, he seems to have been an MP for so long that it was hard to believe he would ever go. But, one day, by then an old man, he decided it was time to call it a day.

"What made you quit, Marcus?" a friend asked.

It was like this, he said: he had been in a pub in Brixton, enjoying a quiet pint, alone. At a table next to him, two old boys were sharing a drink, and discussing the woes of the modern world. War, famine, mini-skirts.

"Ah," said one to the other, "it would never have happened when Marcus Lipton was alive."

He came to mind, recently as I watched the Nazi war crimes debate in the House of Lords. One of the most telling speeches was made by a peer whom the television monitor labelled "Lord Shawcross".

"Not Hartley Shawcross?" I thought. Sir Hartley Shawcross was a famous Labour politician 40 years ago. He was our chief prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials after the second world war. But surely he had been, well, how to put it politely? — I cannot put it politely — dead, for decades, now?

No. Not only is Lord Shawcross entirely alive, he was standing in the Upper House making one of the most lucid speeches that their lordships were privileged to hear.

In private company recently John Birt, deputy director-general of the BBC, observed that the appearance of someone's newspaper obituary often shocks us not so much by news of the death, as by the intimation that, until moments ago, the fellow was still alive. One had supposed him long departed. What a shame, said Mr Birt, that, by definition, this news reaches us too late to celebrate the deceased's recent longevity. *The Times*, he proposed, should run a "Non-Obit" column, featuring the information — whenever it might prove surprising — that an individual is still with us.

I suggested that there was a long-running BBC series in this "Not Dead Yet with Simon

Dee", but Mr Birt thought that out of keeping with the dignity of the Corporation. Better as an "and moreover" column...

Difficult. Some of these people are wholly admirable, and to name them might imply a slight which is not intended. Not long ago, for instance, I had the pleasure of lunch with Aidan Crawley, who was once the MP for the constituency I too represented (West Derbyshire), and went on to be boss, at one time or another, of almost everything in Independent Television. But that was all decades ago. Aidan is still here, splendid company, and a marvellous surprise.

As is — yes — John Freeman, Britain's last serious television interviewer, whose 1960s *Face to Face* was a high-water mark of its kind. The Sixties are gone, but not John Freeman — not at all; nor the Central African federalist Sir Roy Welensky, whom he once interviewed, and who now potters in his Dorset garden.

It is true that Jim Prior has a relatively recent autobiography (and a good one) to his name and that Keith Joseph writes occasionally in *The Times*. And there is nothing to stop anyone popping into the Lords to check for themselves that Quintin Hogg, Alec Douglas-Home, Tony Barber, Francis Pym, Harold Wilson and Jim Callaghan are all very much alive (although their new titles are at first confusing).

But I sense that the information is not getting through to everyone. We need regular, positive reminders, I think, or we assume the worst. Many, for instance, suppose that Shirley Temple has passed on. Not so. Nor has Shirley Williams. And Bill Rodgers is in excellent spirits.

It is said that every time a child says "I don't believe in fairies", a fairy dies. We need a regular roll-call of the living, or they may drift away, cancelled due to lack of popular recollection.

"Jimmy Carter?" present. "Richard Nixon?" present. "Marlene Dietrich?" present. "Idi Amin?" present. "Ian Smith?" present. "Sir Len Hutton?" present. "Leopoldo Galtieri, Cliff Richard..."

Fifty years on, Douglas Johnson considers the mystique of de Gaulle, patriot and liberator

Triumph of the unknown warrior

General de Gaulle is a legend. The legend began on June 18, 1940, after the fall of France. The day before saw his arrival in London as an unknown and junior French general with only two suitcases. He was accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Geoffrey de Courcel, who had been lent the keys to a small three-room flat in Seymour Place, Marylebone. He was a general without an army, without fame and without money. He had held the post of under-secretary of state for war for just 12 days, and this was the sum of his ministerial experience.

An obstinate man, he soon gained a reputation for being uncooperative. His pride could be taken for arrogance; his authoritarian manner led to accusations of dictatorship; his assumption that he spoke for France seemed pure fantasy. He repeatedly gave offence to the powerful, notably Churchill and President Roosevelt. His own organisation was riddled with intrigue. Yet it was de Gaulle who strode down the Champs Elysees when Paris was liberated in August 1944 and who went on to dominate French

national life for a quarter of a century. His legend can be compared only to those of Joan of Arc and of Napoleon.

The beginning of the legend is the celebrated broadcast from London of June 18, and it contains the essential ingredient of all legends, mystery. No one today knows exactly when the short speech was delivered; no one has ever known how many people in France heard it. But it was heard. A few newspapers referred to it the next day, and Pétain's ministers began to attack de Gaulle and to point out that he no longer had any ministerial responsibilities.

The mystery grew. Who was this rebellious general and what was he doing in London? He had proclaimed that France was not alone. He had also pronounced the word "resistance". He was the leader of people who called themselves Free Frenchmen.

The magic of the disembodied voice on the wireless increased with further broadcasts. The romanticism that surrounds an exile was emphasised by the manner in which he was presented. "Honneur et patrie, le Général de Gaulle vous parle."

That few knew what he looked like contributed to the legend. (When the writer André Malraux met de Gaulle during the liberation, he was surprised by how tall he was.) German and Vichy-controlled radio stations contributed to the legend by refusing to refer to Free France, and instead speaking only about Gaullists, so focusing attention on one man.

The same thing was happening in London, sometimes as a result of misunderstandings. Churchill at first exaggerated de Gaulle's importance, and at one point, before the campaign in France was over, he told the War Cabinet that the young general might assume command of the French army, which was never a possibility. He also believed that de Gaulle would be followed to London by a significant number of important Frenchmen. It was some time before it was clear that de Gaulle was alone.

Most important of all was the confusion surrounding Pétain and his government, which was the official government of France and recognised as such by the Americans. How would it evolve, and what understanding with it could be reached? In these circum-

stances, Churchill refused to recognise Free France as a government. Instead he recognised an individual as the leader of a group of French people who supported the Allied cause. This was done by an exchange of letters between Churchill and de Gaulle in August 1940. Critics were later to say that this made Free France the consequence of de Gaulle rather than the other way round.

The personalisation of the movement was complete, and the administrative consequences were considerable. When the prime minister or the Foreign Office wished to discuss any aspect of French affairs, they turned to de Gaulle. The same was true of all other government departments. The whole panoply of British administration referred to de Gaulle. His position was unique.

The British wanted to know who he was and what his politics were. When de Gaulle's old associate Gaston Palewski met Sir Orme Sargent of the Foreign Office in September 1940, and congratulated the British on their good fortune in having de Gaulle among them, Sargent interrupted: "At last, someone who knows. Tell

me, who is General de Gaulle?" The desire to know more even led to the ungentlemanly manoeuvre of inviting him to a private dinner at the Travellers' Club and then circulating an account of his conversation as an official cabinet paper.

But it cannot be said that the British invented de Gaulle, despite contributing powerfully to his creation. He became a symbol because, with his cross of Lorraine, he was determined to be one. In 1940, all the traits of Gaullism were already present: the passionate patriotism, the solitary exercise of power, the magic of the word (both spoken and written), the appeal to a wide variety of ordinary French people, the determination at once to conceal and to compensate for the weaknesses of France.

Not long before his death he wrote to one of his old companions. Free France, he said, was the finest thing we ever did. At the end of a remarkable life, it was June 1940, in London, that de Gaulle saw as his greatest moment. The author is professor of French history at University College London.

Richard Mullen recounts Trollope's devotion to *The Times* — factual inspiration of his best-known novels

For the Englishman, Anthony Trollope wrote in the 1850s, "Tea, Toast and Times are sufficient." Today, like everyone else, writers are bombarded with news, but for those living at the height of the Victorian era, there was only one daily dose of fact: *The Times* dominated public opinion in a way that has never been equalled. Throughout the middle decades of the 19th century, when Trollope joined the ranks of famous novelists, he never wavered from "his duty as an Englishman" to read *The Times*. Yet he was never an uncritical reader.

In the first of his Barsetshire novels, *The Warden*, Trollope attacks *The Times*, in the guise of "The Jupiter". From his "Vatican of England" came "infallible laws which cabinets are called upon to obey, by which bishops are to be guided, lords and commons controlled, judges instructed in law, generals in strategy, admirals in naval tactics, and orange-women in the management of their barrows."

Ironically, the paper played a large role in Trollope's writing of the novel. One night, he said, while wandering "round the purlieus of the cathedral, I conceived the story of *The Warden*, from whence came that series of novels... with its bishops, deans, and archdeacons". The sight of moonlit Salisbury may have inspired his most famous novels, but it was his reading of *The Times* that gave him the factual background. Throughout 1852, within months of Trollope's visit to Salisbury, *The Times* was filled with clerical controversies. One concerned a dispute between the Rev Robert Whiston, headmaster of Rochester Cathedral Grammar School, and the cathedral's dean and canons. The argument began over the location of a stove, but in time honoured clerical fashion, it developed into a passionate dispute about the rights of cathedral clergy. *The Times* championed Whiston and carried many letters, articles, and lengthy documents.

Trollope followed these carefully, and later told his first biographer that the letters fascinated him. As he rode about the lanes of Devon, Dorset and Somerset laying out new postal routes, he tried to imagine the home life of those clerical letter-writers.

He also read in *The Times* about the vast disparity of clerical incomes. In the autumn of 1852, for instance, "Memoir" — no doubt a clergyman in disguise — provided a detailed account of prosperous clerical dignitaries in Canterbury. The archdeacon enjoyed £1,391 10s 10d from just one living, not to mention another £1,000 from his canonry at the cathedral. Here was the foundation for Trollope's inimitable Archdeacon Grantley, who in the tranquility of Plumstead Episcopi denounces the "damnable heresies of Dr Whiston".

"Amicus Ecclesiae", another letter-writer to *The Times*, portrayed life at the other end of the clerical pay-scale when he described how a curate supported a wife and three children on £75 a year. Here we have the basis for poor Mr Crawley, the deranged curate struggling to support his wife and children on an income not much higher than that.

Trollope's criticisms of *The Times* in *The Warden* and in his unpublished survey of English society were based on his fears (shared by Queen Victoria) about the virtual monopoly of the news held by one paper. There was a popular joke in the 1850s: "What is the difference between the Tsar and *The Times*?... One is the type of despotism and the other, the despotism of type." A version of this appears in *The Warden* when Archdeacon Grantley comments: "What the Tsar is in Russia, or the mob in America, that the Jupiter is in England." *The Times* was, however, remarkably generous in its reviews of *The Warden* and its sequel, *Barsetshire Towers*, although it did caution Trollope against his "tendency to caricature", particularly in his account of "The Jupiter"



and its principal writer, Tom Towers. Years later, Trollope, now friendly with the editor of *The Times*, John Delane, denied that he had intended a portrayal of the individual. Delane and Trollope had many views in common, most notably fear of the increase in commercial dishonesty, and leaders in *The Times* influenced Trollope's powerful tirade against financial corruption in *The Way We Live Now*.

Trollope continued his daily devotion to the paper even when he was sent on long overseas journeys for the Post Office. In January 1859 he was in the West Indies when he read a series of letters in *The Times* about a newly fashionable way of entertaining. Service à la Russe demanded a complicated series of courses

served by numerous footmen. The upper middle classes, what Trollope called "the second-class gentry with over £800 a year", tried to ape the fashion by having pretentious meals provided by caterers. "Messrs. Stewman and Sugar-scraps", Trollope called them. Almost all of Trollope's novels of the 1860s attack the pretentious new mode of dining as both a cause and a symbol of corruption.

Earlier, he had found another symbol of corruption when *The Times* carried numerous articles about the dangerous things grocers added to coffee. This became a sort of "mad cow" scare, and many of Trollope's novels refer to the adulteration of coffee: "Waiter, ask them from me," says one character, "whether they know how to make coffee. It does

not consist of an unlimited supply of luke-warm water poured over an infinitesimal proportion of chicory. That process, time-honoured in the hotel line, will not produce a beverage called coffee."

The Times' opinion of his work meant a great deal to Trollope. As a young novelist he memorised the paper's review of his second novel. He was delighted, therefore, on his return from the West Indies, to find an article which singled him out: "There is nobody to be compared with him. He writes faster than we can read, and the more the penative public reads, the more does it desire to read." Trollope's greatest ambition was to be seen as not just an amusing novelist, but as a serious critic of his age, and when he published his first travel book, based on his West Indian trip, *The Times* devoted three articles to it, proclaiming: "We looked for amusement from Mr Trollope and we are inveigled into instruction." After that, there were fewer assaults on "The Jupiter".

Occasionally, Trollope enjoyed a little joke about his daily newspaper, as, in this account of the formation of a fictitious government: *The Times*, in its second edition on the Thursday, gave a list of the Cabinet, in which four places out of fourteen were rightly filled. On the Friday, it named ten places rightly. On the Saturday, it gave a list of the Under-Secretaries... with wonderful correctness as to the individuals, though the offices were a little jumbled. "The leak" is not a new invention.

On his many travels in the English-speaking world, Trollope was always studying newspapers. He had a particular contempt for the American product, as he did for newer, sensational papers in Britain. In Australia he found the newspapers showing healthy signs of emulating the mother country, and when he wrote up his Australian travels, he thought of his own daily diet of tea, toast and *Times*, and concluded: "With all the prejudice of a genuine Briton, I think that no country has ever yet produced newspapers equal to those of England."

Dr Richard Mullen's biography, *Anthony Trollope: A Victorian in His World*, will be published by Duckworth on July 9.

A hammer blow in the offing

Uproar in London's auction rooms and a referral to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission are likely to greet Christie's expected purchase of Spink and Son, one of the world's oldest fine art dealers and its next-door neighbour in King Street, St James's. Founded in 1666, Spink is itself now under the auctioneer's hammer, and although Andrew Weir, the insurance company that owns it, is negotiating with a number of potential buyers, Christie's is the favourite. Last year Spink made a £3 million profit on turnover of £40 million. It has a favourable lease on its premises, and the rumoured £40 million price tag would be a snip to Christie's, which is the second largest auction house in the world and is known to have expansionist ambitions. It would also be a coup over its arch-rival, Sotheby's, which recently acquired the stock of the Pierre Matisse Gallery in New York, thus signalling its intention to enter the dealing world.

However, the sale would cause outrage among art dealers, who are adamant that auctioneers should be agents, not principals. The objection is that if Christie's buys Spink as a retail outlet, it will lose its independence as an adviser to buyers and sellers.

S.G. Warburg, the merchant bank which is handling the sale, says that potential buyers will be assessed on their plans "for the future development of the business and the preservation of Spink's high reputation, and will

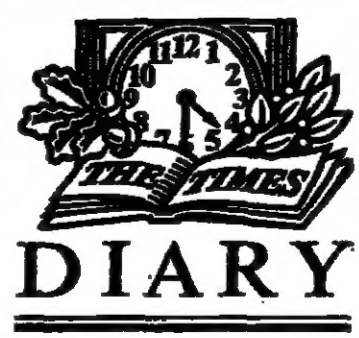
also be concerned about safeguarding the interests of Spink's management and staff". Such assurances have done little to allay the fears of the Spink board, which met in emergency session this week to discuss fears that whoever the buyer, it might be intent on asset-stripping. Directors are annoyed that the bank is keeping the identity of the bidders secret from them. Surely a classic case of being hoist with one's own petard. After all, such anonymity is one of the most sacrosanct traditions of the auction room.

All the world's...

Traffic snarl-ups can be expected in Hammersmith next month with the opening at the Lyric Theatre of a play based on Thomas Malory's *Morte D'Arthur*. In the middle of the production, traffic will be halted



as the 500-strong audience troops out of the theatre and across the High Street before proceeding by subway to St Paul's church for the fight scenes, which are too large and extravagant for the small



stage. "There's a lot of fighting in the play," says director David Freeman, notorious for his wild productions for the Opera Factory. "If we get it right it should be quite frightening."

Anyone expecting a traditional medieval joust is in for a shock. Six choreographers have been brought in to instruct the cast in Japanese, African, Brazilian, Indian and Javanese styles of fighting, for a truly multicultural melee. "The story of Arthur and his knights is a great world myth," says Freeman. "To depict it merely as British history would not do justice."

The play, encompassing the whole Arthurian cycle, will be performed in a seven-hour marathon, including a dinner break and 15-minute walks to and from St Paul's. On Wednesday next week, 500 schoolchildren will attend a rehearsal to test crowd and traffic-control. Gareth Jones, senior inspector at Hammersmith police station, says: "It is a brave venture with a dramatic point. But personally I can't see theatre-goers wanting to leave their gin and tonics in the interval and walk to another location."

Majestic confidence

With law and order in danger of breaking down on the streets of Bucharest amid the worst violence since the overthrow of Nicolai Ceausescu, the switchboard of the Romanian Embassy in London was jammed on Thursday with concerned enquiries for up-to-date information. All went unanswered, including those by Edwina Currie, an official observer of the recent elections, who demanded to speak to the ambassador. When eventually revealed, the reason for the diplomatic silence left even Mrs Currie momentarily lost for words. "A cockney security guard told me all the officials were out, celebrating our Queen's official birthday. What stiff upper lip — having a good time while there are rumours of an imminent coup. I admire the ambassador and his wife even more."

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one day the magazine will be privatised and freed from the control of Pravda — which tolerates its irrelevance because of the rubles it pulls in.

Optimistic about the future of Russian satire, he says: "I don't see why we cannot have *Spitting Image* on Soviet television now. Even under perestroika our television is too conservative." But is Gorbachev ready for such cruel satire? "We will have to train him. If Mrs Thatcher can take it, so can he. If leaders have no sense of humour, they become dangerous."

Out of court

The annual Wimbledon fortnight of bad temper and overpriced strawberries is almost upon us. But while John McEnroe and Pat Cash have given the men's game a bad name with their childish antics, the women at least continue the best traditions of gentility and good sportsmanship. Or do they? Not according to David Johnson, a former umpire who has retired after sitting in the chair for some 360 matches over 30 years. Despite the men's reputation, "I learned more swearwords from the ladies," he tells Carol Thatcher in an interview in next month's issue of *The Field*. But the swearing ladies are far cleverer than the men. They avoid trouble, Johnson reveals, by directing their obscenities away from the umpire and uttering them *sotto voce*. "The women do not belong to the school of thought that they will play better if there's a bit of acrimony about." Thatcher concludes: "Women do not have the same tendency to be violent or nastily aggressive, but they do not lack fire."

What has John Gummer, and...
...of those who will...
...is best, or at a...
...in common with...
...everybody and every...
...things: they are both...
...Before they are both...
...to be added that the...
...one has ever passed...
...When they say the...
...the living frog in all...
...This news might have...
...even by the two frog-...
...Dorset, who breeds a...
...generally need no instruct...
...of conservation. Mr D...
...the frogs' falling num...
...supported by evidence:...
...the study of frogs to...
...1960. The trouble is th...
...hence Mr Daisyell...
...that he had the welfare...
...and would urge resp...
...Their lineage is ancient...
...in prehistoric...
...an interest in them, a...
...ophanes wrote a play...
...he managed a rem...
...collaboration of the soun...

سكراي الامل

7.10 Open
8.55 Plays
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busine
10.00 Baza
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11.40 When
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about
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than in
langua
12.30 Count
Sol Wi
encan
Wales
1.00 News
by On
Jonath
2.00 EastE
3.00 Film: M
to the la
super
Henry H
Lemur
George
Audrey
cockney
taught
the self
Direct
Cartoon
5.55 Head
about
6.25 News w

6.35 Open University
Dedicated to
— Water —
Weight of
Nature & the
Dedicated to
Architecture
9.05 Water to
Manufacturing
Speak for the
Victorian House
— Only in the
Maps — the
Problems of
Community
Course — C
12.00 Westminster
Jones with the
moments for
parliamentary
look at how
decisions will
(Central & the
Northern Ireland
1.00 Open Advertising
Summer School
summer school
highlight of the
Advice 'and
activities with
residential co-
1.25 Grandstand
Rollason The
alteration of
Went out to
the final stage
Name race and

RADIO

PM Street and HWY
5:00am Drive Along 5:30
Lo Street Show 6:30
12:30pm 30 Days of
9:00 Top of the Morning
3:30 Prime Time Live
Bingo Brothers 7:50
Request Show 8:00
11:00-2:00am Bot

RADIO

PM Street and HWY
Alltime Drive Along 5:30
12:30 Good Music
6:50 Weekend
10:30 Prime Time Live
10:30 Soundz
Habit Echoes
Single 8:00
Rage from the Midwest
8:00 Radio
Jared's Night 9:00
10:50
with Sheridan
10:50
11:00

[illegible]

SATELLITE

SKY ONE

10:00 The House of Flowers 7.05
10:15 The World 12.00 Super
10:30 The 100 Best Foreign
10:45 The 100 Best Foreign
11:00 The 100 Best Foreign
11:15 The 100 Best Foreign
11:30 The 100 Best Foreign
11:45 The 100 Best Foreign
12:00 The 100 Best Foreign

SKY NEWS

10:00 The Hour
10:15 The World 8.30
10:30 Entertainment 10.00
10:45 The 100 Best Foreign
11:00 The 100 Best Foreign
11:15 The 100 Best Foreign
11:30 The 100 Best Foreign
11:45 The 100 Best Foreign
12:00 The 100 Best Foreign

SKY MOVIES

10:00 The House of Flowers 7.05
10:15 The World 12.00 Super
10:30 The 100 Best Foreign
10:45 The 100 Best Foreign
11:00 The 100 Best Foreign
11:15 The 100 Best Foreign
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11:45 The 100 Best Foreign
12:00 The 100 Best Foreign

Concern over UK services strength

By MICHAEL EVANS
DEFENCE CORRESPONDENT

MANPOWER shortages in the armed services are becoming so acute that operational commitments may have to be revised, the Commons defence committee said in a report yesterday on the government's defence white paper published in April.

"There must soon come a point when operational commitments will have to be adapted to manpower realities," the committee's report says. "If a battalion, a squadron or a ship falls more than a certain proportion below its establishment it becomes necessary to question whether it can meet its commitment."

The report says the shortfall of trained adults has doubled to 12,342 in the past year, adding: "While we commend the Ministry of Defence for its intelligent anticipation of these trends... that cannot conceal the gravity of the situation."

The RAF is about 6,000 below its required establishment of 89,800. The British Army of the Rhine has fallen from a strength of 57,300 in 1989-90 to 53,400 in 1990-1. The shortfall in the Royal Navy is nearly 1,400.

Despite these figures, there has been a cut in real terms in the recruitment advertising budget for the services, the committee says, adding that it would be disturbed if expensive steps to improve retention of trained personnel were seen as ruling out expenditure on recruitment. "With a steady requirement for new young recruits and growing competition for a diminishing pool of such people, (the ministry) must be cautious about reducing expenditure on recruitment advertising."

The MPs also warn of the effect of inflation on the defence budget. "Past experience does not inspire confidence in recent Treasury inflation forecasts," the report says. "If the current forecasts are exceeded in the same way as forecasts have been for recent years, the defence budget could fall substantially in real terms."

House of Commons Defence Committee, eighth report, HMSO, £13.25.



Emergency exit: Passengers sliding down chutes from a TWA Tri-Star at Heathrow Airport, London, yesterday after a fire alarm while the aircraft was taxiing into position for take-off. It was later discovered that there had been an explosion caused by a burst pressurised air duct but there was no fire. Nine passengers were slightly hurt during the evacuation. Report, page 6

Communist parties face future dogged by doubt and despair

From MARY DEJEVSKY IN MOSCOW

IN THE first of three crucial Communist Party gatherings to be held in the Soviet capital, the Moscow Communist Party yesterday completed two days of preparations for its 28th congress. Next week will see the founding congress of the Russian Federation Communist Party, and the party congress itself will open on July 2, but the tone of Moscow's meeting is likely to be echoed at the other two: confusion mixed with anger mixed with despair.

Yesterday morning, the prime minister, Nikolai Ryzhkov, cut a sorry figure when he delivered a short speech in defence of his ill-fated economic reform programme. Rumours had circulated that President Gorbachev himself was to address the conference, but his indisposition — a slight cold according to his aides — appeared to have extended into a third day and, as with his reform programme, a lugubrious Mr Ryzhkov was left to carry the can.

Among the questions he faced were calls to identify and remove those of his Politburo colleagues responsible

for the present state of the country. Unnamed, but clearly identifiable, were Yegor Ligachev — now Secretary for Agriculture — Lev Zaikov, Secretary for the Defence Industry, and Vadim Medvedev, described by the Speaker as the "godfather of ideology".

In the park opposite, a small group of women demonstrators held up placards demanding that the party hand over to large families two new, recently requisitioned apartment buildings. "Why did you take over 26 Dimitrov Street without the permission of the local council?" said one. "You have pledged your support for large families, but you take the best housing for party central committee members," said another.

The hostility and resentment felt by many people towards the ruling party is a theme that will punctuate the next two party meetings as well. While the theme of the party versus the people will be continually in the background, the conference of Russian communists will be dominated by another: the competing claims of separatists and integrationists.

Unlike all the other republics, the

Russian Federation does not have its own party organisation with a first secretary, a bureau and a central committee — even though it accounts for nearly 60 per cent of all Soviet communists.

As the party organisations of the other republics started to be allowed more leeway, the pressure from Russian communists grew for their own organisation. This was partly a matter of a career structure, partly of national pride, partly the fear that despite their dominance at the centre, their interests could be neglected.

Earlier this year, Mr Gorbachev set up a Russian Communist Party bureau, with himself as chairman, hoping apparently that this would keep the "Russians" in line. He also announced a special conference — to be attended by all Russian delegates to the July congress — to discuss the possible formation of a Russian Communist Party.

In February, Mr Gorbachev seemed confident that opinion would be evenly split. Since then, however, it has become clear that the vast majority of Russian communists want their own party organisation. Some

even feel that it would be better to split from the Soviet Party.

Having misread the mood of Russian communists, Mr Gorbachev then allowed himself to be outmanoeuvred by a group of Leningrad communists, led by the city's party leader, Boris Gidasov. In April, Mr Gidasov, a dark horse suspected of harbouring rabid political ambitions, called a meeting of largely conservative-minded communists to set up an organising committee for a Russian Communist Party. Last month, the same group met again to agree their position for next week's meeting.

● **Rouble to drop:** The official rate of the Soviet rouble, which is currently set at the unrealistically high level of one to one against sterling, is to be devalued progressively, starting this year. The target for full convertibility is 1995, Yuri Maslyukov, first deputy prime minister and chairman of the Soviet state planning committee, said yesterday.

Mr Maslyukov would not say how much this year's devaluation would be or when it would take effect.

Nato rejection, page 8

Cyprus plan to save girl with leukaemia

BY LIN JENKINS

THE girl aged two whose parents refuse to allow her a blood transfusion as part of her treatment for leukaemia because of her beliefs as Jehovah's Witnesses, was returned to hospital in Cyprus yesterday.

Titos and Helen Charalambous, her parents, were persuaded by doctors and police that her health needed to be monitored before they took her to Florida, where they are convinced she can be cured without a transfusion.

However, once the child, Stephanie, arrived in hospital, legal moves began to make her a ward of the state, and doctors said privately that she would not leave before having a transfusion.

The case is unprecedented in Cyprus and Kyriakos Koussios, a lawyer advising the authorities, said last night they were examining whether she could be treated without parental consent.

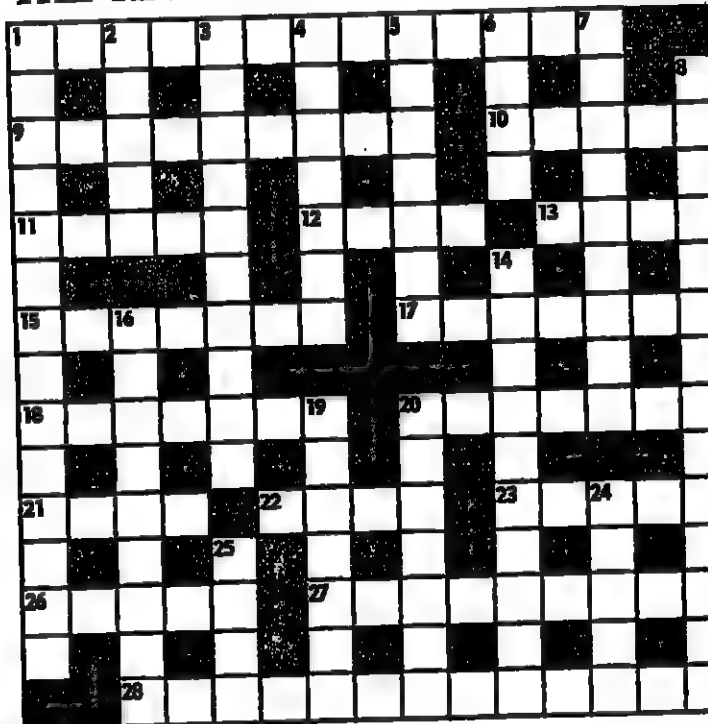
Stephanie was made a ward of court in England hours after

her parents returned to their native Cyprus, having taken her from Great Ormond Street hospital where her condition was diagnosed. Cancer specialists had told her parents that the only treatment, which had a 70 to 80 per cent chance of success, would involve at least one blood transfusion.

Andreas Haviaras, the Cyprus police chief, spent several hours yesterday talking to Mr Charalambous, while detectives tried to trace Stephanie who was being shielded by the community of Jehovah's Witnesses in Nicosia. Mr Haviaras agreed to allow Stephanie to leave the country if she was taken to hospital first.

Helen Soteriou, a British-born doctor who examined Stephanie the previous day, said the journey would be "virtually suicidal". She added that promises by a haematologist in Florida that Stephanie could be cured by chemotherapy alone, were "rubbish".

THE TIMES CROSSWORD NO 18,322



- ACROSS**
- Cover for the present? (8-5).
 - It's a cycle journey there and back (5-4).
 - Climber uses a metal spike to return (5).
 - Captain put out to sea at 6 (5).
 - Head of English attending fashion-school (4).
 - Body of Benin warriors, some limping (4).
 - The impulse to change end comes from divine intervention (7).
 - Bouncy sort of band (7).
 - Delight in song from France (7).
 - Scots give Ben, in the interior, help in the field (7).
 - No teachers available for duty (4).
 - Certificate of repayment expressed as a decimal in the books (4).
 - La Boheme set around a resort in America (5).
 - Unusual trees in compound (5).
 - Judo pupil doing well in open land round city (5,4).
 - Perhaps play as child, or as Gershwin played? (13).

- DOWN**
- Long rows of bloomers? (4,2,3,5).
 - A dreary opening last month — suitable for mature persons only (5).
 - Like operation carried out on foot — producing a red instep (10).
 - Care for track where two-year-olds run (7).
 - Reservation issue? (7).
 - European repellent to his own kind (4).
 - Aggregate on the way? (4-5).
 - Broadening stinks — I had crime story thrown out! (5-9).
 - Working like a charm for Scott (10).
 - England's opening pair hit back and run across (9).
 - Squally in borders of the Trossachs — low pressure areas (7).
 - Gallery to close? What a blessing! (7).
 - A true definition of a region (5).
 - In favour of a boat that has an outrigger (4).

Concise crossword, page 44

Solution to Puzzle No 18,316

ARGOS FUSILLADE
O R P T L C U B X
O A P E M O N C A S T
I R U N D I A A
S A N D R E A B A U L T
M U Y E R E
I N C O M E H I E R A T I C
T A A D I O E T
M I S A N T H R O P I C
T N T M V E
P E L L O W T R A V E L L E R
A O T Y W K R I A
B O O T H B O O K M A K E R
L E B E A U A E L
E Y E S I G H T N E S T A

Solution to Puzzle No 18,321

M E L E E B R U M M A G E M
A T E R I A L I N T A I N A
T E S T A T I O N I S T
T E S T A T I O N I S T
E N T A I L G R A N D S O N
R A S S Y W
F L I G H T P A T H C A L F
U M T O G U R A
L O A P G O L D E N M E A N
M P R Y T D
P R O V I D E D P O R T I A
R A D I O M V M
P L A I N I N T E R A C T I N G
V T O R A R R L
S T A T E M E N T D O D G E

SHEAFER

A prize of a distinctive Sheaffer "Targa" Regency fountain pen with a solid 14-carat gold nib will be given for the first five correct solutions opened next Thursday. Entries should be addressed to: The Times, Saturday Crossword Competition, PO Box 486, Virginia Street, London E1 9DD. The winners and solution will be published next Saturday.

Name/Address.....

WORD-WATCHING

By Philip Howard

- HEMATIC**
a. Mid-winter
b. Black
c. Learning by doing
- DACTYLIC**
a. Rhyming verse
b. To do with fingers or toes
c. Like a dragon
- GLAM**
a. A vandy case
b. A rich wrinkle
c. To make eyes at
- LEPORINE**
a. Green marble
b. Rabbits
c. A trumpet organ stop

Answers on page 13

TIMES WEATHERCALL

For the latest region by region forecasts 24 hours a day, dial 0898 600 followed by the appropriate code.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Greater London... | 701* |
| Kent, Surrey, Sussex... | 702* |
| Dorset, Hants & IOW... | 703* |
| Devon & Cornwall... | 704* |
| Wiltshire, Dorset, Avon, Somerset... | 705* |
| Berkshire, Bucks, Oxford... | 706* |
| Beds, Herts & Essex... | 707* |
| Northants, Suffolk, Cambs... | 708* |
| West Midlands & Staffs & Warwick... | 709* |
| Shropshire, Hereford & Worcester... | 710* |
| Central Midlands... | 711* |
| East Midlands... | 712* |
| Lincoln & Humberside... | 713* |
| Dyfed & Powys... | 714* |
| Gwynedd & Clwyd... | 715* |
| North Wales... | 716* |
| W & S Yorks & Dales... | 717* |
| N.E. England... | 718* |
| Cumbria & Lake District... | 719* |
| S.W. Scotland... | 720* |
| W. Central Scotland... | 721* |
| Edin & Fife/Lothian & Borders... | 722* |
| E. Central Scotland... | 723* |
| Grampian & E. Highlands... | 724* |
| N.W. Scotland... | 725* |
| Cathness, Orkney & Shetland... | 726* |
| N. Ireland... | 727* |
- Weathercall is charged at 5p for 8 12 seconds (off peak).
*includes pollen count.

AA ROADWATCH

For the latest AA traffic and roadworks information, 24 hours a day, dial 0836 401 followed by the appropriate code.

- | | |
|--|-----|
| London & SE traffic, roadworks | 731 |
| C. London (within N & S Circs.) | 732 |
| M-ways/roads M4-A1 | 733 |
| M-ways/roads M1-Dartford T. | 734 |
| M-ways/roads Dartford T.-M25 | 735 |
| M-ways/roads M25-M4 | 736 |
| M25 London Orbital only | 737 |
| National traffic and roadworks | 738 |
| National motorways | 739 |
| West Country | 740 |
| Wales | 741 |
| Midlands | 742 |
| East Angles | 743 |
| North-west England | 744 |
| North-east England | 745 |
| Scotland | 746 |
| Northern Ireland | 747 |
| AA Roadwatch is charged at 5p for 8 12 seconds (off peak). | |

The winners of last Saturday's competition are: S. Warsop, 70c; Sunningdale Ave, Biggin Hill, Kent; Rev A C Morris, Mill Lodge, 85; Regate Road, Reigate, Surrey; B. Hunt, 52; Westcliffe Road, Southport; T. Willis, Lane End, Headley, Bordon, Hants.

WEATHER

A fair amount of cloud will cover England and Wales but sunny spells are likely. Winds will be very light so when the sun appears it should feel pleasantly warm. Late in the day, cloud, and perhaps showers, will encroach into the far west. Northern Ireland will have patchy rain. Most of Scotland will enjoy fine, dry weather. Outlook: bright and mostly dry before occasional rain spreads from the southwest.

ABROAD

AROUND BRITAIN

MIDDAY: t=thunder; d=driizzle; f=fog; s=sun

w=stet; m=now; n=cl; c=cloud; rain

City	C	F	W	C
Algeria	25	78	S	10
Alexandria	29	82	S	10
Amman	27	81	S	10
Algiers	25	77	S	10
Amman	13	55	S	10
Amman	25	77	S	10
Bahamas	30	86	S	10
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● HOMEBUYERS: HELP AHEAD 25
● VICTIMS: COMPENSATION CUTS 27

BUSINESS

SATURDAY JUNE 16 1990

Haslam leads business honours with a peerage

By DEREK HARRIS, INDUSTRIAL EDITOR

SIR Robert Haslam, chairman of British Coal and before that of British Steel, is made a life peer in the Queen's Birthday Honours. He turned British Steel round from losses to an operating profit and looks set to do the same at British Coal.

He leads a strong line-up of honours for industry, commerce and the City. Eleven knights span a range of industries from oil and electricity to mining and excavator manufacture. Almost a third of the 96 CBEs awarded go to commerce and industry, including agriculture.

Among the new knights are Allen Sheppard, the chairman and group chief executive of the Grand Metropolitan drinks, food and pubs group, and Antony Pilkington, chairman of Pilkington, the glass maker.

Also knighted is Bob Reid, soon to step down as chairman and chief executive of Shell UK and who has just taken on the chairmanship — part-time until October — of British Rail.

A knighthood also goes to Brian Wolfson, the industrialist who became Wembley chairman and who also now heads the government's National Training Task Force.

Other knights include Anthony Bamford,



Honoured: Sir Robert Haslam, left, now a peer, and new knights Brian Wolfson, Antony Pilkington, Anthony Bamford and Allen Sheppard



Richardson has recently become chairman of Smith New Court, the securities group.

Christopher Tugendhat, chairman of the Civil Aviation Authority, becomes a knight, as does Donald Miller, chairman of the South of Scotland Electricity Board, who has built a reputation for successfully operating nuclear power plants. A

knighthood also goes to William Stones, managing director of the China Light & Power Company in Hong Kong.

Sir Robert Haslam's honour has come after two successful stints in loss-bedecked state industries. The former mining engineer learned his management skills at ICI, where he rose to deputy chairman, followed by eight years at Tate & Lyle, where he was chairman for three years.

Sir Robert, aged 67, had also taken on the chairmanship of the then state-owned British Steel Corporation in the 1982-83 financial year when heavy operating losses were being made. By the time he left in 1986, the corporation was out of the red operationally.

He took over the British Coal chairmanship in 1986. The indications are that years of heavy losses at British Coal will have been turned round to a bottom-line profit by the end of this year, when Sir Robert's stewardship is due to end.

Among those awarded CBEs are Duncan Bluck, until recently chairman of the British Tourist Authority and English Tourist Board; Charles Bradley, managing director of Associated British Ports; Alan Clements, group finance director at ICI; and Charles Winter, group chief executive of the Royal Bank of Scotland.

Rank may sell Mecca casinos

RANK Organisation is likely to sell Mecca's central London casinos if its £535 million bid is successful, although it would wait until the market improves.

The formal offer document for Mecca states that balance sheet gearing will remain under 50 per cent if the offer is fully accepted, and that there will be no need for disposals of assets into depressed markets.

Mecca has up for sale £250 million of assets, an attempt to reduce the debt load which is put at about £460 million. The company is fiercely resisting Rank's all-paper offer.

Rank says the offer is good value "given the current unsatisfactory financial position of Mecca".

The next stage of the takeover hinges on whether it is referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

In the market, Rank closed at 54p to value Mecca shares at 95p, a premium to the 89p at which Mecca were trading.

Donald Trump, the New York property developer, has failed to make interest payments due on one of his Atlantic City casinos. Trump was due to pay \$36 million on two bond issues, \$16 million on his Trump Plaza casino and \$19.8 million on Trump Castle bonds.

Sinking feeling, page 18

DTI launches fraud enquiry at Atlantic

By ANGELA MACKAY

THE Department of Trade and Industry began an investigation yesterday into possible fraud and misconduct at Atlantic Computers, the subsidiary that caused British & Commonwealth's collapse.

Two inspectors have been appointed under section 432 of the Companies Act 1985, similar to investigations into alleged fraud at Barlow Clowes, the financial services company, and Guinness's takeover bid for Distillers.

A DTI spokesman said there had been consultations with the Serious Fraud Office but the SFO denied it had started its own enquiry.

Atlantic was placed into administration in April when John Gunn, B&C chief executive, announced that B&C was writing off £550 million on the investment.

After attempts to revive the group through a series of disposals to raise cash and the tabling of a reconstruction plan, B&C followed its subsidiary into administration last week.

The ripple effect of B&C's collapse is continuing, with Barclays Bank providing £100 million against its exposure to B&C, while B&C's board has already asked lawyers to enquire into suspected fraud.

The DTI has limited its investigation to Atlantic Computer and Atlantic Computer Systems, but the act gives the



Gunn announced write-off

are Eben William Hamilton, QC, and James Scott. Mr Hamilton, aged 53, was called to the Bar in 1962 and took silk in 1982. He is mainly briefed on corporate and insolvency law matters.

Mr Scott, who qualified as an accountant in 1964, became a partner of Bolder Hamlyn in 1969 and has been involved in many disciplinary investigations on behalf of British accounting bodies. He has acted in an advisory role for government departments and in 1985 conducted an expenditure review of family practitioners and pharmaceutical services for the Department of Health and Social Security.

Price Waterhouse, Atlantic's administrator, said it was continuing its investigations and had been liaising with the DTI and SFO and would continue to do so. The investigation is not expected to delay the process of administration.

A meeting of creditors should be called by the administrators later this month to report on progress.

On Tuesday, Nathan Silman, lawyer for a B&C shareholders' action group, wrote to Nicholas Ridley, the trade secretary, requesting a DTI investigation. The group said it had a copy of a document, leaked from Atlantic, confirming B&C's board had been told about Atlantic's plight in April, June and September 1989. The letter said these formal warnings had been ignored.

Labour criticises DTI and Fimbra on Dunsdale affair

By JON ASHWORTH

MARJORIE Mowlam, the shadow trade and industry spokeswoman, has accused the trade department of "complicity" over the collapse of Dunsdale Services.

Dr Mowlam has written to John Redwood, the corporate affairs minister, asking whether the DTI is prepared to pay compensation to the 220 Dunsdale investors, as it did in the case of Barlow Clowes. She has also called for a full review of the Financial Services Act.

At a meeting in Cleveland last night, Dr Mowlam criticised the investors' compensation scheme, under which investors may be paid up to

£48,000 if they suffer loss after investing in an authorised firm. All but a few of the Dunsdale investors placed much larger amounts with the collapsed company. She has asked the trade department to say whether it considered the present system of compensation to be adequate.

Dr Mowlam also wants Sir Gordon Downey, chairman of Fimbra, the financial intermediaries, managers and brokers regulatory association, to renew efforts to introduce professional indemnity insurance for financial advisers. She asked him to justify his statement, published in a letter to *The Times* on Friday,

that Fimbra had "made great strides for investor protection".

She added: "In view of the problems at Dunsdale, Barlow Clowes and recent internal problems at Fimbra, does his attitude not mirror the incredible complacency that up till now has been the preserve of government ministers at the Department of Trade and Industry?"

Dr Mowlam called on Fimbra to respond to its alleged failure to monitor investment transactions that did or did not take place, and questioned whether Fimbra would consider changing the methods of auditing.



Marks: overcame loss

Original stake in sports shoe maker cost just \$77,500

Reebok sale could net Pentland £400m

By MARTIN WALLER

PENTLAND Group, chaired by Stephen Rubin, is likely to find itself sitting on a cash pile of £400 million earmarked for future acquisitions once the sale of its 31.5 per cent stake in Reebok International, the American maker of training shoes, goes through.

The most immediate result will be a sharp increase in dividends to Pentland shareholders, the company said. The new share price ahead of 20p to 96p.

Mr Frank Farrant, the finance director, said there were already a number of buyers lined up for the stake, and the formal announcement of its sale is likely to flush out more. He was therefore hoping that such a strategic holding in Reebok would command a premium to the current market price, at which it is

valued at \$673 million. Pentland has been discussing the possible sale with Reebok for some months, and the American company has therefore been able to put in place an elaborate "poison pill" defence.

Last year's restructuring, which involved a reverse takeover by Berrams Investment Trust, will reduce the tax Pentland will have to pay on the sale of the Reebok stake. Sally White, an analyst at Paribas Capital Markets Group, said the eventual tax bill could be as low as \$25 million, depending on the price. Pentland has some borrowings but also cash in the bank.

There is likely to be particular interest, particularly from the Japanese, in the Reebok brand. "They wouldn't be doing it if it wasn't a good time for both companies. Neither of them need the

cash in a hurry," she said. Pentland shares, which Ms White believes should be trading in a 90p to 130p range, have been yielding only about 1 per cent in recent months, but the market is looking for a rise to market levels of 4-5 per cent once the dividend flow increases.

Reebok shares on Wall Street jumped by 63 cents to \$18.63 on the news. This compares with a post-crash low of \$7 and a high, in May 1987, of \$24.

In 1981 Pentland paid just \$77,500 for 55 per cent of Reebok. It has already taken some profit on the staggeringly successful investment during two share issues, but the £37 million it raised is dwarfed by the potential of this deal.

A deal to buy Parker Pen fell apart in November 1988, but it has since broadened out into greeting cards, and swimwear through the Speedo business.

Surprise final of £14.5m at SNC

By GRAHAM SEARJEANT, FINANCIAL EDITOR

SMITH New Court, the securities group, managed to surprise City colleagues and rivals with pre-tax profits of £14.5 million for the year to end April against a loss of £12.6 million in 1988-89, thanks to an improved volume of trading and higher profit margins.

Forecasts had suggested nearer £10 million after SNC had reported pre-tax profits of £2 million for the first half of the year. SNC shares rose by 4p to 105p.

The profits were struck after a loss, thought to be nearly £13 million, on a position in Ferranti shares. Most of the loss was taken in the first half of the year and part is subject to a lawsuit by SNC.

Michael Marks, chief executive, said that, even including the Ferranti loss, the group had had a good year when conditions had not been easy for Stock Exchange market-makers.

Michael Richardson, SNC's new and newly-knighted chairman, said the business was now very different from the original London equity market-making operation.

Mr Marks said that the different parts of the firm had worked for the first time as a truly seamless web in April, when SNC bought 3.4 per cent of Hong Kong Telecom, from the Hong Kong government and resold it simultaneously in four international centres in different currencies. He would not confirm outside estimates that the deal had made a profit of £4 million.

The market-making business is benefiting from contraction among some rivals and this is expected to continue. "A big shaking of the apple trees is still to come," Sir Michael said.

SNC is to pay a final dividend of 3p net per share, having paid no interim dividend. This compares with a sole interim dividend of 1.5p in 1988-89. SNC plans to pay steadily rising dividends.

Early ERM entry hopes hit by 9.7% inflation

By COLIN NARBROUGH, ECONOMICS CORRESPONDENT

BRITAIN'S inflation rate climbed to 9.7 per cent last month, its highest for more than eight years, and is set to edge closer to, or even above, 10 per cent in the next two months.

Underlying inflation moved sharply higher too, widening the gap between Britain and other European economies, and ruling out the immediate prospect of the pound playing a full role in the European monetary system.

Hopes of sterling entry to its exchange rate mechanism as early as September or October before a euphoric mood in the financial markets this week, boosting the pound, shares and gilts. These hopes were soured by yesterday's inflation data.

The government has repeatedly stated that British inflation must be moving closer to European average before sterling can enter the mechanism. But the Treasury's preferred inflation measure, which excludes mortgage interest payments and community charge, showed underlying inflation jumping to an annual rate of 7.0 per cent in May from 6.5

per cent in April. Comparable figures for West Germany and France are close to 3.0 per cent. The mechanism's average is 3.8 per cent.

A 0.9 per cent increase in the May figures took the retail price index to 126.2, pushing the annual rate up from the 9.4 per cent it surged to in April under the weight of the community charge and Budget increases in excise duty.

Lingering effects of the Budget pushed tobacco and drink prices up again last month. Phased increases in electricity and gas prices fed the index's fuel and light component.

Food prices, which have boosted the index persistently since last year, showed a disturbing rise, reflecting higher non-seasonal foods. Annual food price inflation was 8.9 per cent in May, the highest for eight years.

Gwynn Hache, UK economist at James Capel, said the "inflation creep" evident in the data shows firms are still passing on higher labour other costs to the consumer. Anticipating headline inflation above 10 per cent before

peaking, he sees a wage-inflation spiral this autumn, with indexed deals leading to pay awards above 11 per cent.

The rises in the RPI last June, July and August were 0.3 per cent, 0.1 per cent and 0.3 per cent. RPI minus mortgage interest rates, the long-standing measure of underlying inflation, rose to an annual 8.1 per cent from 7.9 per cent in April.

The pound immediately lost ground against the mark and dollar on the inflation news, having reached an eight-month high against the mark during the morning. But at the close it stood at 90.6 on its trade-weighted index, unchanged from Thursday. Shares fell and the FT-SE 100 closed 10.7 down at 2,392.3.

● The American trade deficit narrowed by 17 per cent in April to \$6.94 billion, reflecting falls in both imports and exports. Imports were 6.2 per cent lower, while exports eased 3.2 per cent. The moderating American inflation trend was confirmed in the consumer price index which rose by 0.2 per cent in May, the same as in April.

Ridley rejects Globe bid enquiry

By OUR FINANCIAL STAFF

NICHOLAS Ridley, the trade secretary, has resisted the campaign for an investigation by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission into the £1 billion takeover bid by British Coal Pension Funds for Globe, Britain's biggest investment trust.

The campaign had centred on the tax privileges of pen-

sion funds over ordinary investors. Since no direct competition issues were involved, the rejection of an enquiry had been expected.

David Hardy, the chairman of Globe, said the bid would be fought on its inadequacy "and the need for shareholders to realise what they will be sacrificing in future if they accept". Globe says it has a

total value per share of 233p compared with the 191p bid. Globe shares rose 4p to 204p.

Paul Whitney, the chairman of CIN Management, which runs the British Coal funds, urged Globe shareholders to accept the bid as soon as possible. The funds are expected to raise their offer.

Family Money, page 23

THE POUND

US Dollar (0.0025)

W German mark 2.8942 (+0.0019)

Exchange index 90.8 (same)

STOCK MARKET

FT 30 Share 1925.9 (-2.7)

FT-SE 100 2392.3 (-10.7)

New York Dow Jones 2917.08 (-11.14)

Prices Page 21

Major indices and major changes Page 20

INTEREST RATES

London: Bank Base: 15%

3-month interbank 14 1/8-14 1/4%

3-month eligible bills 14 1/8-14 1/4%

US: Prime Rate 10%

Federal Funds Rate 8 1/4%

3-month Treasury Bills 7.89-7.97%

30-year bonds 103 1/2-103 3/4%

CURRENCIES

London: New York: £/\$ 1.7050

DM/\$ 2.3642

DM/\$ 2.4578

FF/\$ 6.55

FF/\$ 6.55

Yen/\$ 160.37

Yen/\$ 160.37

Index: 90.8

Index: 90.8

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Dividend assurance is boost for Prior

[illegible]

IEP offers 150p in cash to buy out the Tozer minorities

By MATTHEW BOND

SIR Ron Brierley's IEP group is offering minority shareholders in Tozer Kemble Mill, the motor dealer, 150p in cash for each of their shares.

The offer represents a 31 per cent premium to the 114.5p at which Tozer's shares closed on Thursday. The offer, to be made via a scheme of arrangement, values Tozer at £351 million. IEP currently has 76.3 per cent of the company.

Mr Reg Heath, the chairman of Tozer, says the IEP move has the full support of his board. "We're very relaxed about it at TKM. There is no coercion. From an operational point of view it won't make a scrap of difference."

IEP first invested in Tozer in 1982. But it was in 1985 that it acquired a majority stake, when it subscribed for £12.7 million worth of new shares under a restructuring package.

A 62.2 per cent stake was diluted to 50.5 per cent by the 1986 purchase of Kennings, but IEP has been buying shares in the market steadily ever since.

Mr Heath says he is sure that Sir Ron would have continued to buy shares, eventually risking the company's public quote and the interests of the remaining minority shareholders. "I think this



Sir Ron: placing rejected



Heath: gave full support

draws things to a nice clean conclusion."

Shareholders' funds at Tozer have grown from £12.7

million in 1984 to £143.2 million by the end of 1989. Profits over the same period have grown from £5.2 million to £52.6 million. But this improvement has not been reflected in the Tozer share price, largely because the substantial IEP stake deterred City institutions.

Stuart Mitchell, managing director of IEP's British operation, said, "We have built up our 76 per cent stake over three years at roughly £1 a share and have noticed that the share price has continually underperformed."

Mr Heath says the loss of Tozer's quote will not curb future expansion. "The main advantage of being a public company is that you have paper you can use for acquisitions. But our paper has been so poorly rated that I would not give it away in acquisitions."

An alternative way of revitalising institutional interest in the company by IEP placing a large part of its stake was considered, before being rejected. IEP would have wanted a premium for its shares but, in the current market, would have got a discount, says Mr Heath.

Three months ago Tozer paid £100 million for Western Motor Holdings, the Lada car importer.

Manpower US-bound as profits fall £3.5m

By MARTIN WALLER

MANPOWER, the former Blue Arrow employment agency, is likely to be an American corporation again by September, turning the clock back to three years ago, before Tony Berry bought the original Manpower operation.

Profits fell from £24.8 million to £21.3 million in the six months to April 30, mainly because of a slowdown in the non-Manpower operations that are the remaining legacy of Blue Arrow.

The company has been forced to drop the interim dividend because of a lack of distributable reserves. Last time, when £42.8 million of extraordinary reorganisation costs left shareholders with a £2.2 million attributable loss, a 0.6p payment was made.

Mitchell Fromstein, the chairman, said a full-year dividend is likely to be paid once this "technical problem" has been resolved.

Shareholders will soon receive details of the plan to take the company back to America. The move is likely to involve the issue of new American shares which will supplant the small amount of equity, now reduced to little more than 20 per cent, still in British hands.

Mr Fromstein said only about 5 per cent was held by private individuals. The move across the Atlantic will need the blessing of a substantial proportion of shareholders, probably a 75 per cent vote.

"My sense is that most or all of them would be in favour of the move," he said.

The group said the Manpower-branded business managed a 1.2 per cent rise in pre-tax profits to £27.7 million, but declined in the second quarter as margins worsened, particularly in America which historically has provided half of earnings. Profits fell 8.4 per cent on revenue up 23 per cent.

Of the non-Manpower businesses, a clutch in America are being sold for more than \$50 million. The British ones are still on the market and taking longer to sell than had been expected.

Also on the market are two properties, the old Blue Arrow headquarters in the City and another development in St Albans, Hertfordshire. Manpower hopes they will raise as much as £20 million eventually.

Mr Fromstein said the intention was to line up with experienced and Manpower itself had performed "tolerably" in the difficult markets. Net interest charges were a little higher before help from exchange gains which left them about £500,000 lower at £9.24 million, and they would reduce further as disposals were made.

The £25 million loan to a company controlled by Peter de Savary has until 1992 until it must be repaid. Manpower has already written off its total value in last year's interim figures.

Society to grow by franchising

By LINDSAY COOK
FAMILY MONEY EDITOR

THE Town & Country Building Society is extending its estate agency operation when other societies are cutting back to reduce losses.

The South-east society has 11 agencies and plans to extend these and add a network of 125 franchised offices. Ian Bell, the managing director, said by expanding through franchises, any losses would be kept on the balance sheets of the agencies and not affect the society.

It plans to open 10 franchised offices in the next 12 months. Franchisees will be assisted with site location, marketing and staff training by the property services arm of the society.

Franchisees will pay a £5,000 licence fee and £7,500 for establishment costs. They will need £35,000 working capital.

Sharp-eyed vision that led C&W to scale the heights

While at the trade department between 1987 and 1989, Lord Young was responsible for telecommunications policy. The political hostility provoked by his appointment as executive chairman of Cable and Wireless, as predictable as the appointment itself, should not be taken at its face value, but there is a legitimate public concern about the ease with which former ministers glide into senior positions in policy-sensitive companies. As *The Times* has argued, this concern might best be overcome by a formal vetting procedure and a decent spell in purdah between the cares of office and a padded seat in the boardroom.

Lord Young has waited 15 months — not, I suspect, his original intention — and he is an excellent choice. He has not had the brilliant business career often claimed for him but he does possess high commercial intelligence, he understands the workings of industry and government, and he has presence, persuasiveness and a peerage.

C&W has reached a stage where it needs a chairman in an executive ambassadorial and high policy-making role, and a separate managing director digging daily at the coal face. Gordon Owen will become group managing director in October when Lord Young becomes chairman.

The controversy over Lord Young has temporarily obscured the remarkable achievements of the man he succeeds, Lord Sharp. In any serious contest for the outstanding British businessman of the last decade, Eric Sharp would be a front-runner. In 1980, two months after his 64th birthday, he then Mr Sharp was asked by Sir (later Lord) Keith Joseph to become part-time chairman of Cable and Wireless, "an intriguing relic of past Empire".

The government wanted to privatise. Ironically, Sir Keith had seriously considered offering the job to David Young.

In July 1981, Lord Sharp became full-time chairman and chief executive. Later the same year, 50 per cent of C&W shares were sold to the public at 164p a share. They closed at the end of the first day's dealings at 198p and have done their owners proud since.

Lord Sharp — he was knighted in 1984 and made a life peer last year — had three priorities in the run-up to privatisation: first, to bring business disciplines and methods to a somnolent company grown used to gentle civil service ways; second, to structure the Cable and Wireless operation in Hong Kong; third, to deal with problems in Bahrain, the group's second source of profit.

He did all three, and began a transformation that has turned C&W into a modern, truly international group. We have very few of them. Unusually for a British company, C&W has a long-term strategy with which it has stayed.

The objective, now near to realisation, is to reduce the group's dependence on earnings in Hong Kong (down



KENNETH FLEET

to 54 per cent of total earnings) and to do this mainly by developing a new mainstream of earnings in sterling, which has the additional advantage of making group profits less vulnerable to adverse shifts in the sterling-dollar exchange rate.

This vision of a balance between East and West extends to the global digital highway, a communications route encircling the world.

Shortly before the privatisation prospectus was issued in 1981, Cable and Wireless had formed the Mercury consortium with BP and Barclays Merchant Bank to provide an alternative telecommunications network to British Telecom.

The three corporate cultures did not take, C&W's reputation was at stake and late in 1984, Barclays and BP agreed to let their partner have the lot. Mercury Communications, a 100 per cent C&W subsidiary, has revenues of more than £500 million, is profitable and will be cashflow-positive in 1992.

In 1983, C&W bought 35 per cent of Hong Kong Telephone from Hong Kong Land and acquired another 45 per cent the following year. The telephone company is now grouped with the original Cable and Wireless (Hong Kong) company under Hong Kong Telecom.

C&W owns 58.6 per cent of HKT, having sold 20 per cent to China International Trust and Investment Corporation (Citic), which holds the shares on behalf of the Chinese government. This arrangement is an example of Lord Sharp at his shrewdest and diplomatic best.

He has personally carefully developed C&W's political and commercial links with mainland China. Citic's involvement in HKT offers some assurance of HKT's future beyond 1997, when the colony reverts to China, and suggests that the renewal of HKT's franchise in 1995 should not present serious problems.

The same skills have helped Cable and Wireless in Japan, where the company is a 30 per cent shareholder in the IDC international telecommunications consortium alongside Toyota and C Itoh. Lord Sharp is not only politically astute and a born negotiator, he is also a man of great sensitivity who understands the Oriental ways of doing business.

He has driven himself with frequent visits to the Far East that would physically, let alone mentally, exhaust most men half his age. Keith Sykes, who had some kind farewell words to say to him this week on behalf of the analysts, suggested he had some special pills to sustain him. Not so, he replied,

"The secret is having a much younger wife."

It says a great deal about Lord Sharp, and something about age, that he was already 64 when he joined Cable and Wireless ten years ago. A graduate of the London School of Economics and a captain in the army during the war, he spent ten years in the civil service before leaving in 1957 to join British Nylon Spinners.

He left ICI Fibres for Monsanto in 1969, becoming chairman of Monsanto Ltd in 1975. While a civil servant at the power ministry, he had taken part in the first inquiry into the efficiency and operation of a nationalised industry — the Herbert Committee inquiry into electricity supply.

It would have been difficult to find a man better qualified in the ways of Whitehall and of industry to take Cable and Wireless to the market, and then to heights of achievement of which it had not previously dreamed.

When I asked him what he found on arrival at C&W, he replied: "A very comfortable board. None of the board papers seemed to have any bottom-line implications. The company was engineering-led. Everything had to be the best."

"I also found the entrepreneurial activity was at a low premium, except for the wrong motives. How to employ surplus staff caused by the shrinkage of business was seen as a challenge — promotion was by Buggins' turn, based on the traditions of the civil service."

"Thus, we had problems relating to compensation, high centralisation, lack of decision-making, lack of any real corporate strategy, restrictions in salaries and a lack of individual performance."

"All this generated a very comfortable environment, but not a very exciting one."

I am sure it is the excitement he has generated that has kept him in such vigorous and creative form throughout his ten Cable and Wireless years. He has enjoyed his work and delighted in his own and his colleagues' achievements.

Looking back, he has few failures on which to dwell. He wanted to take over Raci in 1988, but time and Sir Ernest Harrison's brilliant restructuring of the company put it out of reach. He found some compensation for that in getting one of the three personal communications networks (PCNs) not "gifted" by Lord Young but awarded by his successor, Nicholas Ridley, on the advice of Sir Bryan Carsberg, the industry's regulator.

In the Sharp decade, Cable and Wireless's earnings per share have grown by 22 per cent a year and dividends by 19 per cent.

As he bows out, the company is shooting for pre-tax profits of £1 billion in 1992-93, a rate of increase of 22 per cent a year. The shares have recently outperformed the market and in the long run I expect them to continue to do that.

Brittan says aim is single currency

By WOLFGANG MÜNCHAU

SIR Leon Brittan, vice president of the European Commission, has rejected British proposals that European monetary union can be achieved on the basis of parallel currencies.

Speaking at an American Chamber of Commerce lunch in London, Sir Leon insisted that European monetary union must involve permanently fixed exchange rates, a single monetary policy, a common currency and a single European bank.

His comments come only a few weeks after the government appeared to have modified its stance on EMU by accepting the use of the European Currency Unit as a common, but not single, Euro-currency at an early stage in the process.

Sir Leon said: "There may be alternative proposals. But they have to be put forward in a timely fashion, that is before the start of the intergovernmental conference in December. They must have a single currency as their ultimate goal."

Sir Leon refrained from urging the government from joining the exchange-rate mechanism of the EMS, but added: "It now appears that British membership of the ERM is getting closer by the day."

Sir Leon sounded less optimistic on the progress of this year's Uruguay Round of trade talks. The consequence of a failure of the Uruguay Round would particularly affect Eastern Europe whose success in economic reform will be dependent on East-West trade.

Edward Streator, president of the American Chamber of Commerce (UK), said: "It feels we are here at an intersection of the Los Angeles freeway." Sir Leon agreed with Mr Streator's anxiety over the issue, adding: "There could be no worse signal to these countries than a collapse of the Uruguay Round in bitterness, recrimination, incipient trade conflicts, and lost opportunities. That is a horrifying prospect and must not happen."

This year's General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade talks have been held amid much acrimony and are threatening to end in a deadlock between America and the EC amid mutual accusations over farm price subsidies.

Cup-time coup by Bobby Charlton

THE middle of the World Cup seems a curious time for Conrad Continental, the fashion accessories and leisure group, to announce the terms and conditions of the acquisition of Bobby Charlton's soccer coaching schools (Matthew Bond writes).

The memory of the performance of the Irish national team, as coached by Mr Charlton's brother Jack, against England will still be vivid next month as Conrad shareholders gather in Manchester to approve the deal, the day after the World Cup Final itself.

Some difficult questions will have to be addressed. If Bobby Charlton, a hero of the 1966 World Cup, is teaching a whole new generation of footballers the same footballing skills his brother Jack has taught the Irish, should shareholders' monies be used to complete the acquisition? Never mind fiduciary duty, what about love of the national game?

Conrad intends to pay a maximum £3.5 million for Charlton Enterprises — quite a price for a company that made

pre-tax profits of £76,000 in the year to November and quite a coup for Mr Charlton who owns more than 35 per cent of Charlton Enterprises.

Mr Charlton, already a director of Manchester United, will join the board of Conrad, alongside fellow United directors Nigel Brown and Michael Edson.

With Amer Midani, a third Manchester United director, backing Conrad, speculation that the enlarged group might make a takeover bid for Manchester United has resurfaced.

The initial consideration is to be £1.6 million, with £1.3 million being paid in cash and £300,000 in shares. The remaining £1.9 million will be paid only if Charlton's aggregate pre-tax profits exceed £640,000 for the 25-month period to December 1991.

Conrad is to raise £1.8 million through a nine-for-ten rights issue, with £1.3 million being used to pay the initial cash consideration and the remaining £500,000 being used to reduce group borrowings.



Profits school: Bobby Charlton, who is selling to Conrad

Gold loses its glister for S Africa

From GAVIN BELL IN JOHANNESBURG

SOUTH AFRICA'S "golden era" has been tarnished by a sharp fall in world gold prices that has made more than half the country's mines unprofitable and threatened massive redundancies.

At a time when economic strength is vital to political reforms, newspapers reported a "bloodbath" on the Johannesburg stock exchange after gold slumped to its lowest level in four years in hectic trading in London and New York on Thursday.

The government and the big mining houses were counting the potential cost of the crash yesterday.

With the price remaining beneath \$350 an ounce, 22 of the country's 41 long-established producers were running at a loss.

The most alarming casualty is the Anglo American Corporation's Freegold, the world's biggest mining complex with 110,000 employees, which is losing more

than £20 on each ounce it produces. East Rand Proprietary Mines is losing more than £100 per ounce. With loan facilities exhausted, the company is continuing production but a commission of enquiry to determine its future begins hearings next week.

The worst-hit mines have a combined workforce of 116,000, and this week two of them announced plans to lay off 1,000 employees. Another said that up to 3,000 could lose their jobs in the next three months unless prices recovered substantially.

Employment in the industry has declined by more than 50,000 in the past four years, causing a ripple effect on a vast secondary industry dependent on gold.

Johann Liebenberg, senior general manager of the Chamber of Mines, said the industry was in a "critical situation". Julian Ogilvie Thompson, chairman of

Anglo American, said recently that the corporation would consider cutting capital expenditure to stem losses. However, an Anglo spokesman said yesterday it had no immediate plans for retrenchment.

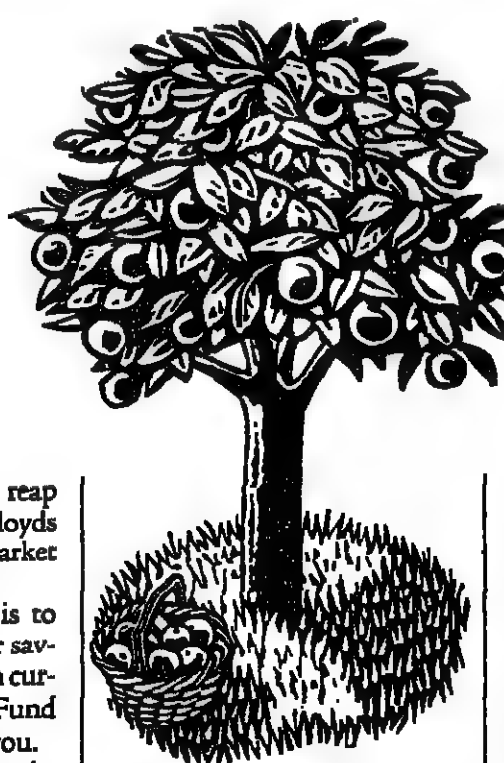
Economists said the plunge had stripped almost £1 billion from South Africa's annual export earnings, putting heavy pressure on its reserves, its ability to repay its foreign debt, and domestic inflation.

Gold earnings are crucial to the economy, accounting for 13.3 per cent of gross domestic product last year.

Analysts, who blamed the slump on reports of heavy selling from the Middle East, said the market may be nearing the end of a long downward trend.

For the present, however, it would appear that all that glitters in South Africa is the fearful eye of the stockholder.

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21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94						

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	1979	1980	1981	% Chg.
276	133	Werner	175	32
278	206	Westlake	200	-3
280	175	Whitcomb	175	0
282	175	Winters	175	0
284	175	Wood & County	183	4
286	175		168	-4

SHOES, LEATHER				
	1979	1980	1981	% Chg.
70	47	Madison	43	-8
71	194	Lampert & Henshaw	180	-7
72	194		180	-7
73	141	Mc Pined Shoe	130	-8
74	141	Levine & Pinner	130	-8
75	303	Deas	303	0

TEXTILES				
	1979	1980	1981	% Chg.
28	17	Asch	18	6
29	371	Alford Text	368	-1
30	371	Bedford (A)	368	-1
31	371	Baker Co.	371	0
32	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
33	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
34	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
35	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
36	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
37	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
38	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
39	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
40	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
41	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
42	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
43	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
44	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
45	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
46	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
47	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
48	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
49	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
50	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
51	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
52	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
53	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
54	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
55	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
56	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
57	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
58	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
59	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
60	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
61	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
62	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
63	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
64	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
65	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
66	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
67	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
68	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
69	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
70	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
71	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
72	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
73	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
74	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
75	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
76	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
77	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
78	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
79	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
80	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
81	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
82	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
83	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
84	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
85	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
86	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
87	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
88	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
89	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
90	371	Ch. Hefner	371	0
91	371	Ch. Hefner	371	

79	261	234	Charlene Tansil	27	275	0	13.5
96	27	27	CHI Gs	100	100	1	
96	249	156	Dance	176	150	-	11.8
97	8	3	Drummond	72	72	0	11.7
97	8	3	Power (Lent)	72	72	0	11.7
97	139	139	Shelton	163	173	+34	11.1
97	92	72	Michael Permut	71	74	-1	2.7
97	125	81	Jarvis	112	123	-	11.2
98	356	287	Lane	198	180	-	11.0
98	10	10	Lois	100	253	0	11.0
98	126	80	Lester	84	89	-	1.3
98	95	59	Lyles (S)	49	53	-1	8.0
98	110	110	Portland 'A'	107	112	-	10.9
98	10	10	SE	65	64	-	0.1
98	52	52	SEF	52	52	0	7.1
98	40	31	Singer	74	74	-1	5.1
98	40	34	Stoddard	34	24	-	3.3

226	258	Touffersons	275	285	0	13.2
100%	85	Touffersons	91	90	-2	13.6
17	8	West Trust	96	97	0	12.7
280	270	Vorleyde	176	195	0	12.9

TOBACCOS						
853	836	BAT (m)	880	886	+6	40.3
185	131	PJ Carlini	128	126	-2	16.0
751	587	Parmesan T (m)	730	747	+17	16.0

TRANSPORT						
533	259	American Express	377	281	+1	8.2
432	267	BAA (Am)	414	417	-2	13.3
540	193	British Airways (Am)	716	220	+1	11.8
267	263	California	270	278	+3	16.0
267	260	Delta Lines	263	269	+4	10.7
765	335	Eastern & National	455	505	-3	10.2
733	491	Emirates United	455	505	-3	-
59	32	International Warrants	31	34	-	-
131	121	Japan Airlines	143	148	-	8.7
198	84	KLM	145	156	-	10.0
198	84	Swire	145	156	-	10.0
198	84	United (Am)	143	148	-	8.7

252	33	LHO	197	200	8.0
30	25	Manchester Ship	24	27	
211	133	Morphy Docks	197	207	5.8
175	116	MFC	124	137	6.9
265	31	Ocean Group	358	365	17.9
45	45	Orinoco	148	148	38.3
56	56	P & O (UK) Ltd	95	95	7.3
93	79	P & O 5.5%	85	90	37.1
400	210	Power Drilling	347	353	20.0
708	450	Prudential (Money)	680	700	6.0
212	148	TIP Europe	158	162	28.8
144	108	TNT	132	134	100
210	257	Tibbet & Britten	306	315	127
515	432	Tiscali	525	533	15.1
245	182	Tottenham C	222	222	12.7
245	182	Tottenham C	222	222	12.7

WATER						
100%	140%	Argentin Water	166	167	+1	20.4
100%	140%	Northumbrian	177	177	0	21.4
100%	137	North West	159	160	2%	21.5
100%	123	Severn Trust	148	150	2%	19.8
171	120	Severn Water	136	141	-	18.6
202	141	South West	160	170	7%	22.2
171	127	Thames Valley	130	136	7%	18.4

12.2	1200	127	Midwest	Water	167	170	-	22.4
14.0	196	142	Yorkshire	Water	168	170	2	20.6
14.2	£1755	£1000	Package	Unit	£1500		-2.10	

● Ex dividend ● Ex all b Forecast dividend payment passed f Price at suspension of Div yield exclude a special payment k Pre-merger Forecast earnings o Ex other r Ex rights 3 Ex share split t Tax-free ... No significant d

● Ex dividend a Ex all b Forecast dividend a Internm payment passed f Price at suspension g Dividend and yield exclude a special payment k Pre-merger figures a Forecast earnings o Ex other l Ex rights 3 Ex scrip or share split i Tax-free .. No significant data.

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Edited by LINDSAY COOK

SATURDAY JUNE 16 1990

FAMILY MONEY

Court ruling gives retailers freedom to penalise customers using plastic Way clear for charge on credit card sales

By LINDSAY COOK, FAMILY MONEY EDITOR

A HIGH Court ruling has opened the way for shops to charge more to credit card customers than to people using cash and cheques.

Yesterday's decision supported the Monopolies and Mergers Commission (MMC), which last August recommended that retailers should be free to charge different prices on cash and credit card sales.

The trade and industry department has already prepared a draft order to allow dual-pricing. This will be laid before parliament and at least 21 days later retailers will be able to charge credit card customers more. The order allows shops to charge cardholders more to take account of the charges levied on retailers by the credit card companies.

The merchant fees average 1.8 per cent with large petrol retailers paying very little and

small specialist shops paying up to 5 per cent. Credit card companies and consumer organisations fear that all retailers may make a 5 per cent surcharge.

There is also concern that sales assistants will not be able to differentiate between debit, payment and credit cards and charge customers using all types of plastic cards a higher price.

After an MMC report in the early-Eighties dual pricing was allowed but was soon scrapped when petrol retailers overcharged. Jacques Kosciuszko, European managing director of Visa International, for said: "The real test of dual pricing will come in the markets. Our analysis is that the consumers will not tolerate any large-scale surcharge on cards."

"Britain will be the only country in Europe which allows two prices to be charged. A more acceptable form than surcharging credit card customers would be to allow discounts for cash customers. The danger is that the consumer will pay more and this is not the time to fuel inflation."

Visa had contested the MMC report which stated that it operated a monopoly. Until yesterday's ruling that the report was correct the draft order could not be brought in.

Ian Lindsey, director of banking at Save & Prosper, said: "I cannot see retailers keeping to an average surcharge of 1.8 per cent. They are likely to be higher. When this was last tried it was particularly abused by petrol retailers and was stopped."

Some states in America allow credit card surcharges. "In California the surcharge can be 8 per cent on petrol and motorists have been driven back into cash for buying petrol," said Mr Lindsey.

"Our own economists have worked out that dual pricing could add 0.25 per cent to the rate of inflation if all retailers jump on the bandwagon and add 5 per cent to their prices for credit cards. We think this is the rate they are likely to go for."

Mr Lindsey continued: "If it's left to market forces we are likely to see identical surcharges levied in the high streets but in rural areas where there is no choice retailers will be able to charge what they like."

The draft order says that

shopkeepers will not have to price every time for cash and credit card. They will have to display a notice stating that people who pay by credit card will have to pay a certain percentage more.

"The average member of the public will not be able to work out what they are paying," added Mr Lindsey.

At Lloyds Bank, a spokeswoman said: "How can the poor retailer distinguish between a debit card, a payment card and a credit card?"

She added that retailers had to pay to deposit cash and cheques and for debit and payment cards.

Simon Hinde of the Consumers' Association said it did not see anything wrong in principle with shops charging more to cover the merchant fee.

"However, there are practical worries about the potential for confusion. We would want shops to be required to display on their doors and at the tills that they make a surcharge for cards. We would worry about profiteering by retailers charging more than they pay."



Cash will do nicely: plastic faces a surcharge at point of sale after the High Court backed an MMC finding

Private investors rally behind Globe trust

By JON ASHWORTH

PRIVATE investors have been rallying round the Globe investment trust after yesterday's news that the £1 billion takeover bid by the British Coal pension funds may proceed after all.

Many of the 37,000 private Globe shareholders have written to institutions with large stakes in the investment trust, threatening to withdraw business if they sell their stakes.

Yesterday, the Office of Fair Trading announced that it would not be referring the bid for further investigation.

Large institutional investors, including Standard Life, Prudential, Pearl and Equitable life, together hold more than 15 per cent of Globe shares - the minimum the coal funds need to gain control.

But the funds will need to increase their offer substantially if they hope to appeal to investors, and they only have until the end of next week to decide whether or not to do so. The stockmarket has risen

sharply since the cash offer of 191p was announced in May. The Globe board has valued its shares at 233p.

Under the takeover code, Globe is not allowed to publish any new information in its defence after Monday - day 39 in the bid timetable. The coal funds have until day 46, or next Sunday, to decide whether to amend or increase their offer and cannot buy in the market at a higher price without announcing it first.

One way or another, the battle must be over by July 9 - 60 days after the offer was announced.

The coal funds already have a 35 per cent stake in Globe and need 50 per cent to gain control. Their most likely target is not private investors who jointly hold 28 per cent of the shares, but the handful of key institutions which hold just under 5 per cent each.

Mr Robin Key, a director of Globe Management, said investors should not lose heart and that it would continue to fight.

SIB concern over lost funds

By LINDSAY COOK

CLIENTS of failed investment companies are confused about whether they will get their money back through the investors' compensation scheme set up under the Financial Services Act.

The Securities and Investments Board (SIB) is concerned that people should not miss out through failing to make a claim on the compensation fund which was established in August 1988.

Investors in Dunsdale Securities, suspended last week with up to £20 million of clients' money at risk, will be the next to be able to claim. But before any claims can be made the company must be in full liquidation. Dunsdale is currently in provisional liquidation.

SIB stresses that it does not matter when the investment was made so long as the company was fully authorised to carry out investment business when it failed.

There are still 54 firms without full authorisation. These are still able to continue in investment business

because they made applications to be authorised before the cut-off date more than two years ago. Their clients are not covered by the scheme and they should make this clear in any correspondence.

But anyone who invested with a firm long before the Financial Services Act was even thought of should be covered so long as the company later received authorisation. The maximum payout is £48,000. This is 100 per cent of the first £30,000 and 90 per cent of the next £20,000.

A SIB spokeswoman said: "Investors should make sure that their money is fully covered and not put all their investments with one firm if they exceed the compensation limit."

But, in many cases where amounts under the limit are involved the fund may still pay out less than the investor expects. It may only compensate for the original investment, or if that has reduced in value, for the market value at the time of default.

The spokeswoman said:

"The scheme cannot pay out on false statements. If an investment firm were to claim that an investment was earning 25 per cent a year and sent statements falsely increasing the original investment, by that amount each year investors could only claim for the original investment to be compensated."

Some investors may not have declared interest or gains to the Inland Revenue or may have invested money which has not been declared for tax and thus be reluctant to make a claim.

The compensation scheme does not worry about such niceties. It will pay out if a claim is well documented wherever the money came from.

But the SIB said that if the Inland Revenue or customs asked for information the scheme would have to declare it.

This may account for why some investors seem reluctant to return claim forms sent to them by the compensation scheme.

Mortgage windfall scheme under trial

By JON ASHWORTH

COUNCIL tenants all over Britain could soon own their homes at no extra cost, under a scheme currently being tested in Scotland which converts rents into mortgages.

If the scheme takes off it could turn millions of tenants into homeowners and give those who cannot afford to buy outright a cheap way of spreading payments.

While only three families in Scotland have joined the scheme so far, another 150 applications are already in the pipeline. There have been more than 1,000 enquiries and local officials say interest is high.

The scheme was officially launched by the prime minister in March and is attracting growing interest throughout Britain.

The main attraction is that tenants can apply to buy their home knowing that the initial mortgage payments will be no bigger than the amount they pay in rent.

Until now, the only alternative has been the government's right to buy scheme, launched in 1980, which allows tenants to purchase their homes and arrange their own financing.

Scottish Homes, which is running the pilot scheme, said it was "extremely satisfied" with the response so far, even though legal procedures had slowed down the number of successful purchases.

There are about 65,000 council house tenants in Scotland, and about 40,000 of them are eligible. Tenants can only apply if they have spent at least two years in rented council houses or flats.

Scottish Homes plans to test the scheme on a pilot basis for the next three years.

When proposals were first put forward, Malcolm Rifkind, the Scottish secretary, said it would work alongside the right to buy scheme.

Mr Rifkind said the rents to mortgages scheme would put tenants on the road to owning their homes, even if they could not reasonably afford to purchase immediately under right to buy.

Costs would be kept down by topping up a normal bank or building society loan with an interest-free loan from Scottish Homes, keeping weekly payments unchanged.

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£1,000 - £2,499	8.50%	8.83%	11.77%
£2,500 - £9,999	10.50%	11.02%	14.68%
£10,000 - £24,999	11.00%	11.57%	15.43%
£25,000 or over	11.50%	12.12%	16.18%

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Postcode: _____

Home Tel No: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Signature: _____

Tel: _____

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You should however bear in mind that the value of your investment may go down as well as up.

As a unit trust only PEP the M&G PEP is limited to £3,000 a year and is not suitable for investors who wish to make use of the full £6,000 limit for a PEP investing directly in shares or a mixture of shares and unit trusts.

PRICES AND YIELDS

On 30th March 1990 the offered prices and estimated gross current yields were

	Acc. Units	Yield	Spread	Max. Spread
Recovery	907.95	5.01%	5.43%	7.33%
Dividend	2161.10	5.87%	5.43%	6.95%
Second	2233.40	4.89%	5.41%	7.71%
Extra Yield	900.50	6.32%	5.43%	6.92%
Smaller Companies	907.70	4.39%	5.43%	6.94%
Midland	2843.40	5.29%	5.41%	8.21%

*Units will be calculated 20.1 during 1990.

†Units were calculated 20.1 on 12th February 1990.

HOW THE PLAN WORKS

LUMP SUM You can invest from £200 to £3,000 in

monthly contributions. You can contribute from £50 to £250 per month by automatic direct debit payments from your bank. Contributions are collected on the third Wednesday of each month.

Applications for a monthly plan must be accompanied by a cheque for the initial contribution. The initial contribution can be larger than your monthly direct debit and you can top up your plan by cheque provided that the total amount contributed in a tax year does not exceed £3,000.

Lump sum contributions may be made at any time by cheque or by sending us a cheque with your name and PEP holding reference on the back. We will then debit your bank account on the third Wednesday of each month.

The net income earned on your investment in the fund is automatically reinvested, increasing the value of your units. Income tax is reclaimed on your behalf by M&G once a year and used to buy further units for you.

UNIT PRICES

The "offer" price at which units are bought from the unit trust manager, and the "bid" price at which units are sold to the unit trust manager, are calculated every day by M&G Securities Limited, our unit trust manager.

The prices of M&G unit trusts are usually worked out every morning at 9.15 a.m. Units will normally be allocated to your plan at the offer price calculated after the Plan Manager has received your contribution.

CHARGES

There are no extra charges for an M&G PEP. All costs are absorbed within the normal charges of the unit trusts. The management charges on M&G unit trusts are a maximum of 5 per cent initially and 1 per cent annually. The management charges may only be increased with the consent of unitholders.

The Managers' annual charges, Trustees' fees, currently 0.05% (in the case of Second General 0.05% on the first £20 million and 0.04% thereafter) (plus VAT) and Registrar's fees, currently 0.08% (plus VAT) based on the

Fund's mid market value are deducted from gross income pro rata on the first day of each Stock Exchange Account. The Managers' annual charge is 1% except for the first £20 million of the fund's value which will increase to 1% upon three months notice to unitholders.

STATEMENTS AND REPORTS

Twice each year we will send you a statement of your account made up to 5 April and 5 October. This will show the transactions on your account during each period, and the number of units held and their value at the end of the period.

We shall also send you regular Managers' reports on the unit trust in which you are building up your investment. These give a commentary on the progress of the unit trust, set out the full portfolio of shares, and give the accounts of the trust.

When you wish to sell your holding, or part of it, you have only to write to M&G Financial Services Limited, Planned Savings Department, M&G House, Victoria Road, Chelmsford CM1 1TB. We will then send you a cheque for the full value of the units you are cashing in, normally within a few days. Only written instructions will be accepted.

Later this year we intend to have available a system of regular automatic payments into your bank account. We will let you know when this service is introduced.

CHOOSING YOUR UNIT TRUST

Because of the investment regulations governing unit trusts, the choice of M&G funds available for our PEP has been restricted to six funds investing predominantly in UK ordinary shares. These funds offer a choice between high yielding income funds, lower yielding capital growth funds and funds aimed at a balance between income and growth. All six funds have impressive performance records.

Each fund is managed by M&G Securities Limited, M&G House, Victoria Road, Chelmsford CM1 1TB, from whom full share particulars and the most recent annual and half-yearly reports are available on request. Prices and yields of the funds are published every day in the Financial Times. Prices are also quoted in the Daily Telegraph, Times, Independent and Guardian.

Investors should remember that past performance does not guarantee future growth.

You should also remember that the price of units and the income from them can go down as well as up; you may not get back the amount you invested.

You should bear in mind that the tax regime of PEPs could change in the future.

CHANGING YOUR INVESTMENT

When you start your PEP, the whole of your contribution will buy units in the fund you choose. In the second and in each subsequent year you can change a different fund from the list of those eligible, thus building up a portfolio of funds. In due course you will also be able to switch between funds. We will let you know when this service is introduced.

Please read the notes and complete and return the application form together with your cheque, and, if appropriate, a direct debit instruction. We will write to acknowledge acceptance of your application and discuss the most recent half-yearly report for the fund you have chosen.

HOW TO START A PLAN

Please read the notes and complete and return the application form together with your cheque, and, if appropriate, a direct debit instruction. We will write to acknowledge acceptance of your application and discuss the most recent half-yearly report for the fund you have chosen.

M&G RECOVERY

This unit trust follows a specialist policy, investing in the shares of companies which are going through a difficult period. The Managers are continually seeking new holdings to replace those where the prospects of recovery appear to have been fulfilled or where they seem to have been unfounded. Capital growth is the sole objective and yield considerations are ignored.

Year ended 31 DECEMBER	M&G RECOVERY	BUILDING SOCIETY
23 May '69	£1,000	£1,000
1970	£1,200	£1,138
1975	£2,896	£1,816
1980	£12,144	£3,192
1985	£33,848	£5,693
30 MAR '90	£88,240	£8,935*

NOTES: All figures are in £1,000 unless otherwise stated. The Building Society figures are based on the annual report of the Building Society Share Account (which is published annually). The M&G figures are based on the annual report of the M&G Recovery Unit Trust (which is published annually). The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990.

M&G DIVIDEND

Designed for investors whose primary requirement is an above average and increasing income. The Fund's objective is to provide a yield of 5% or more, based on the FT All-Share Index. It invests in a wide selection of ordinary shares, mainly in the UK.

Year ended 31 DECEMBER	M&G DIVIDEND	BUILDING SOCIETY
6 May '64	£1,000	£1,000
1965	£1,112	£1,106
1970	£1,606	£1,506
1975	£3,406	£2,506
1980	£7,806	£4,504
1985	£30,030	£8,031
30 MAR '90	£68,952	£12,606*

NOTES: All figures are in £1,000 unless otherwise stated. The Building Society figures are based on the annual report of the Building Society Share Account (which is published annually). The M&G figures are based on the annual report of the M&G Dividend Unit Trust (which is published annually). The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990.

M&G SECOND GENERAL

The Fund's objective is to provide a long-term growth of income and capital. It invests in a wide selection of ordinary shares, mainly in the UK. It is a general fund and is not restricted to any particular sector.

Year ended 31 DECEMBER	M&G SECOND GENERAL	BUILDING SOCIETY
5 June '56	£1,000	£1,000
1960	£2,102	£1,298
1965	£3,617	£1,742
1970	£5,865	£2,529
1975	£10,748	£4,036
1980	£28,516	£7,095
1985	£84,920	£12,652
30 MAR '90	£168,254	£19,855*

NOTES: All figures are in £1,000 unless otherwise stated. The Building Society figures are based on the annual report of the Building Society Share Account (which is published annually). The M&G figures are based on the annual report of the M&G Second General Unit Trust (which is published annually). The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990.

M&G SMALLER COMPANIES

Designed to provide an investment opportunity in smaller companies, which are expected to show above average growth. The Fund's objective is to provide a yield of 5% or more, based on the FT All-Share Index. It invests in a wide selection of ordinary shares, mainly in the UK.

Year ended 31 DECEMBER	M&G SMALLER COMPANIES	BUILDING SOCIETY
27 Sept '67	£1,000	£1,000
1970	£1,402	£1,289
1975	£2,094	£2,056
1980	£7,818	£3,616
1985	£19,860	£5,445
30 MAR '90	£42,980	£14,115*

NOTES: All figures are in £1,000 unless otherwise stated. The Building Society figures are based on the annual report of the Building Society Share Account (which is published annually). The M&G figures are based on the annual report of the M&G Smaller Companies Unit Trust (which is published annually). The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990.

M&G MIDLAND & GENERAL

Invests in mid-sized and large companies, with particular emphasis on sectors which are expected to show above average growth. The Fund's objective is to provide a yield of 5% or more, based on the FT All-Share Index. It invests in a wide selection of ordinary shares, mainly in the UK.

Year ended 31 DECEMBER	M&G MIDLAND & GENERAL	BUILDING SOCIETY
19 June '56	£1,000	£1,000
1960	£2,244	£1,298
1965	£3,645	£1,742
1970	£5,308	£2,518
1975	£9,855	£4,018
1980	£22,221	£7,063
1985	£91,442	£12,596
30 MAR '90	£239,645	£19,768*

NOTES: All figures are in £1,000 unless otherwise stated. The Building Society figures are based on the annual report of the Building Society Share Account (which is published annually). The M&G figures are based on the annual report of the M&G Midland & General Unit Trust (which is published annually). The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990. The figures are as at 31 March 1990.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

1. "Business Day" means a day on which the Managers of an M&G Unit Trust are open for business.

2. "Cheque" means a cheque payable to the order of the Managers of an M&G Unit Trust.

3. "Direct Debit Instruction" means a written instruction from you to M&G Securities Limited to debit your bank account for the amount of your contribution to your M&G PEP.

4. "Fund" means the investment Manager's Regulatory Disclosure Document.

5. "M&G Securities Limited" means M&G Securities Limited, of which the Managers of an M&G Unit Trust are directors.

6. "M&G Unit Trust" means a unit trust managed by M&G Securities Limited.

7. "Plan" means a Personal Equity Plan established by you under the provisions of the Finance Act 1988.

8. "Plan Manager" means the person who is responsible for the management of your M&G PEP.

9. "Relevant Period" means the period of 12 months ending on the last day of the month in which your contribution to your M&G PEP is made.

10. "Unit" means a unit in an M&G Unit Trust.

11. "Unit Price" means the price at which units are bought from the unit trust manager, and the price at which units are sold to the unit trust manager.

12. "Withdrawal" means the process of withdrawing units from your M&G PEP.

13. "Yield" means the income generated by your M&G PEP, expressed as a percentage of the value of your units.

14. "Your contribution" means the amount of money you contribute to your M&G PEP.

15. "Your M&G PEP" means the M&G Unit Trust Personal Equity Plan established by you.

16. "Your M&G Unit Trust" means the M&G Unit Trust in which you have invested.

17. "Your M&G Unit Trust Manager" means M&G Securities Limited.

18. "Your M&G Unit Trust Plan" means the M&G Unit Trust Personal Equity Plan established by you.

19. "Your M&G Unit Trust Units" means the units in your M&G Unit Trust.

20. "Your M&G Unit Trust Value" means the value of your M&G Unit Trust units.

21. "Your M&G Unit Trust Yield" means the yield of your M&G Unit Trust.

22. "Your M&G Unit Trust Withdrawal" means the process of withdrawing units from your M&G PEP.

23. "Your M&G Unit Trust Yield" means the yield of your M&G Unit Trust.

24. "Your M&G Unit Trust Value" means the value of your M&G Unit Trust units.

25. "Your M&G Unit Trust Withdrawal" means the process of withdrawing units from your M&G PEP.

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49. "Your M&G Unit Trust Withdrawal" means the process of withdrawing units from your M&G PEP.

50. "Your M&G Unit Trust Yield" means the yield of your M&G Unit Trust.

NOTES TO HELP YOU IN COMPLETING THE M&G UNIT TRUST APPLICATION FORM

Note 1 Please give your daytime telephone number so that if a query arises in relation to your form we can attempt to contact you at once and speed up the processing of your application. We shall attempt to call.

Note 2 National Insurance Number (NINO). If you are a married woman you should supply your own NINO and if you have them, your own tax district and reference number.

Note 3 You should NOT supply the name of your husband. An applicant who cannot supply a NINO may obtain one from the DSS using either form D584 or NINO1. If you are unable to obtain a NINO, you should obtain one from the DSS. If you are unable to obtain a NINO, you should obtain one from the DSS.

Note 4 The application form is designed to allow you to contribute to your M&G PEP for a year after tax year without having to complete a new application form. If you decide the words "I wish to be able to contribute to my plan in future tax years" on the application form and subsequently change your mind, then you will have to submit a new application form. Dealing the statement does not mean that your current plan will lose its tax advantages. If you do not deal with the wording and are contributing by direct debit, we will continue to collect your contributions until we are instructed otherwise. If you have made your contribution by a lump sum payment, all you need do in future years is send us a cheque with your name and PEP holding reference. You can stop contributing to your M&G PEP at any time.

Note 5 You can contribute from £50 to £250 per month by automatic direct debit payments from your bank. Direct debit instructions are passed to the Bankers' Automated Clearing System (BACS) five working days prior to the third Wednesday of the month. They are processed only when we have received an acknowledgment from your bank. If you are unable to provide a direct debit instruction, you may contribute by cheque. Contributions are collected on the third Wednesday of each month. You may contribute by cheque provided that the total amount contributed in a tax year does not exceed £3,000.

Note 6 Your M&G PEP is invested in Accumulation units. Certificates are not issued to unitholders. Details of your investment will be shown in the acknowledgment which we will send to you once your application has been accepted. It is therefore important that you retain the acknowledgment for your records. Please also retain the Terms and Conditions along with the application form for a monthly plan must be accompanied by a cheque for the initial contribution.

Note 7 M&G Securities Limited, of which the Managers of an M&G Unit Trust are directors, is a subsidiary of M&G Financial Services Limited.

Note 8 "Qualifying Investment" means an investment, applied for by you or on your behalf, which is eligible for investment under the provisions of the Finance Act 1988.

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- A CHILDHOOD: GARY LINEKER
- COOK: ARTICHOKE FOR STARTERS
- EATING OUT: IN PORTOBELLO ROAD
- SHOPPING: TRAVELLING LIGHTLY

THE TIMES

REVIEW

السبيل الى النجاح

SECTION 3

SATURDAY JUNE 16 1990

Smitten by the coarse of true love

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRYN COLTON

Illustrations by A.F. Lydon from British Fresh-Water Fishes (Webb & Bower)



Managers in industry and commerce will be thankful that June 16 has fallen on a Saturday this year. It is the opening day of the coarse fishing season, and traditionally one of the worst for absenteeism. This has much to do with the irresistible attraction of water to the angler and the less certain, but intriguing, lure of fish to bait.

During the past few weeks, the tackle has been checked, cleaned and assembled, a squirming multitude of maggots has been bred and bought, the groundbait prepared, a few new floats added to the collection and, as dusk settled on Britain last night, a mighty army was on the move.

Silently, its members homed in on their various stations. By a few minutes before zero hour they were positioned on their cushioned seats — some, of course, had been sitting there, guarding their chosen "swim", for hours — and staring out over night-blackened water. And then, precisely at midnight, hundreds of thousands of maggots and floats were simultaneously hurled through the air, to land with a faint plop in the nation's ponds and lakes.

By now, thousands of fish, from the giant carp to the diminutive but devilishly slippery bleak, will have fallen to the bait and begun their period of captivity in the keep net, prior to being released again.

For some enthusiasts the waiting since the end of the last season — midnight on March 14 — has been intolerable. Two weeks ago the lead story in *Angler's Mail* told of swoops by

Today, as the coarse fishing season opens, dedicated men such as Allan Haines (above), will be chasing the ultimate prey — and then throwing it back again. William Greaves reports

river bailiffs at two stillwater venues in the Thames region which resulted in more than a dozen anglers having their names taken for jumping the gun.

By popular consensus, the coarse fishing bug pumps through the veins of three million British citizens and final proof, if any be necessary, that it really can become an obsession was provided not so long ago in a serious crash on the M4. Allan Haines, a former editor of *Angling Times* and one of the country's best-known fishermen, says: "I left my wife and two daughters stretched out on the hard shoulder — they were shocked and, to be honest, I didn't know how badly they were hurt — and ran back to my car. Two or three times I tried to reach through the flames, until the firemen threw me out of the way. They didn't understand, you see, that my float box was in there and it had taken me a lifetime to collect it." Even today he looks mildly bemused whenever anybody suggests that he might just have had his priorities in the wrong order.

Although today is the great day for the vast majority of coarse anglers, a handful of regions have no close season. So it was to a pond at Donington in Lincolnshire that I journeyed to watch Mr

Haines limbering up for the months ahead. Unfamiliar with the terrain, his practised eye roamed the margin of the water, looking for the most likely swim. "I'd say it will be mixed fishing here: roach, rudd and maybe some bream, perhaps perch and even some carp," he said.

"What we're looking for is perhaps some weeds or an overhanging tree — any reason for a fish being there." A spot on the far side of the pond took his eye — but not for long. My photographer colleague, scouting the neighbourhood for a likely camera angle, had jumped down on the bank. "We won't catch anything there now," Mr Haines said, surprisingly mildly. "Every fish around will have registered that bump. It doesn't matter how loud you shout, but heavy movement is fatal and the trick is to keep off the skyline — they've got surprisingly good eyesight."

A good-looking swim duly chosen, the 46-year-old winner of BBC2's *Hooked* competition, fought out between 20 of Britain's top anglers, began to pick what he needed for the hours ahead from a careful equipment.

Eschewing some of his more specialised and expensive tackle, including an 11 metre carbon fibre

pole worth more than £1,000, his selection finally took shape: One rod (£160), one fixed-spool reel (£35), 2½lb breaking-strain line (£2.50), a pint and a half of white, red and bronze maggots (£2.50 a pint), boxes of non-toxic weights (£2.50 a box), one keep net (£15-£20) and one landing net (£12), a boxful of floats (50p-£1.50 each), some hooks (10p-12p each), groundbait catapult (£5), and a bag of groundbait (£2). It took him half an hour to set up his stall.

Nothing defines an obsessive national pastime more eloquently than the lengths to which its addicts will go to steal a march over their fellows. Although the figure of three million British anglers is commonly quoted, about a million of those fish regularly through rain and shine, spending £70 million a year on tackle, £10 million on clothing and £5 million on footwear.

So quick are they to identify any refinement which might just tilt the balance in their favour that Shimano, a Japanese firm unknown to British anglers until four years ago, now boasts 80 per cent of the top end of the reel market.

John Loftus, the firm's UK managing director, explains the dramatic breakthrough: "The company specialised in cycle gears and braking systems and realised that those were the two main requirements of a good fishing reel. For some years the leading manufacturers had been undercutting each other to maintain their share of the market, and we reckoned that they had left a gap in that area where quality, rather than price, was the most important factor."

So, identifying the addict's ability to find the wherewithal for anything he craves, Shimano manufactured reels costing anything up to £600, and crept away with a prize catch.

The dedication of the coarse angler is legendary, no more so than in the field of the big fish specialist, where the total weight of a day's catch is meaningless and the single-minded pursuit of the big 'un is the be-all and end-all of life. It is not unknown for such a man to spend weeks and months patrolling, climbing trees and studying the moods and movements of one fish before making his detailed plans for the moment of truth.

"I've been walking around all during the close season," said Peter Stone, an Oxfordshire fish taxidermist by occupation and big fish hunter by preoccupation, "because that's when their mind's more on love and they show themselves a bit more. There are some waters which smell of big fish, you know. A friend of mine walked down the Evenlode river, in Oxfordshire, a year or two back and told me he

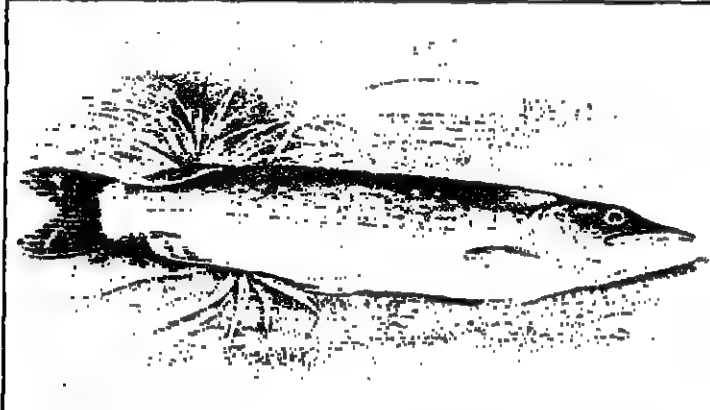
could smell a big roach in there. I went out there and took one of 2lb 15oz, and that's big for a roach." The record is 4lb 1oz.

"It's a bit of an art, really," Mr Stone said. "I mean, there are people who can see a fish and people who can't. It can be eight or nine feet down and what you 'see' is sometimes a shape rather than a fish."

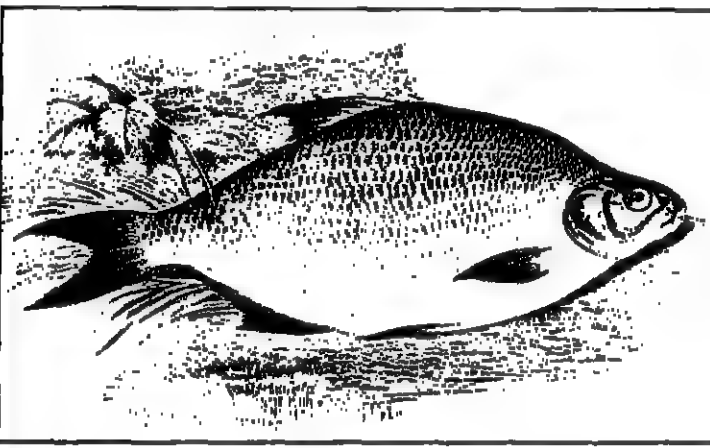
A few years ago Mr Stone entered the record books with the (then) biggest pike to be caught on an artificial "plug" (or Continued overleaf



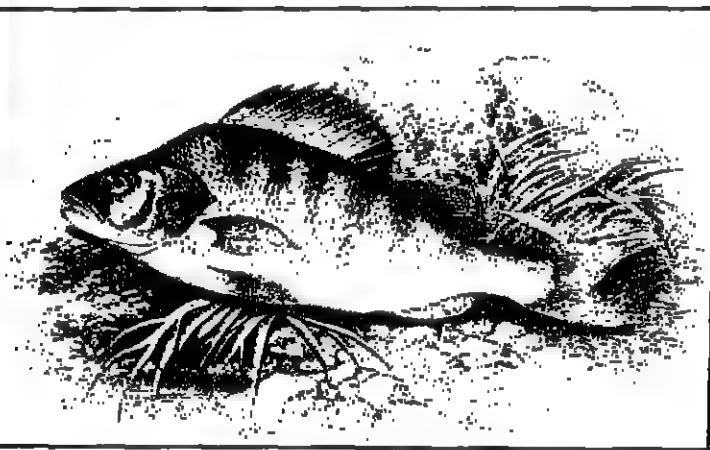
Carp: (first record) 44lb R. Walker 1952 Redmire Pool, Hereford; (present record) 51lb 8oz C. Yates 1980, Redmire Pool, Hereford



Pike: 37lb 8oz C. Warwick 1944, Hampshire Avon; 44lb 14oz M.G. Linton 1987, Ardleigh Reservoir, Colchester



Common Bream: 13lb 8oz, E.G. Costin 1945, Chiddington Castle lake, Kent; 16lb 6oz, A. Bromley 1986, private fishery, Staffs



Perch: 4lb 12oz S.F. Baker 1962, Oulton Broad, Suffolk; 5lb 9oz J. Shaylor 1985, private lake, Kent

Statistics: British Record (rod-caught) Fish Committee of the National Anglers' Council



Setting out the stall: rod and reel, nets and bait maggots are among the coarse fisherman's essential tools



BODY TALK

"A NATURAL REMEDY FOR HAYFEVER? WHAT A RELIEF"

Apart from the symptoms themselves, one of the most frustrating things about hayfever is trying to find the treatment that's right for you.

So to the relief of hayfever sufferers New Era have produced Combination H, a homeopathic remedy made from natural mineral salts.

If you don't want the pollen count to get the better of you this summer, you'll find it's the natural choice.



New Era
HOMEOPATHIC PREPARATIONS
IT'S ONLY NATURAL
Now available at Boots, Holland and Barrett and all good health stores and chemists.



THE NED SHERRIN COLUMN

Where the angels now fear to tread

The theatrical West End has been looking peaky, but I was not prepared for three new excuses offered by a producer for the failure of angels to back a play. One, "some of my backers had money in Vanilla". Two, "it's the greenhouse effect". Three, "there are not enough tourists because of the litter problem".

None of these considerations is likely to deter a young audience from flocking to the Haymarket for Ben Elton's streamlined, ecologically sound revue, *Gasp* — a polemical Brechtian approach translated into hilarious life by an alternative Noël Coward and stuffed with virtuoso sketches. Maybe the laughter dies 10 minutes before the final curtain, but there are not many plays these days which keep you laughing that long.

London's most elegant theatre was crammed with the alternative establishment — Stephen Fry, the Lenny Henrys, Ruby Wax, Nigel Planer, Rik Mayall. Surely nothing can stop the prolific Elton taking over all the prettiest West End houses with a nifty play-review for each of them?

How the theatre has changed. On my first visit to the Haymarket (*A Day by the Sea* in the early 1950s), I helped an elderly woman in the gallery to get the top off her smelling salts and she reminisced about seeing *Mary Rose* there in 1920 with "young Leon Quartermaine and little Fay Compton". Maybe they were alternatives in their day.

HALFWAY through last year I warned you of an impending television treat. Now that it has happened for 12 months, *Beecham* hits your ITV screen on Sunday, July 1 at 10.20pm. It stars Timothy West as Sir Thomas.

In the theatre for the stage version, West waved his baton to a recorded orchestra, but on this recording for Yorkshire TV he had to carry the 64-strong Hallé with him. Only Jean Ball, the Hallé's harpist, had played under Sir Thomas, just before he died in 1961. She recalled a morning when, delayed by a fault on the railway line, he treated the orchestra to an hour-long diatribe on the evils of the railways of Britain before he

would raise his baton to rehearse. Last week, EMI launched a bumper reissue of *Beecham* recordings on CD and Shirley, Lady Beecham, announced she is applying to remove Sir Thomas's remains from Brookwood cemetery near Woking where, in "landscaping" the 450-acre Victorian burial ground, bulldozers have produced a wasteland. If Sir Thomas's body has to be moved, surely Westminster Abbey should be his final resting place?

NOW A simple tale, which starts in tragedy but concludes comfortably, I left Paddington for Professor Sondheim's valedictory seminar in Oxford at 2.20pm. The train broke down at Slough and we were put on another to Reading. There we changed again. I sat on my case in the corridor on Reading station for a bit. No seats on the new train. Then they could not find a driver so

I transferred to a taxi. For a long time the taxi could not find Oxford and £30 later, when it did, it was raining. I directed the driver to St Catherine's College, near Folly Bridge, only to find that since I was up it has been replaced by a police station and a mortuary. St Cat's is now on the other side of Oxford.

Eventually, I slunk into my chair at 5.30pm, halfway through a lively question-and-answer session featuring Sondheim, Arthur Laurents and John Weidman, who has written the book for the professor's new musical *Assassins*. This is another cheerful entertainment about eight people who have attempted to kill American presidents — a change of pace for Weidman whose previous credits include *Sesame Street* and *The National Lampoon*. A lot of the questions were on familiar lines — sung-through musicals and dwindling audiences. Once again Sond-

heim declined to rise to a Lloyd Webber bait, even for a questioner who suggested Andrew has done for the musical what Donald Trump has done for aesthetics.

Over dinner at high table, it emerged that the master-classes have been a triumph. About eight new musicals are on their way to completion and extracts were performed over two days by West End casts. It might be possible to bring these excerpts to London for a Sunday marathon performance.

To recover from the excitement of the journey to Oxford, I stayed the night in Woodstock. Pope's verdict on *Blenheim Palace* was: "Thanks, Sir," cried I, "It's very fine. But where d'ye sleep or where d'ye dine?" I had not been invited, so I slept soundly and lunched lavishly at the Feathers, where the enterprising chef Nick Gill concocted dense mussel soup with

saffron and chives and robust pot-roast chicken with tarragon, which will surely beckon Jonathan Meades's tastebuds.

To work up an appetite, I strolled round Blenheim. I followed several groups of tourists, cooed along by guides. During Duke Bert's time, an Oxford don was brought out to explain Blenheim's treasures to specialist visitors from London. On one occasion he failed to show. Duke Bert said not to worry, he would do the job himself.

It was not a success. When asked about any priceless piece he muttered dismissively, "of the period, of the period", and moved on. Our guides were much more gushing. Lowering her voice reverently, one said: "Actually, the duke himself in person is in residence today, so if you are very, very lucky you may catch a glimpse of His Grace moving about the grounds."

I didn't spot Duke Sunny, but it took me back about 52 years to when my brother and I visited Blenheim. Our great-uncle was the local grocer, and soon after we arrived he stood us by the telephone and said solemnly: "If you listen very carefully, you may just hear a real duke's voice for the first and last time in your life."

He rang the big house and asked the Duke of Beaufort how many bottles of Scotch and gin he required. I did not catch the answer.

I HAVE not addressed a swimming-pool since the early 1950s, when I appeared at a civic baths in Dulwich in support of a local election campaign. It was a far cry from Mrs Sydney Lipworth's handsome pool-cum-concert-hall-cum-dance-floor which adjoins her house in St John's Wood.

Last week Mrs Lipworth generously lent her premises to ORT — the largest Jewish charitable vocational training organisation. My near neighbour at lunch was Lady Jakobovits, wife of the Chief Rabbi. She was sitting in not one but two functions that lunchtime.

As a child during the war, on the run from the Nazis in Switzerland, ORT came to her aid. After some toing and froing on the subject of war crimes, she explained the mechanics of the swimming-pool. When it is not supporting 150 munching guests, you press a button and in a matter of minutes the floor rolls under the water.

Twice a week the Chief Rabbi, who is getting over heart surgery, trots down the road in the early morning and swims a few convalescent lengths in his neighbour's pool.

All was not well the first time the pool was lent to ORT. A few inches of water seeped up through the floor and submerged the expensive foot-
wear. But not this time.

PETER MCKAY

If I were...

If I were Prince William, I would be very cross about being slapped on the bottom by my mother during the school sports day. Why do mothers slap our bottoms anyway? Doesn't do any good. They say: don't be soft, give him a whack, it will do him good. It never does me any good. Especially when it is in front of everyone and in the papers. I have done my best to put off the Press men in the past by sticking out my tongue and such like, but they just can't take a hint.

The slapping was all wrong because I was not running away really. I was only running away a bit. Weeping is wrong, I admit that. But other boys I know weep all the time. They just feel sorry for themselves all of a sudden. My mother did not win the mums' race. She likes to win, everyone knows that. But she didn't because two other mums ran quicker than she did. Her face was like thunder after that. I can tell you. I should have known that this could mean big trouble. Jolly unfair if you ask me. I know I am different from other boys. You'd have to be pretty stupid not to notice that. I'll probably end up being in charge of a



... Prince William

huge destroyer or aircraft carrier or a jet bomber one day. Probably in charge of the whole army and navy and air force if I want. The fact is, I'm going to be king. Everyone knows that. I know some boys say that does not really matter any more, it's not really important. It's silly being a king, they say. Who'd want to be one? But I live in a palace and they don't.

My mother and father are definitely funny about this, if you ask me. I mean, they pretend I am just like the other boys at school, but I know better. It's obvious. Other boys don't have detectives, for one thing.

All parents can be horrible, if you ask me. My friends say their parents are horrible too. But not the same kind of horrible, I bet. One day it will be different. My mother won't be a princess or even a queen then. She'll be queen mother more likely. She'll probably be really old then. And she definitely can't tell me what to do or slap my bottom in front of other boys. I won't be at school or anything, I'll have sons at school, more than likely. And I won't even go to the sports day if I don't feel like it. If I want a sports day, I'll have it at one of the palaces. There'll only be mums' and dads' races and if any of them run away, they could get smacked. It will be different then, I can tell you.

Now I've got to explain about this at school. Well, I did not really cry, not really, and that's the truth. I'll explain to my classmates about that: how I had to pretend to cry because I was really in trouble. They do not understand about all the palace things, about how you can go to the Tower and all that, or be kept in dungeons, if you are a bad prince. Nobody would have noticed if it had not been in the papers, that's what makes me angry.



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A CHILDHOOD: GARY LINEKER

'Football was the only thing I ever wanted to do as a kid'

by Ray Connolly

When Gary Lineker was eight, he was taken to Wembley for the first time to see his side, Leicester City, play in the Cup Final against Manchester City. Leicester lost and he cried all the way home. Peter Shilton was playing in goal for Leicester that day, as he is playing in goal for England during this World Cup in Italy; 21 years on, he and Lineker are sharing a room in Sardinia. They always share during England matches.

The boy Lineker would no doubt have been astonished had he been told that such a thing might happen. But then, he has been surprised by everything that has happened to him. An extremely ambitious and intensely dedicated footballer, he has never suffered from over-confidence.

He did not expect to be taken on as an apprentice by Leicester City, did not expect to be asked to sign to be a professional, nor to play in the first team or even play for England. He never worried about these things, although he wanted them.

So far, virtually all of Lineker's life has been football. His grandfather was once a skilful player and played with top professionals while in the army, but because of the family fruit stall on Leicester market he never had the opportunity to pursue football as a career. There was no money in it in those days.

"My grandad would always come to watch me when I was about eight. Both my parents did, too. My dad would often take our entire team to the fixtures in his fruit van."

Theirs was a comfortable family with a third-generation fruit stall, which provided season tickets to Leicester City and annual holidays in Spain, but involved hard and unsocial working hours. At the busy times of Christmas and summer Gary would be expected to help out, getting up at 4am to go to the fruit wholesalers.

There were two sons, Gary and Wayne, who is 17 months younger. Both showed great sporting ability, both were taken on at 13 to train with Leicester City and both might have been top-class cricketers. But it was never as important to Wayne as it was to Gary. Wayne, Gary's biggest supporter who suffers appalling nerves before every England match, manages Gary's bar in Tenerife.

By the time Gary was 11 it must have been evident that he was a special talent, for when he passed the 11-plus the family moved house so he could go to a grammar school which played soccer rather than rugby.

"Wayne and I would play endlessly in the garden. We made a terrible mess of it. I was usually in goal and Wayne would be dashing about with the ball. We'd have our own commentaries going like all kids do: 'And it's Weller to Wellington... he strikes it... and it's a GOAL!' When it got too dark to play, we would arrange lights in our bedroom to shine down on the lawn so we could carry on at night."

Not surprisingly, school work came second to sport (although he was to pass four O-levels). Remembering virtually nothing from earliest childhood, his first recollection is that at the age of eight the school team he was playing in, Caldicote Junior School, won 2-1 in a final and they got a cup. He and Wayne scored the goals.

By the time he was 11 he was also playing for the City of Leicester Schoolboys and was scoring a lot of goals, as well as belonging to a youth team, Aylestone Park.

"I wasn't outstanding like some kids. I didn't get into the England schoolboys' team or anything, but I was spotted at 13 by a scout for Leicester City. The funny thing was he knew my grandad, who asked him what he was doing at the match. Grandad was very pleased when he was told it was me who was being looked at."

From 13 to 16 he trained twice a week with Leicester City. "You sign schoolboy forms which attach you to the club. I'd go Tuesday and Thursday after school from five until seven. It was great experience, mainly shooting practice and five-a-sides. The chap teaching us had been a forward so he was particularly keen on shooting."



Lineker, centre, as schoolboy cricketer

In that way they could keep an eye on the promising types.

"On Fridays I'd train for cricket, that went right through the year (twice a week in the summer with Leicestershire), and on Saturdays and Sundays I'd play football. So it didn't leave much time for anything else."

How far he might have gone as a cricketer with Leicestershire will never be known, because at 16 he was signed up as an apprentice by Leicester City football club.

"I don't think I missed anything growing up because sport was the only thing I ever wanted to do. If I wasn't training I'd be out in the garden playing, or watching Leicester City or down at Grace Road watching Leicestershire."

The life of the football apprentice is one of discipline and skivvying. "You start by getting everything ready for the professionals. They started at 10, so we'd be there at nine getting the kit out and putting it by everybody's peg, cleaning the boots and making sure that everywhere was spick and span."

"When they went off to train, we'd get changed and train as well, but finish a bit before them so we'd be ready when they threw their dirty, smelly kit on the floor for us to pick up and sort out."

"We'd all have our specific jobs. Mine was looking after the dressing room, mopping the floor, doing all the brass and taking care of the toilets, which wasn't very nice."

"All the apprentices would train in the afternoon, as well, and do any jobs needed, like painting the gym, that sort of thing. The worst thing was brushing about 2ft of slushy melting snow off a hot-air blanket they put over the ground

at Leicester one winter. It was awful.

"It's hard work being a professional, but it doesn't do you any harm. It's good for discipline. And you need discipline in life as well as in the game."

At 18 he turned professional. This is often the make-or-break moment in the lives of young footballers. Out of the ten or so apprentices, usually only one or two are chosen as having potential and they await the call to the manager's office with trepidation.

Sometimes boys who will become great players are rejected at this stage (Graham Souless and Peter Beardsley, for example) but usually when the manager says, "son, we're letting you go", it can be the end of professional hopes.

None of the apprentices who started with Gary Lineker are in the game at any high level.

"It's hard. There aren't many players who really earn a decent living at the game. There's a lot of disappointment for a lot of people."

Lineker thinks he was lucky. He was also completely dedicated. "They were worried about me at first because I was very light. When I joined Leicester I was only 5ft 6in and 9 stone wet through, so they put me on a high-protein diet and had me lifting weights before and after training every day."

"I worked. I'm now 5ft 10, and I weigh 12 stone 8lb."

One of the problems for many young players is boredom, for after training in the morning their days and evenings are their own. Lineker solved that at the snooker table.

"I've never been a night-club sort of person and I don't have more than a glass or so of wine. I know a lot of young players can be led astray. So I used to kill time by playing snooker."

"I always had girlfriends, but by the time I was in the first team and becoming known I was courting Michelle (now his wife) pretty heavily, and that didn't do me any harm."

They met when he was 19 and she was 15, and both were surprised to discover that each of their grandparents were not only Leicester City season ticket holders and life-long supporters, but next-door neighbours and close friends.

When Gary was first taken to Michelle's home, her father remarked: "He's a nice enough lad, but he'll never make a footballer."

Now they have a splendid end-of-terrace Regency house in a fashionable part of central London, not too far from Lord's, which is handy on a sunny day. Michelle, who trained as a dancer, watches every game, half-worried that he might get hurt.

So far he has been extraordinarily lucky with injuries. Two years ago he was laid low with hepatitis but there have been no bad fractures.

"Of course it still hurts to get the ball in the goalies. It happened at Spurs against Arsenal last season. I was in the wall for the free kick and it really caught me. I went down. It's agony and everyone knows what's wrong and they're all laughing at you. It aches for ages afterwards."

At 28, his years as a top striker are limited. As a boy, he always felt that if he could not get ahead by playing the game he would like to become a sports journalist instead. He may well have a bright future lying ahead of him now as a television sports personality.

Gary Lineker: "It's hard work being a professional footballer, but it's good for discipline. And you need discipline in life"

STEPHANIE CALMAN

Local body in identity crisis

Are you gearing yourself up for Europe? Are you preparing for entry into the single market? Or, as the posters have it, oh will you be in 1992? I went to a lunch party last week which, if it had not been for the good food and delightful company, would have rendered me completely depressed. Half the guests were Italian. But they were not just Italian, they were European. In fact, a couple of them were downright international. It was not only that they'd lived all over the place and spoke at least three languages; they seemed to think in a non-parochial, global sort of way.

Most annoyingly, they were not chic, rich, matching-luggage people — the kind for whom the phrase "economy ticket" is a foreign language. Even the Australian hostess laughed at the Italian jokes, knew how to use basil in a daring way and was generally far more European than I.

"Listen mate," I wanted to say. "My background is Glaswegian and Lithuanian (I nearly said Russian). I was European before I was born." But there was no point. I was sure by dusk of what no amount of passport stamps and Benetton knitwear could conceal: I am and always will be irretrievably local.

Having faced my disability, the question is, should I care? Will I end up in the care of therapeutic professionals: "Your cultural counsellor will see you now, Ms Calperson," and as a silhouetted figure in documentaries: "I tried, but I just couldn't stop buying English magazines from the bottom shelf," doomed to think and write in just the one language forever?

Probably, and so what? I do not feel part of the European community, but then I have never felt part of the Great British one either.

For a start, nobody believes I was born here. Every time I go up Oxford Street, I get flyers shoved at me for English language courses which I only fail to give straight back again

because the European students handing them out are not familiar with the phrase, "No thank you, I live here."

So I stuff them in the bin, winning at the waste of paper. (I tried recycling them as shopping lists, but the Greek checkout woman at Safeway found one on the conveyor belt and asked me at great length if I'd been home to Cyprus this year.)

As far as I can tell, emotionally it will make little difference whether Europe is a single market, an enormous shopping centre (more likely), or a row of stalls up the Goldhawk Road. Most people I meet have no idea what it means. Half my London friends, after all, are still coping with the trauma of being made 081. But that's



my elders would have me believe, is not something which we need to learn about from continental or Amazon, but is a great institution which (like the empire and home baking) once held the country together and has now crumbled away.

It looked after people who rallied round, pulled together and, oh yes, made their own fun. They did not need youth television, social workers or personal hygiene products in a range of five fragrances.

People were so much lovelier to each other, they were practically another species. You knew your neighbour. Oh, really? And did that include newly arrived Commonwealth members, gentlemen who preferred other gentlemen and women who became mothers without managing to be wives first?

Now society at large tolerates a wider range of behaviour. But communities still demand a deal of conformity as part of the membership price. At best, this means losing the nice black passport. At worst, it involves giving up these parts of your identity considered too "odd" for the comfort of everyone else.

It is a "sense of community" which obliges a poor old person to fill endless official charity envelopes rather than face handing them back empty to their friendly local collector. It requires wildlife-loving gardeners to slash rambling hedges because all the others have right angles and, horticulturally, it's cool to be square. It persuades one householder not to paint her front door purple in a row of white in case her neighbours give her the cold shoulder. That's not a community, that's a protection racket.

Everybody's a bit weird when you come down to it. You might wear a purse on a string round your neck and listen to Richard Claydeman, but that does not mean I can give you a hard time. Besides, in a couple of years' time, it might be all the rage.

Continued from previous page
bait) — a monster of 35lb 12oz — and he "couldn't take the hook out because my hand was shaking and my heart was thumping."

"A few years before he died, the great Dick Walker was landing a big carp when a man came up behind him. The chap said to him: 'I'm surprised, after all these years, to see your hands shaking,' and the great man replied: 'When they don't, I'll know it's time to give up.'"

Mr Walker was one of the involuntary actors in a drama which split the British coarse angling fraternity nine years ago. The story exemplifies the fervour which surrounds this world of mystique and legend.

For many years Mr Walker had pursued a carp, known to him and everyone else as Clarissa, and the last time he caught it he became the undisputed all-time carp record-holder. Undisputed, that is, until in 1980 Chris Yates landed a 51lb mirror carp, undoubtedly the heaviest ever, and only claimed the record.

"There are a number of regulations governing records," said Peter Tomblinson of the National Anglers' Council. "One is that, in order to qualify, a fish has to be examined by a representative of the British Record Fish Committee before it is returned to the water. Unfortunately, where Mr Yates caught his carp, the local rules stated that no one else could enter the fishing grounds, so no such examination could be made."

The BRFC had to stick to its rules, but the National Association of Specialist Anglers recognised the fish. So, until just a couple of months ago, there were two lists of record holders. Now Mr Yates's fish is unanimously recognised as Britain's biggest-ever freshwater coarse fish.

One other outcome of the amalgamation is that an 8lb chub, caught by a Mr G. F. Smith, has also been officially recognised for the first time, 77 years after Mr Smith's

moment of triumph. Such anomalies only serve to add to the sport's fascination. "It's unique," said Ken Collins, a tackle dealer in Sutton, Surrey, and one of the sport's most famous practitioners. "Not only does it unite brain surgeon and dustman but, no matter how many years you're at it, you never come across the same set of circumstances twice. The venue's different, the temperature and the clarity of the water are different, the wind is different, the flow is different."

"You can take a branch from a tree, attach £5-worth of end tackle — hook, split shot and float — and catch fish. Yet the refinements are endless. People argue over the best flavourings for their bait — outlandish concoctions such as curry, luncheon meat, strawberry, chocolate, you name it — and every time they come into the tackle shop they'll walk away with another few floats to add to their collection. Good-looking floats don't catch fish, you know, they catch anglers."

Meanwhile, back at Donington, Mr Haines was lost in concentration. Several times he made minute adjustments to weights and float, from time to time casting a plummet to test the depth, and switched his attack from the surface to the bed and back again.

A sudden, almost angry, flick of his catapult sent another salvo of ground bait winging across the surface. Once again the rod prescribed his expert arc and a hand came up to shield his eyes from the glare of the sun. The float located, he became a study in immobility. "I've got something on," he said at last. "Not much — here it comes — ah, a little roach. Nothing to write home about, I'm afraid."

Perhaps not, but around the still and moving waters of Britain there were plenty more fish like him. And they were the real bait which lured all those thousands of men and women to last night's sleepless and ever-hopeful vigil.



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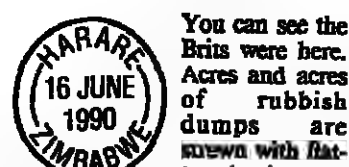
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FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Harare's centenary celebrations this year will be held privately, if at all, because they clash with 10 years of independence, Jan Raath reports

Litter of Empire marks Britain's last scramble for Africa



You can see the Brits were here. Acres and acres of rubbish dumps are strewn with flattened tins on which you can still read the imprints of Crosse & Blackwell, Keen's Mustard (first manufactured 1742), Eno's Fruit Salts, Wills cigarettes, Swiss chocolate, Bird's Egg Powder, Lyle's Pure Sugar, Cartwrights Curry Powder and Royal Baking Powder. They have been preserved for 100 years by a climate in which 14ins of rain a year is a deluge.

As you run a finger down a map, the border between Zimbabwe and Botswana deviates suddenly at one point from a sensible river line, forms a perfect half circle into Botswana and then runs back along the river again. The area which should be inside Botswana is the Tuli Circle.

Temperatures above 40°C (104°F) in the summer, and the sun that overtake one after a couple of weeks here is the most obvious reason for the greater quantity of smashed bottles. Blue, square-bottomed ones for gin, thick heavy green ones for champagne, thinner pale amber ones for whisky and brandy and thousands of little bomb-shaped carbon dioxide canisters once used to turn ordinary water into soda water.

The rubbish tips of Tuli are almost all that survive of the gateway to Britain's last venture in the scramble for Africa. A century ago the country was up for grabs and Cecil Rhodes and his British South Africa Company were a whisker ahead of the Portuguese, Paul Kruger's Boers and the Kaiser.

For the price of 1,000 Martini-Henry rifles and £100 a month, Lobengula, the gout-ridden king of the Ndebele, signed away with an X his rights to the milk and honey land of Mashonaland that was not really his to give away. And at about this time 100 winters ago the BSA Company was to send 750 men, armed to the teeth, to stake their claim in the name of the Great White Queen.

After the pioneers had hacked their way through the uncharted bush to raise the Union Jack at Fort Salisbury, thousands followed with the colour of gold glowing in their eyes. All passed through Tuli which grew to boast two hotels, a billiard saloon, a restaurant, all the necessary infrastructure and an Indian barber named Charlie. Solly Parbhoo, a Harare tailor and a descendant of one of the country's oldest Indian families, says the whites then addressed all Indians as Charlie. However, seven years later, after various of Rhodes' famous "fixes", including the crushing of the Ndebele, quicker routes to the reputed El Dorado were found and the walls of Tuli were blown back into the red dust that clogs the postholes as much now as then.

I am probably the first *Times* correspondent here since Archibald Colquhoun, who was also the administrator of the Pioneer Corps in Rhodesia. I feel ambivalent because it is difficult to begin to feel surrounded by ghosts of the past when you are looking at rusty tins and broken bottles. Nor do the rock foundations that the baboons have been unable to shift in their search for juicy scorpions do much for inspiration.

The pioneer cemetery a little way off the hill-top fort, is incongruous, with the grey Victorian marble tombstones of sculpted lilies and ivy in the midst of thriving wattle (African for "wait a bit") thorn bushes and spiky vegetable ivory lila palms. Nor is much of a sense of tragedy evoked by the grave of trooper Odore Fenton which says he was "mauled by a lion". You know he was staggering back to his tent after a rowdy evening at the mess and kicked a scavenging lion he thought was his dog.

An obelisk erected where the BSA Company swashbucklers hauled their wagons over the soft sand of the Shashe river (they thought it was the Tuli river which joins the Shashe ten miles up, but nobody has bothered to correct the mistake) is still there, adorned with baboon droppings. Elsewhere around the fort, which is protected

as a historical monument, most of the steel signs placed by the Rhodesian Pioneer and Early Settlers Association 40 years ago, have been ripped out in the ten years since independence.

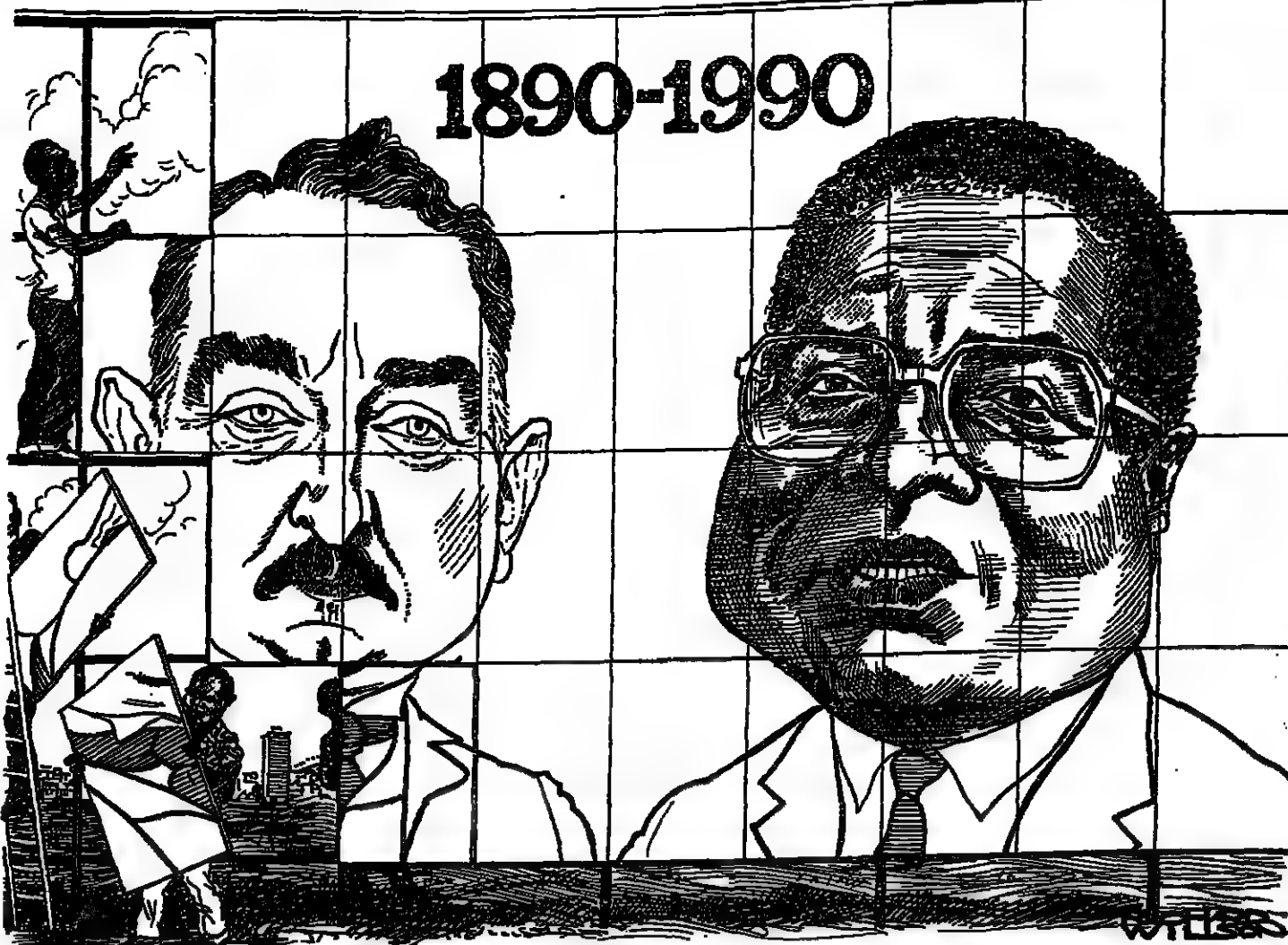
The brief existence of Tuli changed nothing and it is still the same, a time capsule. It has always been inhospitable, hot, remote and barbarously beautiful bushveld, cut across with grassless low stony ridges and sandy stream beds that run for a few hours until the last drop of rain has run off, and then dry up.

The only transitory inhabitants are safari hunters — it is a controlled hunting area — and a few intrepid Botswana smugglers hungry enough to cross the border and walk through the wilderness with television sets and videos balanced on their heads.

They are tormented, as were the rugged men of the BSA Company, by barbed thorns, relentless mopane flies, poisonous snakes, cigar-sized scorpions and centipedes with fatal stings and lions which leave spoor around the hunters' toilets at night. Typhoid accounted for nearly half of the 25 graves in the cemetery and malaria did for the others, as well as a constable at the nearby police camp last year. On the banks of the Shashe I found a young helper from the hunters' camp huddling under a blanket before a roaring fire at noon. "Everything is okay," he said, "It is just fever."

The other side of the river is even more devastated. It is dotted with huts, herds of hardy Tuli cattle and goats with brass bells around their necks and policed by whip-like scrawny dogs, usually limping, but as good as any border outposts.

Somoni, a shirtless balloon-bellied old Venda, vowed that his ancestors had been here "forever". He makes his cash from his livestock, supplemented by the milking of the lila palms of their sap for a toddy with the kick of a



giraffe. He sells it at the Hwili business centre 30 miles distant, "for extra sugar", he says.

Each week the bus from Gwanda, 80 miles to the north-east and the closest resemblance to civilisation, provides transport for the few hundred permanent inhabitants settled on the banks of the dry river bed. It announces its arrival with a horn that plays the opening notes of *la cucuracha*.

A century previously, Major Arthur Leonard, the leader of one of the BSA Company's police troops, wrote when arriving in a more squall after several months in Palapye, in neighbouring Bechuanaland (now Botswana): "We are at Tuli, and I can hardly say that we have gained much, if at all, by the change."

The last of those men of the pioneer column who crossed the Shashe only to find, once in Salisbury, that the legends of King Solomon's Mines and Sheba's board of gold were fiction, was James Angus "Brickie" Macdonald. He died in 1968 at 106, the later years of his life haunted by elders of the Dutch Reformed Church in Livingstone, Zambia, who persuaded him in the area to

refuse to serve him because of his wifebeating on pension pay day.

The Pioneer's Association classifies pioneers as anyone who entered the country between 1890 and January 1897, the date of the despatch of a relief column in the wake of the bloody but unsuccessful rebellion by the Shona, from whose ancestors came Zanu (PF). President Robert Mugabe's party, which has ruled for the past decade.

Zimbabwe is on the verge of a series of centenaries that would have been celebrated were it not for the anniversary of ten years of independence.

There is July 5, the anniversary of the first rugby match on the bed of the Shashe between the BSA Company pioneers and the police. The first cricket match at Fort Victoria (now Masvingo) in mid-August. The hoisting of the Union Jack in Salisbury on September 13, earlier known as Occupation Day but now absent from the holiday calendar. The first horse

race soon after where the Harare Sheraton now looms.

Last year the centenary dinner of the BSA Police, a gathering of a score of bemuddled septuagenarians in Harare's Jameson Hotel (named after Dr Leander Starr Jameson, Rhodes' confidante) ended when it was raided by riot police, despite official permission having been obtained.

The views of Mr Mugabe and the Zanu (PF) hierarchy on the subject of Rhodes follow the characteristic anti-colonialist line of the rest of the continent.

Rhodes's description of Africans as being "children" who have to be firmly nurtured out of "ignorance, barbarism and idleness" still stings and remembrance of white things past is regarded in some official quarters as nothing short of subversive. But unlike rulers in most of Africa's capitals when on independence every village, street or river honouring a colonial administrator was renamed after Marx, Lenin or Guevara, Mr Mugabe has moved cautiously.

Most of the country's main urban boulevards have been re-

named, but Harare still has a Cecil Rhodes Drive, Bulawayo has a Cecil John Rhodes School and the "colossus" statue stands intact in the gardens of the national archives.

There has been a grudging admission that 1990 holds some significance. Commemorative stamps were issued last month with "1890-1990" printed on them although there is no explanation as to why the dates should be significant.

Anything done this year by the Zimbabwe rugby union, the Zimbabwe cricket union, the Pioneer's Association, the History Society of Zimbabwe or the Mashonaland Turf Club, will be private and low key.

"You cannot just vilify Rhodes and his achievements," says Tim Tanser, a pioneer descendant who also chairs the history society.

"I wish there would be some recognition of the positive work that this man did. It was the scramble for Africa. If the British hadn't colonised the country, it would have been the Portuguese, the Germans or the South Africans."

COLLECTING

The show where a chest of drawers outshines a king's sister

Something exciting always presents itself at the Grosvenor House antiques fair. This year, the 56th at the London Hotel, it was not the much talked about sculpture of King Arthur's wicked sister, Fata Morgana, by Giambologna on Alex Wengraf's stand — at £6.9 million the most expensive item, they say, ever offered at the fair — but a chest of drawers. Sounds dull, but this was a quite extraordinary piece of furniture on A & J Speelman's stand. Made in China about 1750 for export to Denmark, it is now priced at £42,000 — a bargain, compared with the price of Fata Morgana.

One of the more curious effects produced by up-market antiques fairs is that they tend to induce euphoria in the face of those expensive, recurring noughts. Norman Adams has a rare mahogany table carved with eagles that the firm thinks is Irish, and I think could easily be American, about 1750. The firm was a little shy about the price, but assured me it was only just into six figures. If my theory concerning an American origin could be substantiated, six figures are neither here nor there. It is really quite easy to start thinking in millions, once you have got over the first hurdle.

This tendency, I felt, needed to be corrected, so I tried to find something more down-market, say, below £5,000. It was not easy, but I got there in the end. David Pettifer had a haweswood (stained sycamore) teacaddy, about 1785 for £750. Graham and Orley had an early 19th century Coalport dish for £1,350 and a bough pot, useful for flower arrangements, at £3,800.

No doubt there were many more things to be had for considerably less than my hypothetical limit, but if there were, they did not leap out of the wormholes and bite me. There were some attractive candlesticks that could well come in handy if we get power cuts next winter. Bourdon-Smith had an unusual pair with faceted bases, made in 1711, by Thomas Merry, priced at £18,500. They were solid silver, as was another pair by Francis Nelme at £14,000. ADC Heritage had a set of four by the distinguished maker Ebenezer Coker, 1766, for £15,000, but I felt I should look for something in a more modest material.



A divine from the Far East: a Japanese lacquered wooden head of a bodhisattva, Heian dynasty, circa 1053 AD; 34cm high. Exhibited by Bleet & Sons

On the trail of a bargain

Rupert Gentle had the very thing: a pair of 18th century brass, petal-based candlesticks at £875, which is not out of the way when it is remembered that, these days, candlesticks of this type sell for anything between £650 and £2,500 a pair.

For those in search of something seriously old, there was a wide choice of early pottery, including seven horses of the Tang dynasty, exhibited by Vandervort of Holland. Also from China, but a little more up to date, was a fine pair of large famille rose dishes made about 1775 on the stand of John Sparks and priced at £9,000.

For the collector who has almost everything, I would

choose the Regency inkstand made in the form of a miniature Italianate table, on a base inlaid with brass in the Boulle style for which Randolph is asking £27,000.

As a wedding present to a young couple setting up house, what could be more useful than the oval mahogany breakfast table that John Keil is offering at £35,000.

Asprey has some good Georgian glass, and William Drummond has a choice of water colours that are not outrageously expensive. Indeed, perhaps nothing is really quite so highly priced as it may at first appear. Even if they are, it is not the exhibitors who are to blame. Prices in the salerooms are getting steeper, and the dealers have to make a profit after paying out overhead expenses. And, no doubt, in another 10 years or so, we will all be saying how cheap things were in 1990, at that funny old fair in Grosvenor House.

Peter Philp

● The Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W1; daily except Sunday until June 23.

MUSEUMS

Only here for the beer — and the ale

Clive Fewins at Burton-upon-Trent's last real Victorian brewing complex

In Burton-upon-Trent, where brewing is nearly 1,000 years old, you can still buy homemade ale in a Victorian pint of 13½ fluid ounces, corked and sealed in the old way. You can drink it out of a pewter tankard, and if it is vintage ale, you sip it with respect from a crystal glass as you would malt whisky.

You can even buy your own ale, with your own label on it. "I get a steady stream of orders," said Michael Knights, director of the Heritage Brewery Museum in Burton. "I have a lady here who wants 40 bottles for her husband's 40th birthday party. It'll have his name on it, it'll be his beer, but it'll be made in the traditional manner."

Mr Knights, his family and volunteers have been producing small batch premium beers for top stores, company anniversaries and the special celebration market. Their Heritage Bitter sells to free-trade real ale outlets in Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire and Shropshire.

The Heritage Brewery Museum, the only remaining complete and unaltered Victorian brewery complex in a town that was once home to 31 of them, is based at the former Everard's Brewery and has been open for a year. Recently their contract to brew two Everard's ales came to an end, but the museum is negotiating with other brewers and Mr Knights is confident that they will soon be brewing beer again.

Across town the Bass Museum, with its glossy guide book, shire horses and old railway locomotive has much to attract visitors.

Mr Knights cannot yet afford all this (although he plans to introduce shire horses soon), but he can show you the brewery's old steam engine which he, his brother and his father tracked down to a private collector in Surrey, brought back to Burton and rebuilt.

Mr Knights's museum is also the repository of what he hopes will become the national bottled beer archive. The 2,500 different beers on the shelves on permanent loan

from their owners are kept in a darkened room to prevent their labels from fading.

After an introductory video about the building, the visitor is taken on a guided tour. There is time to peer into open-topped 17,000-pint fermenting vessels, taste the different types of malt, and quiz the guide about such brewing terms as grist, wort, mash tuns, sparging arms and hop backs.

Mr Knights said: "I suppose until the late Sixties it was thought there was no need for a museum in Burton dedicated to the industry."

"Up until then if you wanted to go round a brewery you could usually find someone you knew who could arrange it."

"But in the past 20 years everything has changed. You can rarely see what is going on if you tour a modern brewery. There are very few buildings of the quality of this one left in Burton and those of us who were keen to preserve a working Victorian brewery were left with the rum."

Although the museum, which is a charity, has financial support from the local authority, The Victorian Society, The Campaign for Real Ale and The Association for Industrial Archaeology, it has received no support from any of the big brewers. "I really can't understand this," says Mr Knights. "The brewing industry is in such a state of flux that perhaps they felt it was, to coin a phrase, too fluid a situation. Happily, though, others from outside Burton believe there is a future for good quality traditionally brewed beer."

● The Heritage Brewery Museum, Anglesey Road, Burton upon Trent, Staffs, DE14 3PF (0283 69226).

● The Bass Museum, visitor centre and shire horse stables, Herringway Street, Burton-upon-Trent, Staffs, DE14 1JZ (0283 45301).

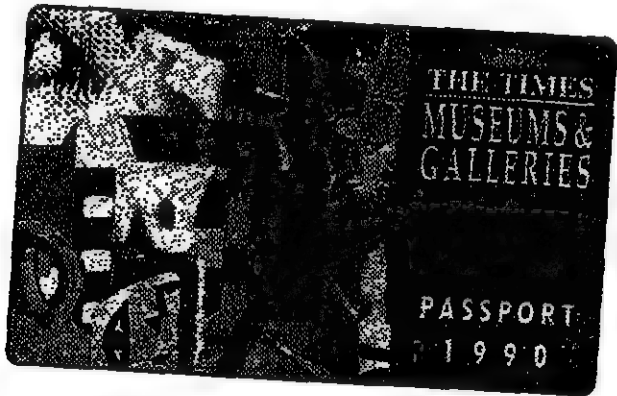
Jane MacQuitty writes about beer, page 35

THEIR FINEST HOUR: logbooks, letters, medals, photographs and other artefacts tell the story of the Battle of Britain. Worcester Museum, Friar St, Worcester (0905 20904 25371). Daily, except Thur and Sun, 10am-5pm, free, until Oct 31. **AND SO TO BED:** Staffordshire quilts' fourth show, which includes variety of quilts, patchwork, cushions and table covers. Members of the group give demonstrations at weekends. Luton Museum and Art Gallery, Wardown Park, Luton (0582

EXHIBITIONS

36941). Weekdays 10am-5pm, Sun 1.30-5pm, free, until July 1. **POLISH PLEASURES:** paintings, sculpture and ceramics. Workshops on wood-carving, paper-cutting and other crafts. Abingdon Museum, County Hall, Abingdon, Berkshire, (0235 23703). Tues-Sat 1-5pm, free until July 15. **EARTH, SEA AND SKY:** natural elements that have inspired Suffolk artists for 200 years.

enormous skies, golden cornfields with churches in the distance, and deserted shores. Ipswich Museum, Christchurch Mansard, Christchurch Park, Ipswich, (0473 253248). Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm, free, until July 15. **MEDIEVAL WAKEFIELD:** the town shows off its historic past with old records, stained glass and other archive material to mark the 600th anniversary of the borough's charter. Elizabeth Exhibition Gallery, Brook St, (0524 375402). Mon-Sat 10.50am-5pm, Sun 2.30-5pm, free, until Sept 8.



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EARTH-SAVERS

A paler shade of goodly green

Next week the big and the small of British industry will be exhibiting their wares at the Green Show. Sally Brompton asks: are they really green?

A bizarre collection of commercial, political and philosophical interests will meet in Birmingham next week to demonstrate their varying degrees of commitment towards saving the earth. The five-day Green Show has attracted 250 exhibitors ranging in diversity from Animal Aid to Zanussi and from Friends of the Earth to British Nuclear Fuels.

For some the show is an opportunity to air and share their consciences. For others it is a chance to sell their products under a fashionable umbrella. "It would be wrong to say that all the exhibitors are squeaky clean and environmentally sound," admits the show's organiser, John Talbot, of Reed Exhibition Companies, who claims that the Green Show is the first of its kind in the world.

"I think a lot of the exhibitors are doing this for marketing purposes as much as any other reason."

Yet the fact that companies such as Rover, Volvo, Tesco, AEG, Proctor & Gamble and TSB are taking part in an event which only five years ago would have been considered a platform for extremists and weirdos, is an indication of the acceptance by big business that future profits, if not survival, depend on turning green.

John Leach, a 50-year-old potter, was doubtful whether he qualified to take part in the show. "I felt I really wasn't green enough in my own life," he says. He is particularly interested in finding "some sort of burner which I can fit economically at the base of my chimney to burn off the black stuff."

Since agreeing to appear at the show, Mr Leach, grandson of the potter Bernard Leach, has endeavoured to drive his car no faster than 60mph and has discovered an environmentally friendly powder for his energy-consuming dishwasher. He has also attempted to compensate for the fact that he fuels his kiln with timber off-cuts by buying nine acres of wetland pasture near his home in Somerset and planting 1,500 broadleaf trees.

Not all the exhibitors are so conscientious. Roger Nicholson, aged 48, a franchise holder in South Wales for Singer sewing machines, admits that he will be at the show "because you have to go after the business these days". He has yet to decide on his response to possible



Turning the corner: John Leach, a potter, worries whether he is green enough. So he is planting 1,500 broadleaf trees on his Somerset acres

questions about the greenness of his products. "We're still working on that one," he says.

Mr Talbot believes that the motives of the exhibitors are unimportant. "The event is only a catalyst of what people want to do," he says. "We're putting together a lot of companies who want to put across green credentials. I don't care who jumps on the bandwagon as long as they are doing something."

He says that, merely by participating in the show, even the uncommitted are "helping to make it more successful and helping to support smaller companies and environmental and conservation groups who are taking part."

After some agonising, Mr Talbot's 12-man advisory board allowed British Nuclear Fuels (BNFL) to participate on the grounds that it is "promoting green credentials and that it is up to the public to decide how green those credentials are."

The decision caused the show to lose the potential support of about 40 darker green companies which objected to sharing hall space with the enemy.

BNFL, which is fielding a team of engineers and chemists under the banner, "We have an open door, do you have an open mind?", argues that nuclear power makes less of an

impact on global warming than other forms of energy.

Faced with the prospect of some pitiful comments from fellow exhibitors and the public, BNFL's spokesman says: "I think we would be surprised if the people manning the stand did not have a busy and lively time. We would certainly expect some positive reactions."

Those reactions may be heightened by Mr Talbot's plan to include in the show catalogue a list of suggested questions which the public can ask exhibitors about their environmental claims. And Friends of the Earth (FoE) will be encouraging visitors to nominate companies, products and advertisements for their "Green Con" awards, one of which was last year given to BNFL.

"I think the public is cynical and is not going to be taken in by unsubstantiated claims," says Andrew Lees, the FoE's 41-year-old campaign coordinator. "Companies cannot get out of tight corners by slick public relations talk. Green froth is not going to save the world and the public knows."

Anticipating the thrust of public feeling, the organisers of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* stand have checked on whether the 32-volume tome is printed on recycled paper (it isn't), but the forests from which the paper comes are re-

planted and managed, the company's spokesman says.

With equal forethought, the sales team will not be taking along its £4,000 set bound in Moroccan goatskin, but will be seeking green buyers for the popular version which comes in an environmentally questionable nitro-cellulose coating on a non-woven latex-saturated base, at a promotional price marginally less than the normal £1,298.

Roy Wherary, a 38-year-old former accountant whose Devon-based company, Dawn Awakening Music, produces tape recordings of new age Vangelis-type music, justifies his presence at the show saying that music helps listeners to become "peaceful within oneself".

Another exhibitor, Deryck Henley, aged 42, admits that his life-size, flapping bird mobiles are not green products. "I'd like them to be, but I can't get recycled card of a good enough quality," he says. At the show, he will be launching an "environmentally friendly" 100 per cent cotton owl T-shirt, which he is "pretty sure" is made with natural dyes.

One of the show's advisory board members, John Elkington, director of the environmentalist consultancy, Sustainability, and co-author of *The Green Consumer Guide*, which has sold more than

300,000 copies in Britain, acknowledges the risk of the unconverted majority becoming bored with the green lobby.

"The present level of media coverage is phenomenal, but it is becoming more critical and there is a fair amount of knocking copy. The next step is a slight dying away. The market and public opinion will be moving back towards a position where regulations and better enforcement of regulations will be the real driving force. However, for the next few years, public opinion will be the driving factor and that is why the Green Show is so important."

He predicts that by the end of the 1990s the green movement will be the dominant movement worldwide and will increasingly take on a spiritual dimension. "It has all the elements of a major religion," he says. At its most extreme, he envisages the emergence of a green fundamentalist group headed by a green Ayatollah — "somebody coming up at just the right time and presenting himself as the solution to all our problems. I think that would be very dangerous, for the environmental movement as well as for industry and government."

● *The Green Show is at the National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham, from Wednesday to Sunday.*

OUTINGS

To celebrate the 400th anniversary of Wakehurst Mansion, East Sussex, Wakehurst 400 includes a recreated Elizabethan village, craft fair and demonstrations, Tudor dance and music, followed by Victorian music hall and 1920s jazz. There will also be a display of historic vehicles and fireworks. Dress in costume if you wish. Food and wine bars, or take a picnic. Proceeds to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew and their "out of town" headquarters, Wakefield Place.

Wakehurst Place, between East Grinstead and Haywards Heath, East Sussex. Today, tomorrow. Tickets bookable for evening entertainment beginning at 7.30pm; car park open 6.30pm; £9 today, £8 tomorrow. Box office (0444 892669). Craft fair today and tomorrow 10am-6pm, £2.50, child £1.

HMS WARRIOR 1860
DISPLAYS: The Traditional Cutlass display team of HMS Sultan performs displays and dances to the hompipe on the upper deck of this fine Victorian battleship. HMS Warrior 1860, Victory Gate, Portsmouth Historic Naval Base, Portsmouth (0705 291379). Today, 10.30am-5.30pm, last display 4pm, £3.50, child £1.80. Family ticket, two adults and two children £8.40.

INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUE MAP FAIR: The largest fair of its type in the world with maps, prints, atlases and associated antiquarian books from the 15th to the 19th centuries. Also a military mapping exhibition and a free identification and valuation. New Commaught Rooms, Great Queen Street, London WC2. Tomorrow 10.30am-5.30pm.

MARITIME QUARTER CRAFT WEEKEND: An opportunity to see and watch at work a wide variety of craftsmen and women from weavers and woodturners to hobbyhorse makers and heraldic experts. Woolen mill also open and tomorrow, a handcrafted fairground organ. Maritime and Industrial Museum, South Dock, Swansea (Details: 0792 650351). Today, tomorrow 10.30am-5.30pm.

WORLD FAMILY TRAIN PULL/FUN DAY: Teams of 25 people compete to see who can pull a 65-ton small prairie steam engine the quickest and furthest along a 200ft track — in aid of the charity World Family Radio Oxford commentator, jazz band, stalls and sideshows. Didcot Railway Centre, Didcot, Oxfordshire (0235 817200). Today 11am-5pm, £2.50, child £1.60.

COUNTRY CAPERS
FAYRE: Family day out at this small working farm and farm museum. Organised by the Suffolk Young Farmers Club, the entertainments include marching bands, craft stalls and competitions, clay pigeon shooting, sheep shearing demonstrations, buggies/model car racing and sideshows. On the farm you can see a collection of agricultural machinery, watch the milking and the local heavy horses, the Suffolk Punches. Tea room and light refreshments. Easton Farm Park, Easton, near Wickham Market, Woodbridge, Suffolk (0728 746475). Tomorrow 10am-5pm, £2.75, child 3-16 £1.60, under-three free.

BIGGIN HILL AIR FAIR: Biggest, best known air display in the calendar, this year placing great emphasis on the 50th anniversary of Battle of Britain. Many exhibitions and displays on the ground including military vehicles, classic cars, plus entertainments for children. Battle of Britain memorial service on both days at 10.45am, flying displays from 11.30am to 6.30pm. Full refreshments. Biggin Hill Airport, Biggin Hill, Kent, 0959 722677. Today, tomorrow, Gates open 8am, £7, child £3. Car park free today, £3 tomorrow.

FIREWORKS AND LASER SYMPHONY CONCERT: Jazz, drums and light refreshments from 7pm, Viennese Concert from 8.15pm, musical interlude from 9.15pm and fireworks and laser concert with music by Tchaikovsky, Bach, Pachelbel, Wagner and Ravel from 10.15pm. Take a picnic to best enjoy the magnificent gardens at this outstation of the National Portrait Gallery, Bodelwyddan Castle, nr St Asaph, Gwynedd, North Wales. Today, Gates open 7pm. Tickets bookable (Box office: 0745 584060), £10, child £5.

AUDLEY END MIDSUMMER PROM: Open air concert with the Wren Symphony Orchestra in the Capability Brown-landscaped grounds of this Jacobean house, now run by English Heritage. The programme includes music by Walton, Arnold, Strauss, Coates, Sullivan, Delius and Borodin. Take picnic, seating, rugs and umbrellas. Food and wine on sale. Car park. Audley End, near Saffron Walden, Essex. (Information: 0898 202023; credit card box office 071 379 4444). Tomorrow, gates open 6pm, cars admitted from 4pm. Concert from 8pm. Tickets, bookable, £7.50, concessions £5.50.

SUMMER IN NIGHTBRIDGE: St Pauls Church fundraising festival. This morning at 11am a horn and piano recital with David Pyatt; this evening at 7.30pm a concert by the Schola Cantorum of Oxford. St Pauls Church, Wilton Place, Knightsbridge, London SW1. Information and tickets 071 829 6430.

Judy Froshaug

SCHOOLS CHESS

Playing the music of the intellect

Chess can be the most exciting game in the world: an intellectual sport in which the players bring everything they can bear, in brains and will-power, to the struggle.

Chess is a game of ideas, an argument in which the strong ideas triumph. These ideas are both scientific (logical correctness) and artistic (the beauty and subtlety of the conceptions), qualities clearly evident in the best games played by the best players.

The scientific and artistic claims to chess can be argued by making an analogy with music, as follows: if acoustics is the science of sound then music reveals the artistic beauty of sound; similarly, if logic is the science of thought then chess reveals the beauty of thought.

This description comes from Oliver Reedy, a 13-year-old pupil at Dulwich College Preparatory School, south London. The school is one of hundreds in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland which compete each year in *The Times* schools championship, the longest

running sponsorship of chess in this country and regarded as the most successful breeding ground for our masters and grandmasters of the future.

This year, the closing stages of the championship will take place at London's Charing Cross Hotel on June 28 and 29. The four outstanding schools, which have qualified from a nationwide knockout competition, are Nottingham High School, Newcastle Royal Grammar School, Truro School and St Paul's School, London. Each team is composed of six young hopefuls.

Nottingham were runners-up to St Paul's in 1982 and 1985. The master in charge of chess, Dr John Swain, is confident of success, and the team's morale was boosted by wins over the past two years against Truro. Dr Swain feels that his boys are capable of beating the mighty St Paul's team "on the day", depending

on whether they hit form. The star player for Nottingham is 14-year-old Stephen Joseph, the Midlands under-18 champion. The rest of the team is evenly balanced and, says Liam Sewell, the 18-year-old captain, "we bat all the way down".

Newcastle have an impressive record in the championship, having won in 1984 and with a near monopoly on their zonal qualifying, which they have won for 14 years.

The master in charge is Edward Renshaw, who is assisted by Pauline Perella. The team already holds an impressive number of titles. Simon Florence won the 1988 national boys' club championship and Mark Davey, on board two, is the Northumberland under-15 champion.

Truro are handicapped by the absence of their star player, 18-year-old Michael Adams, a grandmaster and the

reigning British champion. He competed successfully in the world championship zonal tournament at Blackpool last month and will now play in the next stage of the world championship in the Philippines, which clashes with *The Times* final.

Michael Simpkin, the master in charge of chess at Truro, says this is a blow which casts doubt on what he felt was going to be Truro's year. Had Michael played, it would have been the first occasion on which a grandmaster and reigning British champion had competed in *The Times* semi-final or final.

St Paul's are the current champions and have won eight times. The star players are James Cavendish, the 18-year-old southern counties champion, and Darshan Kumaran, the former under-12 world champion.

Among the St Paul's alumni are the world championship semi-finalist Jon Speelman, grandmaster Julian Hodgson and international master William Watson, all regulars in the England team.

Raymond Keene

CAMPUS

Help students to help themselves

WE HEAR rather a lot about the demographic time bomb ticking away towards an era when there will be more jobs than qualified young people to fill them.

What we don't seem to hear enough about is sponsorship, at least for students in the arts. Scientists and engineers in particular, seem to find sponsors with comparative ease which means that they are usually guaranteed work during the summer vacation with a job offer when they have their degree.

The government has a strong interest in sponsorship which is linked to its overall ideology of self help and private enterprise. It runs a careers and occupational information centre which produces a brochure listing a wide range of sponsorship opportunities, but the choice available to arts students is very small. At the moment there are probably more than enough arts students to fill the jobs available, so employers are

naturally reluctant to spend money or offer incentives. This won't necessarily be the case much longer. Companies and institutions could attract much goodwill, not to mention talented employees, if they started taking sponsorship seriously immediately.

Sarah Ebner (government and history) London School of Economics.

I HAVE nothing but admiration for Gary David Rawnsley (Campus, June 2), a second year undergraduate at Leeds University with Crohn's disease. He does, however, have a rare attribute among our generation, that many of us strive for, and may even never attain. This quality, is a single-mindedness and determination that is only possessed

by those individuals who can envisage exactly what they want and can see a clear path to their goal.

I, however, came to university without a positive direction, unsure of which course or career path to follow, thus leading to a lack of inspiration. I have skipped lectures, missed tutorials and crammed for exams and, yes, with hindsight, maybe this would have been different, but at the time motivation was lacking.

I have, however, learnt more from just being here, than any lecture or seminar could have ever taught me and have really appreciated my university education. I have developed and changed and most definitely learnt by many mistakes.

So all I ask is that he does not judge his contemporaries so harshly and that he also appreciates that his determination and commitment are a role model which will be sought after by many of us, but may take just a few more years than himself to acquire.

Perhaps before completion of his university career, he will come to realise the importance of achieving a balance between the academic and non academic side. The essential pursuit of the latter I must emphasise, in the light of my recent successful experience of the job market.

Ellen Wallis (finalist) Manchester University

● In future the Campus column will appear in *The Times* in the Education Pages on Monday, starting June 25. All students in higher education are invited to submit articles which should be addressed to the Education Editor, *The Times*, 1 Pennington Street, London E19 9XN

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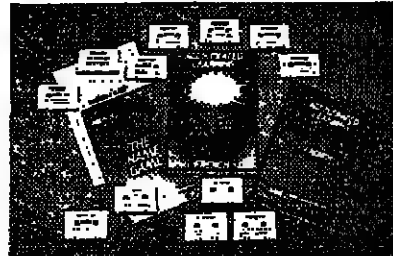
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EATING OUT

Jonathan Meades in ponytail land: a culinary quirk in Portobello Road and a butcher's delight in Smithfield

Synthetic home of the Unreal

Once upon a time, and that time was not so long ago, Portobello Road was teeming with Real People. The sort of people who committed real crimes, sold real drugs, drank real meths, sniffed real glue, had real problems (most of which devolved from their really real habits). Now? Well, it is too soon to announce the total diaspora of Real People but there are not nearly as many of them as there were: there has been a shift. The Real People, their German Shepherds and their bad complexions have tended to migrate north to the other side of Harrow Road: there are many tall tales of piles of curiously crushed Special Brew cans round Kensal and Warlock and Mount in 081 land.

Into the gap left by the Reals have moved armies of Unreals, chimerical creatures with exotic names, things called lifestyles, hair-dos against nature, black clothes. The Reals had their cabs and pubs, though, of necessity, they did most of their bevvy in plain air. But the Unreals have hitherto had only the restaurant 192 as a place that was entirely their own, which is one reason that it is always packed. Otherwise they've had to share with the local Iberian population and the local West Indian population. Now they have a place that is so wholeheartedly their own, so wholeheartedly Unreal it might be the product of microcosmic market research. This, no doubt, is why it is called The Market Bar.

The premises used to house a very Real pub, which I never dared to enter. It is, to say the least, a measure of the extent to which things have changed in W11. The restaurant is just about the last word in everything, a treasure house of all that was fashionable at, say, 3.45pm at the end of a long lunch (in 192 maybe) on June 16 1989. I do not intend that that should sound like a sneer by the way. The Market Bar is nothing if not an impressive feat of interior design, or maybe opera design is more the ticket. The theatricality is total, convincing, and ingeniously realised. It is a work of imaginative bricolage, boldly baroque, generally Hispanic, but not literal: it is far from being a pastiche of anything in particular. It is reminiscent of a painting by Edward Burra called *Mexican Church*. It is synthetic in the best sense. There are fretted wood screens, candelabra with so much wax hanging from them they're like



Old English sheepdogs, wrought metal chairs, walls painted to resemble stone, wooden crackle-effect floorboards and, on the ground floor, massive and threatening curtains. Here is somewhere, one feels, that Errol Flynn might have swung across, épée in hand, in the film of a Sabatini bodice-ripper. It is all more than enough to keep the Reals out.

Beer here does not come from cans or sleeves but from Mexican bottles with a pig of lime stuffed in the neck — this is the way Unreals like the stuff it is, supposedly, a world away from lager 'n' time. This is the way men with ponytails take their beer: it very likely shows that they care. Care about what? In our New Age one does not have to care about anything. To care is enough.

You get the picture? It is more or less repeated by the mineral water. This is called Hildon and is for "the pure generation". That's what the label says. The label shows a map of Hildon where Broughton, source of Romsey, and Winchester, but omits Southampton and Aldershot, so though those towns might impair its protestations of purity. (They would.) I do not own a ponytail, nor belong to a pure generation, (I didn't think anyone did) I came along, banally, for lunch rather than for The Total Experience. And

lunch was OK. If subdued beside the all-over ambience. To be in keeping a chef would have to serve loin of mutton or whole roast heretic (order three days in advance). The cooking here veers, in fact, towards the commonplaces of current franglais practice: smoked salmon with smoked trout mousse; steak (indifferent meat, overdone) with bean-sauce (thin, hesitantly flavoured); duck confit with ground walnuts and a salad dressed with walnut oil (altogether fine); place with a breadcrumb crust and an only marginally too underpowered sauce. It is akin to Stephen Bull without the nous, the experience, the balance: Stephen Bull, maybe. Delicacy is not achieved simply by holding back.

The cheeses are workaday, a sticky toffee pudding was passable. The service is conducted by young men in black or — variety! — black and white. It is not exactly urgent, but then the layout of the place

mitigates against the waiters being able to see the too-tac of sameness: what we have here is a Design Statement, an iconic token of solidarity between house and customers, not a practical space. With water to drink two of us paid £43. Count on, say, £53 with wine, (the list looks as though some thought has been expended on drinkable cheap bottles).

Over in Clerkenwell there are still Real People. Get there quick, while socks last. The Unreals are on the way. Thankfully, I must admit here to an abhorrence of pubs. I'd be happy to see this ghastly British institution go the way of steam trains and church on Sundays. Despite my misgivings I'm all for transformations such as that wrought by The Market Bar. I'm equally keen on the establishment of places like Hildon & Co. The name may be the far side of daft but the place is sound, unpretentious and founded in utility, not fashion. Which does not mean to say that the staff do not wear ponytails. Like The Market Bar it is a two-tier operation, and offers a menu of familiar cuteness. But gastronomically the kinship stops there.

The food at Hildon & Co is robust, emphatically flavoured and generally pretty butch, which is as it should be given that the place is across the road from Smithfield Market. On the way down the stairs from the

THE MARKET BAR
★ ★ ★
240a Portobello Road, W11 (071-229 6472). Lunch and dinner every day. £53, major cards.

HILDON & CO
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
55 Charterhouse Street, EC1 (071-253 1612). Lunch and dinner Mon to Fri, £85, most cards.

noisy wine bar to the more placid restaurant one passes framed menus from Paris bistros. Hrmph, one thinks, this joint is not going to live up to those. But in its way it does. Save that its prices are about twice those which one might pay in a restaurant du quartier in a kindred part of Paris, Denfert-Rochereau, say, it is a commendable equivalent, but not a winning ringer. It is not themed, or, for that matter much decorated: the basement restaurant is spacious brick-walled, with metal columns, a bar, a few alcoves.

The staff is young and, oddly, Glaswegian, probably Glaswegian-Italian. These guys give the place a bit of zip. They do not necessarily make it miles better but they behave with an amused civility and certainly do not skulk the way their south British coevals often do. And, of course, Glasgow is, after Barcelona, the Unreals' favourite city. Quite right too.

If the cooking at The Market Bar is a little inclined to timidity, that at Hildon & Co is a load inclined to coming on strong. Which is the more acceptable pole at this level of make-believe diurnal restoration? I'd say the latter. I do not reckon that bistrot cooking, or whatever it's called, should be conducted with an eye or tongue on refinement. That is not to say that the kitchen here delivers crude dishes: they are, rather, confident, assertive dishes — dishes that have done EST.

Squid is stuffed with herby rice and sauced with a shellfish derivative: the overall impression is of freshness, unadorned, flavours, cleanliness. Raw beef is minimally, too minimally dressed, with a judicious ginger and chives — a rather lazy creation that would be improved by better trimming of the meat and the addition of good quality oil. Kidneys and (Lancashire style, that's to say fatty and mealy) black pudding come with a mustard sauce. Scallops and their coral and dished up in a giant's helping with a well made sauce tinged with ginger.

A mammalian strawberry mousse is accompanied by a chocolate sauce, which is not so unhappy a marriage as it might sound. The cheeses are excellent British farmhouse produce and served with the biscuits called Wheaton Wafers, the Isle of Wight's only contribution to Gastronomy UK. With a richly comic little bottle from an archly comic list — a Chianti is described as having "been aged in diesel drums" — two will pay about £65.

DIRECTORY

Stars — up to a maximum of 10 — are for cooking rather than swags and chandeliers. Prices on this page are for a three-course meal for two. They include an aperitif and modest wine in the case of French places, tea in the case of oriental ones and so on. Prices change: they usually go up. Dishes also may have changed — they are given only as an indication of the establishment's repertoire. I accept no responsibility for disappointments and claim no credit for happy surprises. Always phone first. J.M.

JAPANESE

Kashi-Noid
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Hilton International, 18 Lodge Road, London NW6 (071-586 0911)
Although it rather surprisingly fails in its cooking of such standards as tempura and teriyaki, this rather dreary dining-room serves some very good food. The range of sushi is large and includes such items as flying fish roe, which is more a treat for the eye than the tongue. There is a marvellous European accent to certain dishes, e.g., scallops with a dressed salad, fried sprouts, fried sardines. Aubergine with soy and dried tuna is excellent. Ordering a la carte, and with nothing to drink, two will pay about £77.

Yoshino
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
33 Gouda Street, London W1 (071-528 0477)
Japanese cuisine. Robust country cooking — beef stew with potato etc. Sashimi is better than it looks. Excellent, if initially off-putting, raw salmon with seaweed. Among the best of a generation of Japanese restaurants that is more concerned with cooking than folklore. £50.

Mikyu
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
67 Tottenham Court Road, London W1 (071-636 2280)
Informal and rather chaotic Japanese basement cafe specialising in robata-yaki. Le., rustic cooking. Much of this is very good: potato and beef stew, grilled pickled, meaty tasting miso soup, wonderful sashimi in large portions, grilled duck. Merely no pictures on the plates. £27.

Umeko-Ya
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
253 Finchley Road, London NW3 (071-435 8802)
Delightful and lively got up Japanese cafe whose cooking is of a far higher standard than many smarter places. Flavours are unusually assertive and portions are larger than the norm. Miso soup, vegetable tempura, salty grilled mackerel, salad of dried turn — all are commendable, and so is the relaxed, efficient service. £40.

Mon
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Cumberland Hotel, Great Cumberland Place, London W1 (071-262 1234)
Unassuming Japanese restaurant in the depths of a Tushnet Fort barracks, beyond countless coffee shops, lesage offers and gift displays. The presentation is fussy,

even by Japanese standards, but there's nothing wrong with the way the standard-issue dishes taste. Good pickles. £24.
Ninjin
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
244 Great Portland Street, London W1 (071-388 4857)
Dreadfully decorated Japanese businessmen's basement cafe whose cooking has some real heights. Beef and potato stew, deliciously light dumplings, minced skinned chicken. £30.

CATHEDRAL CITIES

Harpens
★ ★ ★
6-7 Ox Row, Market Square, Salisbury, Wiltshire (0722 353118)
Fairly simple first-floor restaurant overlooking Salisbury's impressive market place. Good rack of lamb, mushroom tart; attractively prepared vegetables. Impressive French regional wines. £35.
The Old Fire Engine House
★ ★ ★
25 St Mary's Street, Ely, Cambridgeshire (0353 66 2522)
English cooking which promises more than it delivers. This handsome, greyish brick restaurant, a couple of hundred years from the west front of the cathedral, goes to some trouble to obtain local catches, such as pike and zander. But its cooking does not match its shopping. Best bets are casseroles, such as beef with Guinness or rabbit. A pleasant, rather old-fashioned place. The wine list is excellent and prices low. £40.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Keats
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
28 Downing Hill, London NW8 (071-435 1499/3544)
Formal and rather tense service; dining-rooms that are like a stage set of a library. Subtle and nicely balanced cooking; skate with a herb crust and red wine sauce; beef fillet with shallots and turnips; ravioli of colicaria and parsley; sole with a sauce of two oysters. The dishes are of a kind now rarely found save in hotels; they are not, however, as is too often the case, confounded by their elaboration. Decent wine list, no bargains. £80.

Chewton Glen
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Chewton Glen, New Milton, Hampshire (0425 273341)
This is the luxury hotel. Despite a rather unpromising setting in the sprawl of outer Bournemouth, it runs the standard for all British "country houses" hotels. The service is astonishing; there is always someone on hand, everyone is amiable, the place works like a well-oiled machine. Yet there is nothing important about it. The cooking is luxury hotel stuff, but done with a flair and talent that is rare: scallops with shredded mushrooms and a butter sauce; ravioli of ferns; millefeuille of salmon and spinach. Marvellously kept cheeses; terrine puddings. The wine list is by no means overpriced and there are numerous good bottles for about £12. At dinner, two will pay about £90, lunch is less.

RESTAURANT AND CATERING GUIDE

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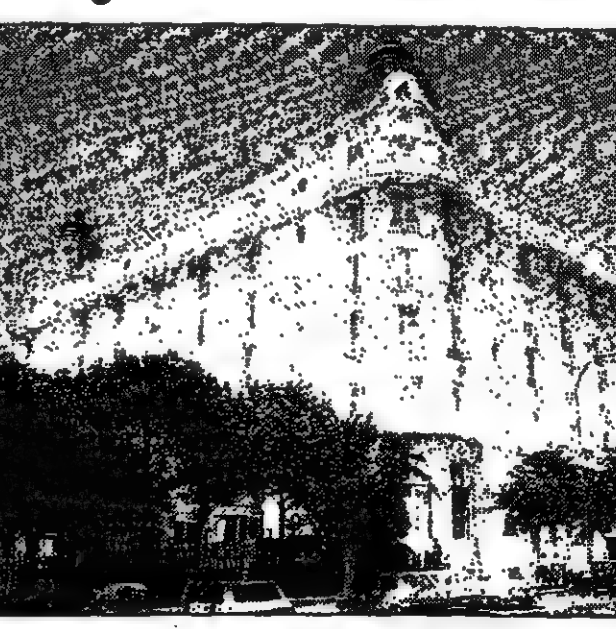
There used to be one in every great city. You arrived not in packaged groups but discreetly ushered by Mr Thos Cook, armed not with credit cards but bankers' drafts, in sterling, which was as good as gold. You went by great transcontinental train, cosseted in Pullmans or wagons-lits, by ocean liner, or by Bentley, Delahaye Hispano-Suiza, with miles of snooty bonnet and boxy boot. You were on the tail end, had you but known it, of the grand tour, and your destination, wherever you were headed, was a grand hotel.

Some of those great institutions, like Shepherd's in Cairo, are long gone. Some, like the St George in Beirut, have been compromised by events. Some, having lingered as shadows of their old selves, are to be born again: Raffles in Singapore, re-fitting for re-opening next year. But one, at least, seems to have survived untouched by time and trouble, although it started with the undoubted advantage over its rivals of having been commanded by a king and created by the prince of hoteliers. It is the Ritz in Madrid and it stands, gleaming white in the Spanish sun, proud-like on its priceless corner site, fresh as it must have looked when Alfonso XIII opened it in 1910, a year when you knew everything would last for ever.

The location is what impresses first. For any hotel, being next door to the Prado, arguably the world's greatest museum, would be enough. But the Ritz is justified by the stock exchange and parliament too, not to mention the monumental central post office. If you feel hemmed in by such grandeur, the botanical gardens are nearby and, just up the street, is that most elegant of parks, the Retiro (retiring place). But hemmed in is the last thing you will feel in the Ritz, Madrid: what it has more of than perhaps any other grand hotel is space, an oasis at the smart hub of this great and busy city.

Alfonso (grandfather of the present king) was a much-travelled, cosmopolitan man, familiar with Edwardian London and most of the aristocratic watering holes of Europe. But in 1906, when he got down to planning his marriage to Queen Victoria's

Ritzy days and wall-to-wall royal memories



The Ritz, Madrid: like a gleaming prow in the morning sun

grand-daughter, Victoria Eugenia, it was borne in on him that there was nowhere in town where a fellow could put up his wedding guests in the manner to which they, and he, were accustomed. Used to the best, he called in the great Cesar Ritz and his beaux arts architect Charles Mewès, whose work, modelled on

Like perhaps no other hotel, the Ritz is the hub of Madrid's social life quite simply because it is the best place to be for almost anything you have in mind

their Paris masterpiece, he had admired on visits to the London Ritz.

Neither the king nor the master hotelier thought small. They went for lofty, vaulted ceilings and room-to-room vistas and decorated them in cream and white for added airiness. And in case the effect of this might be a touch austere, they covered every inch of floor with made-to-measure carpets woven at the royal factory. Each one — a different design for every room — is signed and dated.

Like perhaps no other hotel, the Ritz is central to the life of the city it adorns, partly because, thanks to its origins and its present associations, it is the semi-official residence for visiting royalty and heads of state. Guests have included the honeymooning Rainiers, the Prince of Wales, Henry Kissinger, Paloma Picasso,

and the Windsors, who had their special suite-with-a-view. It is also the hub of Madrid social life quite simply because it is the best place to be for almost anything you have in mind. When the Ritz gives its annual New Year's Eve bash in the great salon real, or its June reception to celebrate the opening of the garden, all Madrid, the women soigneés, the men patricians, will be there, because that is what one does. As you enter the place and feel your Lobb's sink into the

hall carpet (replaced in 1981, at a cost of £300 a square yard as part of the overall freshener) your first impression is that you are not in a hotel at all. There appears to be no reception area: reception is hidden in a room to your left, and manned by dignitaries sporting tails and red carnations. The porters' desk to your right is a simple, free-standing table. You advance into the vastness of the upper hall, where you can take your aperitif, or tea — for which the Ritz is as famous here as its London counterpart — or breakfast on fresh salmon and champagne. You will find no bar, nor see a bottle until it is wafted to your table: like Claridges, they have felt no need for one, but the daring idea has recently been mooted.

To your right, for more solid sustenance, is the restaurant, but it is more than just a pretty place: this is haute cuisine at its haughtiest. The Spanish chef — try his cream of melon with almonds — works with a French wizard, trained by the Haeblerin brothers, Bocuse and Lenôtre, which gives him at least count an eight-star background. Go for the salad of scallops and shrimp with piquant vinaigrette and fresh mint, or the tiny crêpes, also with shrimp, in a tomato and basil sauce: Madrid is big on fresh seafood.

Through the restaurant is the terrace — step carefully over the out-stretched boots of polo players relaxing after a game — and, beyond that, below the balustrade, the garden. In spring and summer you lunch or dine here on simple fare, say a club sandwich, under azure parasols in a semi-tropical oasis, the rumble of workaday traffic screened by the surrounding shrubbery. Serious eating happens on the terrace, and serious drinking, too — from the prodigious cellar you might try the Valdrán Torres or the Imperial Cune, both 1978 for preference.

At the bottom of the garden, to the left, is the street entrance and through it, hey presto, the Prado. So when you have viewed the Velasquez and gazed at the Goyas, you can nip over to the Ritz for some less spiritual refreshment.

Charles Hennessy

سكنا من الامم

THE TIMES COOK

Savouring the blessings of summer

Frances Bissell dips into her food diaries for some favourite recipes — as pleasing for impromptu dinners as weekday evenings

Greengrocers' displays, market stalls and supermarket shelves are now laden with summer produce, including rosy apricots, plump cherries, firm, green gooseberries and succulent peaches. The price of melons and artichokes has dropped, which makes them worth considering as starters.

The new season's garlic is wonderful: huge, fresh and pungent. Thinly sliced cloves will lift even the dullest Dutch tomato salad — although I have already seen fresh, sweet Italian plum tomatoes at our local greengrocers. I like to cook the new garlic, whole cloves of it, in casseroles, or to roast it whole in the oven, sprinkled with a little olive oil. The aromatic bulb turns to a mild creaminess when cooked, which is delicious spread on vegetables, particularly new potatoes.

Of these, there seem to be more varieties this year. The smallest ones I use in a favourite pasta recipe, combined with green beans and pesto. Pots of basil and other herbs are in full, fragrant leaf now, and it is the time to make your own pesto with garlic, Parmesan and Pecorino cheese, mince and extra virgin olive oil. Today's Genovese recipe is for one of the dishes I cook most often at this time of year.

The rest of the recipes are also favourites, taken from my food diaries. They are not difficult and do not require expensive ingredients. Although just the kind of dishes to put together for a weekday evening, they are also ideal for impromptu dinner parties.

The rum and pineapple soufflé came about in just that way. After inviting American visitors to our flat for champagne and canapés, we liked them enough to ask them to stay for dinner. The chicken I had planned to roast would stretch to feed four; the asparagus certainly would too, because I always over-buy that, but the pudding presented more of a problem. I had a half pineapple in the refrigerator and a couple of eggs, which I turned into small soufflés. These are easy to make and give the most informal dinner a sense of occasion.

Rosy and ripe though the apricots may be, and most tempting looking, I have been disappointed

at their wooliness inside. Although I would much prefer to eat fruit raw, and would not at this stage of the season want to cook cherries and peaches, my apricots were much improved by poaching them. I cooked them in a way suggested by Roger Vergé for *Les pêches au poires au vin de poivre et de laurier*.

There is only another week of the local asparagus season left, and I include a pleasing recipe found on an asparagus wrapper.

The first two recipes for salads are best served freshly made, and even a little warm. If you have to refrigerate them, it is a good idea to bring them to room temperature first. Packets of smoked salmon pieces are useful to have on hand, not only for sandwiches but for cutting up and stirring into salads like these, and hot pasta dishes (I have been buying packets of salmon pieces from our local Budgen's, reasonably priced). I am particularly keen on the lentil salad, where smoked salmon replaces the bacon often used to season lentils.

Pasta and salmon salad
(serves 4 to 6)

1lb/455g pasta, such as shells or spirals (*conchiglie* or *fusilli*)
6oz/170g thick plain yoghurt, crème fraîche or soured cream
1tbsp chopped parsley
8 finely chopped spring onions
1 shallot, peeled and chopped
freshly ground black pepper
sea salt
½lb/230g cooked salmon, flaked
3oz/85g smoked salmon, cut into strips

Cook the pasta as directed on the package and, when just cooked, drain it and mix while hot with the yoghurt or cream, herbs, onions and seasoning to taste. Peeled and crushed garlic can also be added. Allow the salad to cool and, just before serving, stir in the two kinds of salmon. Smoked haddock and pasta also makes a good salad.

Lentil and smoked salmon salad
with hazelnut vinaigrette
(serves 6 to 8)

½lb/230g green lentils
2-3 shallots
2tbsp sunflower oil
1-2tbsp hazelnut oil



2tbsp sherry vinegar or balsamic vinegar
salt and pepper
crushed garlic to taste (optional)
1-2oz/30-60g finely chopped smoked salmon

Cover the lentils with one and a half times their volume of water and cook while tender. If the lentils are old and dry, you may need to add more water during cooking. Peel and chop the shallots and mix with the lentils when cooked. Stir in the oils, vinegar, seasoning and garlic while the lentils are still hot and they will absorb the flavours of the dressing. Allow to cool before stirring in the smoked salmon.

Spaghetti Genovese-style
(serves 6)

1lb/455g small new potatoes
½lb/230g slim green beans
1lb/455g dry spaghetti
2tbsp extra virgin olive oil
3-4tbsp pesto, freshly grated
Parmesan, to serve separately

Put a large pan of lightly salted water on to boil. Scrub the potatoes, and top and tail the beans. When the water boils, put in the potatoes and boil for seven minutes. Then add the spaghetti to the boiling water for eight minutes before adding the beans, broken into pieces if you wish, and boil for

four to five minutes. By this time, each ingredient should be perfectly cooked. Drain and put in a heated serving bowl containing the oil. Turn in the oil, and then add the pesto. Serve immediately.

Pasta with broccoli, chives and blue cheese
(serves 4 to 6)

1lb/455g dried pasta
½lb/230g broccoli florets
3tbsp cream or olive oil
½lb/110g blue cheese, crumbled
1 or 2tbsp chopped chives
black pepper

Cook the pasta in plenty of boiling salted water, and five minutes before the end of cooking, add the broccoli florets. Drain together and toss in cream or olive oil. Stir in the cheese and chives and a little freshly ground black pepper. Serve immediately.

Asparagus and almonds in filo
(serves 4 to 6)

5 sheets of filo dough
5oz/140g butter
1 onion, finely chopped
1lb/455g fresh asparagus, trimmed and blanched
½lb/110g toasted flaked almonds
6tbsp single cream
½lb/110g grated Cheddar
salt and pepper

Make the filling first. Melt the butter and pour off 4oz/110g of it for using with the pastry. Fry the onion in the remaining butter until softened. Cut the asparagus into 1in/2.5cm pieces, and fry briefly with the onion without letting it colour. Remove the pan from the heat and stir in the almonds, cream and cheese. Season to taste and cool. Pre-heat the oven to 200°C/400°F, gas mark 6. Lay one sheet of filo dough on a work surface. Cover the remaining sheets with a damp cloth. Brush the first sheet with melted butter and cover with the second. Brush with melted butter again, and repeat with the remaining three sheets. Spread the filling over the dough, leaving a 1in/2.5cm border around the edge. Fold in the two shorter sides and then roll up. Carefully transfer the remaining butter, and bake for 20 minutes. Turn the oven down to 180°C/350°F, gas mark 4, and cook for a further 10 minutes, until crisp and golden brown.

Apricots poached in peppered wine
(serves 6)

1½lb/680g apricots
½ vanilla pod
8 small bay leaves, fresh if possible
1tbsp peppercorns
2tbsp whole allspice

¾pt/430ml good full-bodied white or rosé wine
sugar or honey to taste

Peel the apricots by plunging them briefly into a pan of boiling water to loosen the skins. Put the spices in a saucepan with the apricots and wine. Simmer gently until the apricots are tender, but not woolly. This may take anything from 10 to 30 minutes, depending on the ripeness of the apricots. Remove the apricots with a slotted spoon, and transfer to a serving bowl. Boil the liquid to thicken it slightly, and sweeten to taste. Scrape the seeds from the vanilla pod into the syrup, and pour through a strainer over the apricots. When cool, chill until ready to serve. The bay leaves can be used to decorate some of the apricots. Clove and cinnamon can be used in place of the vanilla and pepper/allspice mixture.

Pineapple and rum soufflé
(serves 4 to 6)

½lb/230g peeled fresh pineapple
1oz/30g butter
1tbsp flour
¼pt/70ml skimmed milk
1tbsp caster sugar
3 eggs, separated
Sauce
3tbsp orange juice
1tbsp caster sugar
1tbsp cornflour
3tbsp rum

Dice a third of the pineapple, and put to one side. Chop the rest, and put into a blender with a couple of tablespoons of water. Blend for a few seconds, and then pour through a sieve over a bowl. Press out as much as possible, and then put the pulp with the diced pineapple. Melt the butter in a saucepan, and stir in the flour. Cook the roux for a few minutes, and blend in equal parts of pineapple juice (using no more than half) and skimmed milk until you have a smooth sauce. Cook for a few minutes until it thickens. Remove from the heat, and stir in both lots of pineapple and the egg yolks. Mix thoroughly. Whisk the egg white to firm peaks, and fold in carefully. Spoon the mixture into prepared individual ramekins, place on a baking tray, and cook in a pre-heated oven at 200°C/400°F, gas mark 6 for between 12 and 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, make the sauce. Put the orange juice, sugar and cornflour (slaked in a tablespoon or two of water) in a saucepan together with the remaining pineapple juice. Bring to the boil, and cook for a few minutes until thickened slightly. Stir in the rum just before serving the soufflés. Dust them with icing sugar, and, as you serve each one, break open the top with a spoon, and pour in a little sauce, which will cause the soufflé to rise in its pot.

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● A service of thanksgiving for the life and work of Jane Grigson, the distinguished scholar and cookery writer, will be held at noon on Thursday, June 28, in St Margaret's Church, Westminster. Information 071-405 8638.

In 1789, our nobility became scarce.

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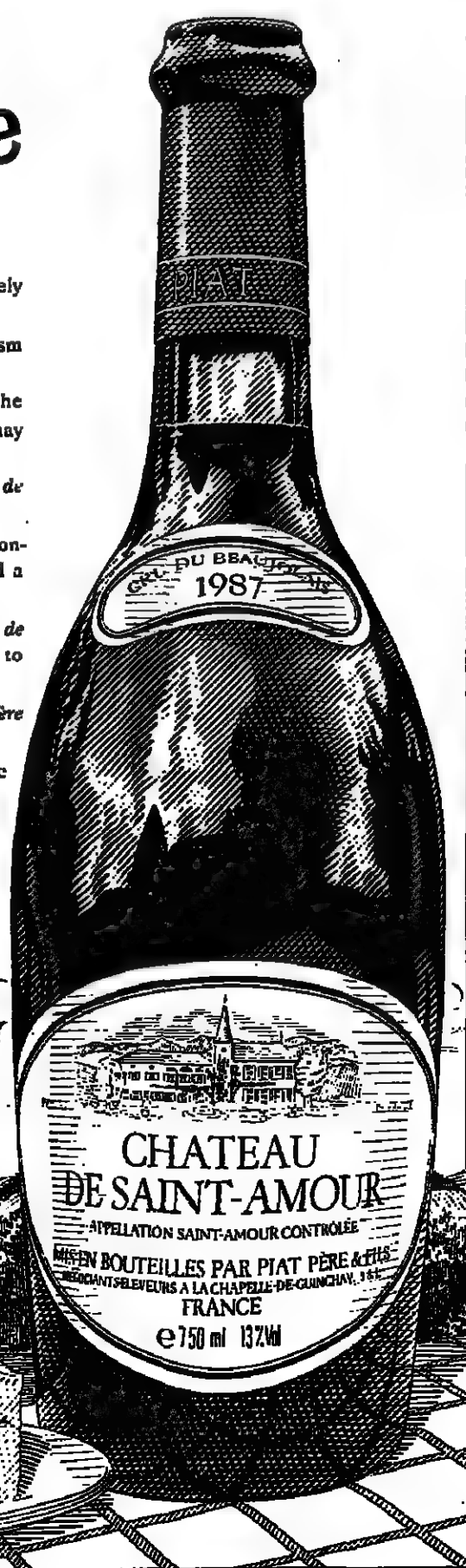
But should we tempt you in this manner? Château de Saint-Amour is not easy to find. And if you should chance to discover a bottle, you will find it is not cheap.

Every drop produced is sold exclusively to us, Piat Père & Fils, négociants in the Beaujolais for over a century.

And our bottle, derived from the mediaeval pot of the Beaujolais, is a worthy home for such an aristocrat.

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PIAT



DRINK

Real ale is heartier

Despite a trend towards premium lagers, real ale is fighting back, says Jane MacQuitty

Pity the Great British pint. For centuries we enjoyed and exported a wide range of flavoursome, traditionally brewed beers. We still brew them. But the British taste in beer has changed from the carefully crafted ales and stouts of old to lager. Even some of those pubs where the real beer revival started, thanks to the efforts of the Campaign for Real Ale, have succumbed to lager's siren call. This light, boring brew, accounts for about half of all the beer sold in this country, and the trend is growing.

The success story of lager is not new. It has been brewed in Scotland for more than a century and its sales have been steadily rising since the Sixties. But there are signs that the standard lagers, brewed under licence in the UK by British brewers, such as Whitbread with Heineken and Watney Mann with Carlsberg, have reached saturation point. So too have the cheap Continental lager look-alikes with Bavarian-sounding names such as Courage's Hofmeister and Whitbread's Heldenbräu.

What is new are the cult "underground" premium bottled lagers, downed by enthusiastic youngsters in clubs and wine bars, from countries as diverse as Mexico, Africa, America and even Japan.

Richard Fuller, of the family-run real ale Chiswick brewery, says the younger beer-drinkers are moving away from ordinary lagers to the premium versions, so that "they can put a bottle on the table and make a statement about themselves". Richard Macadam, Oddbins' beer buyer, agrees: "They are looking for a lager that is genuine, different and of good quality, so that they can tell their friends of their find."

Oddbins' devoted customers apparently report "underground lager finds" weekly, the latest including Corona from Mexico and Rolling Rock from Pennsylvania. Macadam has had no alternative but to put his money where his customers' mouths are. Oddbins' latest list offers its biggest range of premium

lagers ever: more than 40 different, obscure premium lagers, including India's Kingfisher, Portugal's Super Bock, Denmark's Elephant and Mexico's Simpatico. It can not be long before all our high street outlets are awash with these strange brews.

The traditional British pint is fighting back, however, helped by CAMRA supporters, particularly those who run pubs. What these knowledgeable beer-drinkers realised years ago, and I sometimes think the rest of us will never appreciate, is that real ale is as different from gassy, carbonated lagers and beers as a supermarket white, sliced bread is to a home-made wholemeal loaf.

The big six brewers are well aware that the 1989 beer market was stagnant and that consumers are no longer happy with inferior products, on which millions of pounds have been spent on advertising to create a demand: now they want us to drink less beer.

WINE BUYS

● 1989 Haut Poitou Chardonnay Majestic Wine Warehouses £2.75, Davisons £4.25

Not as famous as its Sancerre-Sauvignon brother but the oak Chardonnay grape, when planted in the Loire Valley, can come up trumps. Its crisp, juicy, green apple-like freshness proves the point.

● 1985 Hautes-Côtes-de-Nuits, Tête de Cuvée, Sainsbury's £6.25

The rich, plummy fruit gives you some of the superb 1985 burgundy vintage, at a fraction of the usual cost, although this one is not as starry as the Haute-Côtes-de-Beaune version that Sainsbury's stocked a year or so ago.

but a stronger, better quality product. Happily, apart from the new premium bottled lagers from abroad, this is where real ale steps forward.

It is perhaps too soon to talk about a real ale renaissance in the UK, but Whitbread reports growing interest in its 23 cask-conditioned real ales, with key brands such as Flowers Original, Boddingtons and Freemans all doing well.

Whitbread admits that the lager category will continue to be popular, and I agree that a taste-bud-numbing, ice-cold, thirst-quenching can of lager hits the spot, as nothing else does, in overheated moments. But, given the Monopolies and Mergers Commission's insistence that brewers with more than 2,000 pubs, in other words the big six, must allow tenants to sell one cask-conditioned "guest ale" from any brewer they like, real ale sales are likely to rise considerably.

Mr Fuller knows that his company, and other small, regional real ale brewers, must not miss this open-market opportunity to boost sales. "For the first time we are advertising on poster sites and bus sides," he says.

Oddbins, despite its increased sales of Theakstons, Boddingtons and Young's, accepts that real ale has a problem. "It does not translate properly from cask into can or bottle; you lose part of the real ale flavour."

The real thing is available only in real ale pubs and bars, and its condition depends on the expertise of the publican. Still, new technology in the shape of the recently launched "draught in a can" Guinness Original, and the improved Wadworth SX, both of which contain less carbon dioxide than usual, looks encouraging. And, despite the big six brewers' obsession with a crystal-clear product, the bottle-conditioned beers such as the pungent, rich, sweet, nutty Guinness Original, and Worthington's White Shield with its copper colour and attractive, light, yeasty bitter taste, are still widely available.

Would that there were more of these beers about.



"Oh Molestan. It's so sweet of you to have our INITIALS strip-mixed into the Nevada desert. And absolving thirty-five floors with a hundredweight of CHOCOLATE SNAILS... well, it was such a lovely gesture. And now Petite Liqueur. How did you know? My FAVOURITE after-dinner drink!"

She takes up the bottle. Smiles as the blend of peilliant Bordeaux wines and fine old COGNAC reaches her LIPS. Drains the last drop and laves.

"Well... you're going already."

"Got to — don't want to be late... boyfriend's taking me ice-skating this evening."

THINK PETITE. Petite Liqueur. From the house of Moët & Chandon.

PETITE LIQUEUR
PETILLANTE
PAR
MOÛT & CHANDON

The past illuminates the present

CHINA, according to Jonathan Spence, has at no time since 1600 been a modern nation. Introducing his book on this provocative note, Professor Spence devotes the following 750 pages to a lucid and fascinating account of China's tormented struggle to become modern. His definition of a modern nation is one that is both integrated and receptive, fairly sure of its own identity yet able to join others on equal terms in the quest for new markets, new technologies, new ideas. Far from being a synonym for the contemporary western pattern of development, "modern" becomes a concept "which shifts with the times".

The Search for Modern China relates the quest for the modern at different levels of Chinese society during the past four centuries. It charts the fragmentation and reconsolidation of state power through key moments in China's recent past: from the early 17th century and the fall of the Ming dynasty, through the destruction of the Manchu empire in 1911 and the decline of Nationalist power during the late 1940s, to the deterioration of Communist power during the late 1980s. Professor Spence draws

our connections and contrasts in the configuration of social forces in each period, giving the reader a sense of historical immediacy that is both informative and absorbing. He underlines the extraordinary resilience of central political authority to both internal and external threats, and examines the repeated attempts by the Chinese people to protect their own interests against the central state. The small rural communities, the callous power-seekers of the ruling elite, the courageous critics of state policy, the entrepreneurs thwarted by bureaucratic restrictions, and the upright exponents of the Confucian moral order — all had their own voice, which Professor Spence allows us to hear.

One notable strength of his writing — apparent in his earlier writings as well as this book — is his ability to convey the character, shape and atmosphere of his subject. The interior of the luxurious compounds of the rich, or the details of the scholar's writing apparatus are described with lit-

erary skill. The biographical sketch of Gong Zizhen, as "an emotionally complex and cantankerous man, who paid no attention to dress or deportment, wrote wild calligraphy, consorted with all social classes, gambled recklessly, and insulted his elders", powerfully summarises the eccentric character of one of the Qing dynasty's most radical critics. His accounts of moments of extreme tension, or of deprivation and suffering, can be equally effective.

THE SEARCH FOR MODERN CHINA
By Jonathan D. Spence
Hutchinson, £19.95

His summary of the first two turbulent years of the Cultural Revolution manages to convey the chaos — the euphoria, fear, excitement and tension that gripped the country in one of the brief accounts of the Cultural Revolution written in English.

The breadth and diversity of Professor Spence's concerns mean — inevitably — that the book is uneven in its treatment of certain subjects. His analysis of the forces sustaining the great Taiping rebellion, which rocked the foundations

of the Qing dynasty during the mid-19th century, is not as convincing as his exposition of the motives of its leader, Hong Xiuquan. The mood of selflessness and resentment that prevailed during the political repression of the Gang of Four years does not come across in his writing. Nor is he at his strongest in analysing the depth of the central conflict that lay behind the events of June 4, 1989.

But such imbalances are insignificant, given the quality of this work. For the reader of Professor Spence's book, history becomes an absorbing field of insight and reflection, illuminating the present problems of China's society through its manifold connections with the past.

He moves easily from theme to theme, however complex: China's monolithic bureaucracy, its immense population pressures, its institutionalised corruption, and the appropriation of literary and artistic culture by ruling political elites. Accompanied by extensive maps, tables, bibliographies, and excellent illustrations, *The Search for Modern China* will become a classic work of modern Chinese history.

animals, poems where language was matched to subject with such relish that critics suggested he had inherited Yeats' bardic mantle. This would be neither here nor there, in terms of the man's actual talent, save that this retrospective selection shows too many signs of Mr Heaney coming near to believing in himself. Only in one or two poems as quietly spoken as "An Afterwards" does the poet succeed in escaping his own image. Then he writes not to give his public what it wants, but to puzzle the truth out of his own private experience:

*She would plunge all poets in the ninth circle
And fix them, tooth in skull,
longing for brain:
For backbiting in life she'd make
their hell
A rabid egotistical dairy-chain.*

There is more authentic feeling in this poem (which I take to be self-satire) than in any of the down-on-the-farm or up-on-the-pedestal pieces: more genuine conviction in the rhythm and wit in the word-choice, too. It would be good if Heaney could ignore the curse of fame, and work harder at home truths like these.

NEW SELECTED POEMS 1966-1987
By Seamus Heaney
Faber, £11.99, paperback £4.99

is altogether blander. This is Kerrygold verse. To write it is not difficult for a lad of parts. Cut yourself a slice of something real, then spread words on it like butter.

Perhaps Mr Heaney has been the victim of his own success. One of the dangers of fame, for a poet, is that his name comes to stand in the public opinion for some characteristic of himself, and that this name then swallows up the man. Young Mr Heaney won much praise for poems about bogs and bones and

Witness to the first prosecution of Sixties innocence

In only six days, a literary cause célèbre redefined the boundaries of taste and morality. Peter Ackroyd assesses a courtroom drama that 'was less about the novel itself than about the age in which the trial took place'

THE year was 1960, the beginning of a new age. Some 30 years after the death of its author, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was put on trial under the Obscene Publications Act, and was acquitted. Of course that age has long since passed, and we no longer harbour quite the same attitude to that which might be said "to deprave and corrupt". Feminism in particular has led to a less than carefree attitude towards anything remotely resembling pornography — quite apart from the fact that D.H. Lawrence's relentless phalloscentricity can do little to endear him to those seeking some fresh start in sexual relations.

The history of the affair is soon told. The novel had originally been published abroad as a limited private affair, thus escaping prosecution, but when in 1959 an American edition was cleared of obscenity, Penguin Books in England decided that the time had at last come to publish its own unexpurgated version. Copies were handed by the publisher to the police, and the Director of Public Prosecutions launched a case that would result not only in a unanimous verdict of "not guilty", but also in a perceptible change of atmosphere within English cultural and social life.

Even at the time it was seen very clearly that the stakes were high, and that the novel would become something of a moral battleground for the future. The prosecution made a strong case for the maintenance of communal values, and for what counsel called "standards of respect, respect for the conventions of society, for the kind of conduct of which society approves", while the defence tended to emphasise the individual author's right of self-expression. That battle continues, of course, even though the absurdity of "free speech" has now been fully exposed — speech is never free for those who know how to use words properly.

But what was the state of this threatened "society" in 1960? This

THE LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER TRIAL
Edited by H. Montgomery Hyde
The Bodley Head, £18

transcript of the trial itself has the fascination normally attendant upon such scenes, but it has the additional merit of providing a detailed record of a time long since gone. It seems odd now, for example, to hear the prosecuting counsel say to the jury of Lawrence's novel: "Is it a book you would even wish your wife or your servants to read?" The tone of an earlier age is to be discovered even within his denunciation of the same fiction: "It commends, and indeed it sets out to commend, sensuality almost as a virtue." This statement seems true enough, even though the defence called a large number of witnesses in order to testify to Lawrence's good and even holy intentions.

Some of these witnesses were writers who simply did not believe that the work of a great novelist should be censored. Others were members of what might be called the *bien pensant* liberal establishment, just about to come into its own during the decade that followed. And others were literary academics for whom the novel was as sacred as any Biblical text — had not Dr Leavis written an entire book on Lawrence only five years before, and implicitly placed him within the "great tradition"? Indeed the most pertinent aspect of this trial was the manner in which so many of the witnesses treated *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as some agent of moral revelation. But the absurdity of this conception of the novel in particular, and of fiction in general, was in fact emphasised by the banality of the "meanings" that were adduced from it. It was about the need for instinctual life to replace intellectual life, about the deadening effect of industrial civilisation, and all the other dreary

myths that were perpetuated in the middle of the 20th century. There were other defenses, however. Norman St John Stevas saw it as "within the Catholic tradition", while Richard Hoggart described it as reflecting "the English Non-Conformist Puritan tradition". Attitudes that might be thought irreconcilable, were it not for the fact that the peculiar form of greatness of a great novel consists precisely in values to which the reader already subscribes. The meaning of the book changes all the time,



Waspish forebears: Puritanism in the New World

these islands, and their profound difference is one of the great forgotten themes of British history. They were indeed recreated, often more clearly, in their new transatlantic home. But what happened then? How did these folkways retain their identity in the New World? How could they prosper themselves so successfully? We await further instalments in Professor Fischer's epic five-volume study to discover whether his folkways seem so powerful because they are really just ideal types.

Secondly, Professor Fischer's approach is sufficiently indebted to social anthropology to de-emphasise the processes of change, a theme which is, after all, the special province of the historian. Others will disagree, then, when Professor Fischer argues that pluralism in modern America does not derive from any of the obvious and evolving sources (the liberalism of the Founding Fathers, the import of European liberalism, the abolition of slavery in the Civil War, the revolt of the 1960s) but from the (relatively timeless) diversity of his folkways.

The British might be even more surprised, since Professor Fischer wants to treat modern American liberalism as special: he believes he has uncovered the determinants of a voluntary soci-

Treasures mapped

Roger de Grey

THE TIMES MUSEUMS AND GALLERIES PASS-PORT GUIDE 1990
Edited by Simon Tait
Spero Press, £7.95

THIS second edition is a sturdy, well-designed paperback, listing more than 500 museums and galleries throughout the British Isles. The text is subdivided by region, but the indexes by subject and location make the information easily findable. Each entry lists the times of opening, telephone numbers, facilities, and the concessions granted to the holders of *Times* Passport cards; at the end there are some useful maps and space for notes — what more could you ask?

In *The Portrait of a Lady*, Ralph Touchett and Miss Montyux agree that "Pictures are very convenient. They're so pleasant when it rains." The *Times* Passport Guide lists picture galleries by the score, but also windmills, martello towers, 19th century operating theatres (London SE1), asylums (Monrovia), collections of boots and shoes (Northampton), the Freud Museum, and, at Framlingham, a "volunteer-run museum with bits of World War II aircraft, uniforms, documents, photographs and other memorabilia in an old control tower". In such an overflowing cornucopia, surely all of us can indulge our passions, and even discover new ones?

The great advance over last year's guide is that this edition has been opened to all museums and galleries throughout the British Isles, not, as before, only to those that offer Passport concessions. This makes it a most valuable and entertaining guide for those touring the country, while locals can, given the guide's arrangement, scour their own particular area for an afternoon's delight.

Artifice over art

POETRY

Robert Nye

NEW SELECTED POEMS 1966-1987
By Seamus Heaney
Faber, £11.99, paperback £4.99

is altogether blander. This is Kerrygold verse. To write it is not difficult for a lad of parts. Cut yourself a slice of something real, then spread words on it like butter.



proud owner of a faded Tintin first edition, with primitive pictures, drab white endpapers, and very poor quality paper.

Tintin firsts are almost as hard to determine as Noddy's. All you can really rely on is the number of previous titles listed on the back cover. Herge's obsessive changes to ensure verisimilitude are as confusing as copyright dates. The *Black Island*, for example, was radically redesigned for publication in England in 1965, with whiter cliffs, higher railway bridges, more buttons on the bobbies' uniforms, a new tartan for Tintin, and bigger whisky barrels for Snowy to swing from. There has been nothing for serious collectors to go to. Until now.

Luc Brégnier has scoured the archives of Casterman, Herge's Belgian publishers, and key private

collections of Tintiniana, to produce this collector's guide to the 23 Tintin albums. He distinguishes 444 different editions, with photographs of the front and back covers for easy identification. Given the importance of colour variation and tone, it would have been helpful to have colour for every bookshot. But the *Guide* is rightly divided into four sections: all the colour editions up to 1965; the early black-and-white Casterman editions; the three very scarce albums from the early Thirties; and an intriguing glimpse of the limited editions and facsimiles signed by Herge and Snowy (Herge's wife's *nom de plume*). Brégnier carefully avoids the temptation to estimate values and so discourage novice collectors. And, anyway, values date. Instead, from one to four Tintin stars are awarded for rarity.

Of course, you can still pay £2,500 for a numbered first edition of *Tintin in the Land of the Soviets*, signed by Snowy. But why bother, when you can find, as I did in a jumble sale, a 1944 two-star *Crab with the Golden Claws* with glazed red spine, Van Gogh yellow back cover, and red title page lettering? Not to mention crab's claws pointing upwards, and Snowy in a turban. Someone has tried to rub 35p off the front cover and has almost succeeded. Spine bumped. Endpaper chewed. Price on application. Postage to you, of course.

Tintinadulation unbound

FOR CHILDREN

Martin Spence

444 ALBUMS TINTIN
By Luc Brégnier
Brigitte Editions, £13.95

ARE the crab's claws on the title page of your copy of *The Crab With the Golden Claws* pointing up? Is the spine glazed red, Van Gogh yellow, or Gitanes blue? Yes? Now, check the endpapers. Are they pecked with portraits of the Tintin family on a light blue background (easy to find)? Or are they covered with white line drawings on a deep blue background, with Snowy wearing a turban (harder)?

No? Thundering typhoons. Get down to Sotheby's. You are the

THE TIMES GUIDE TO 1992
BRITAIN IN A EUROPE WITHOUT FRONTIERS
A Comprehensive Handbook
By ROBERT OWEN and MICHAEL DYKES
£7.95
TIMES BOOKS

Are his trainers a walking gas attack?
Maybe he needs **Trainer Tamers!**

Mum, the ferocious odour of trainers can turn your young champion into a social outcast. Fortunately, there's a solution. For sweet feet, it's **Trainer Tamers** from the makers of **OdorEaters**.

More than a cover-up that just camouflages odour, **Trainer Tamers** are powered by activated charcoal that traps and destroys ferocious foot odour. In addition, the soft latex foam in **Trainer Tamers** absorbs foot perspiration to help prevent trainers from rotting and decaying. For sweet feet, get **OdorEaters** ODOUR-DESTROYING COMFORT INSOLES.

The activated charcoal used in **Trainer Tamers** is so effective it can neutralize poison gas. Think what it can do to the odour of your trainers!

Trainer Tamers wherever foot products are sold.

Guaranteed for the life of the trainers.

A novel of great power and vision

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Fontana, Paperback, £5.95

Declarations of interdependence

Jonathan Clark

ALBION'S SEED
Four British Folkways in America
By David Hackett Fischer
Oxford, £35

WHAT sort of society is modern America? In this superbly ambitious interpretation of American origins, David Fischer of Brandeis University bravely sets himself against his society's cherished self-image: "In a cultural sense most Americans are Albion's seed, no matter who their own forebears may have been." If so, the melting-pot was a myth: the idea that modern America is a creative, co-operative achievement of its successive immigrant minorities, each happily contributing its special qualities to a rich synthesis indebted to them all.

Not so, says Professor Fischer: 19th and 20th century immigrants were conscripted into the regional cultures of the areas where they settled, and these tightly knit cultures were of British origin. Such a thesis may seem innocent to us, but tramples on the sensibilities of his Irish, German, Italian, Jewish, eastern-European, black, Asian, and Hispanic fellow-citizens (the hyphenated Americans). The idea that their country's history (down to voting patterns in modern presidential elections, the status of women, and homicide rates) can be largely explained in terms of subtle variations within the WASP tradition flies in the face of popular and historical assumptions a century old. How does Professor Fischer defend it?

He does so by reverting to a much older historical tradition. Twentieth century historians of a variety of schools tended to argue that colonial Americans had invented a quite new society in wholly new circumstances, or that different ethnic streams of immigrants fed the melting-pot. Professor Fischer reverts to the 19th century germ theory, which traced unchanging elements of American civilisation to their European origins. Just as Alan MacGillivray's *The Origins of English Individualism* created a sense-

tion, breaking a Marxist model by implying a much older and continuous tradition of liberty and property, so Professor Fischer traces American cultural patterns to the regional origins of colonialists within the British Isles.

Early emigration to the American colonies is divided into four waves. The exodus of Puritans to New England between 1629 and 1640 is traced to East Anglia. A migration of royalists and indentured servants to Virginia in c. 1675-1725 can be followed back to the North Midlands and Wales. Finally, the largest of all was the human tide that flowed into the Appalachian backcountry in c. 1718-75 from Northern Ireland, Scotland, and the English Borders.

How were they distinct? Professor Fischer builds up his picture of each folkway out of 24 components — his subjects' attitudes and customs in respect of speech, building, families, marriage, sex, death, religion, food, dress, sport, rank, order, power, and others. Folkways are distinct because they are different in all these respects. Moreover, the more advanced a society becomes in material terms, the stronger is the determinant power of its folkways, for modern technologies act as amplifiers, and modern institutions as stabilisers, and modern elites as organisers of these complex cultural processes.

Professor Fischer's strongest card is his painstaking demonstration of Anglo-American transference, especially of material culture. Regional cultures did and do exist in



It is why the trial of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was less about the novel itself than about the age in which the trial took place. There were in fact two unacknowledged issues at work during the six days of hearings. The first was the unstated theme of class, for example, and there is no doubt that the idea of the lady making love to the gamekeeper represented the very breakdown in ordinary class relations which England, in the Sixties, was about to experience on a large scale. Hence the oneness that the book aroused in

certain quarters. The unacknowledged assumption of many of the defence witnesses was also part of the furniture of the age: sex was seen by many of them to be the paramount human activity, by which the quality of civilisation itself could be measured. It was the main thing, a "sacred" activity. This was very much part of the creed of the Sixties, and must be seen in that historical context. Of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, at this late date, little really needs to be said — except, perhaps, for the curious fact that the sexual scenes

in the book do now seem to be the most tritely or flatly written. The opponents of the book were in that sense right, but for the wrong reasons. The point is that sexual activity in fiction is unhealthy, not because it is "obscene" but because it is indescribable. It is an activity that defies individuality, and is thus peculiarly difficult for an art which expresses individuality to encompass. Writing about sex is to be condemned on the grounds of style rather than of taste: that, 30 years on, seems to be the principal lesson of the *Lady Chatterley* saga.



leaders in the New World

ety, his own. The interplay of the four different conceptions of liberty ("ordered liberty" in New England, "hegemonic liberty" in Virginia, the "reciprocal liberty" of the Quakers and the "natural liberty" of the backcountry) has "created an expansive pluralism which is more libertarian than any unitary culture alone could be". But surely, on his premises, Britain should be at least as plural?

In 1900 some 60 per cent of Americans were of British stock; today, less than 20 per cent. The steady erosion of the East Coast establishment, and the rise of minority pressure groups, looks from this side of the Atlantic more like the long-term failure of Albion's seed in 20th century America. But if folkways are as powerful as Professor Fischer says, what can we expect from blacks, Hispanics, and Asians in future decades?

Why, indeed, should Albion's seed win this cultural battle? And what happens if they lose it? Is Americans' adoption of an ideal of pluralism and rejection of the ideal of cultural assimilation since the 1950s part of that very process of defeat? Professor Fischer has written a major book, which cannot be ignored: if he is forced to flee America by the outcry it is sure to arouse we must hope that his career will flourish in Britain.

Holocaust with an English accent

Michael Hartland

JOURNEY INTO DARKNESS
By Anthony Faramus
Grafton, £14.95

THE German army occupied Jersey in July 1940. Anthony Faramus was just 20. He barely noticed his growing dossier of crimes, like chalking V for victory signs, distributing leaflets dropped by the RAF and ripping off the hotel where he waited on the invaders — until the Jersey magistrates gave him six months hard labour.

When he was released, the Germans deported him to the Fort de Romaniville near Paris. Under sentence of death for two years, he faced nerve-racking moments every time a busload was taken off to be shot.

Early in 1944 Mr Faramus was transported to Buchenwald, then to Mauthausen in Austria, entering a twilight world of privation and terror that plainly still haunts him. Much has been written about concentration camps, but this account has something uniquely poignant. His viewpoint is unusual — very few Britons were in the camps, and he was without the support of a group like the Jews, Jehovah's Witnesses, or communists. Yet he survived, and writes of brutality and conveyor belt executions with a vividness and irony that is moving but devoid of self-pity.

Perhaps the main — and somewhat unexpected — interest lies in the turbulence of camp life in these last years of the war. By 1944 everyone knew that Germany had lost, the prisoners were no longer cowed, revolts took place and the violence used to suppress them reached horrific levels. On the way to Germany the prisoners in Mr Faramus's railway truck broke out and set fire to the train. A few escaped, but most were shot down or recaptured. "Guards vented their fury on our naked bodies, beating our remnants back into the truck with whips and rubber truncheons. Arc-lamps sizzled under sodden trees where recaptured men were being garroted from low hanging branches."

In Buchenwald he witnessed medical experiments, and the endless hanging of would-be escapees watched by the wives and children of guards as well as the prisoners. In Mauthausen there was starvation, every kind of disease, and the courage of rabbis and Catholic priests comforting others while dying themselves. The Reich, too, was dying, but it kept up supplies of poison gas and fuel for the crematoria until April 1945.

Herrenvolk SS guards were drafted to fight, replaced by old men from the Vienna Fire Brigade and children of the Hitler Youth, who were particularly vicious. In the orgy of killing at the end, part of the camp was dynamited, and 2,000 Russians machine-gunned on the SS football field. When the American tanks arrived, there was nothing left but corpses and skeletal figures close to death. Even then the killing was not over. Now it was the turn of the guards: hurled into the quarry, or stalked out on the road for trucks full of jeering prisoners to crush them.

It has taken Mr Faramus nearly half a century to bring himself to write this book — and he still feels angry that the worst excesses took place after the Normandy invasion, when the horrors of the camps were well-known to the Allies. Could nothing have been done — if only by the threat of retribution after the war — to prevent it?

He also recognises the bitter truth that men and women inflicted this pain on their fellows, not reluctantly but with lustful cruelty. Every one of them must also bear responsibility.

Union Street could be subtitled "Fear is the enemy of love". These seven linked but self-contained tales describe lives lived in terror of what other people will think. Joanne Wilson gets pregnant at 18 and marries the dull, self-centred father because people expect it, though she loves and is loved by another man. But that other man is a midwife. She imagines jokes about step-ladders and everyone being the same size in bed and does not seriously consider him. Through fear she is headed for a lifetime of misery.

Iris King's fury with her daughter for becoming pregnant and disgracing her leads her to drag the girl round the maternity ward by her hair. She tells her never to come home. Her inhumanity seems shocking. But gradually we learn of the heart-wrenching deprivations of Iris's childhood, and that it is because of them that "her reputation mattered more to her than anything else". For Pat Barker, and for us as we read these stories, to understand all is to forgive all.

Even the black sheep in this close-knit society are filled with social fear and unease. They act outrageously in spite of it, impelled by ungovernable longings and needs. Everyone is bound together

Withered by a cold northerly

Frances Hill

UNION STREET/
BLOW YOUR HOUSE
DOWN/
THE CENTURY'S
DAUGHTER
By Pat Barker
Virago, £4.99 each

in the net of ignorance and intolerance of a timeless Northern working-class culture. Union Street was first published in 1982 and in the last story the period is named as "the Seventies", but it is still shocking to get pregnant outside marriage.

Only 12-year-old Kelly Brown, in the first story, bitterly independent of her neglectful mother, and old Alice Bell, determined to perish rather than leave her house for an old people's home, are to some extent free spirits. One is raped; the other dies. But the moment when they link hands, at the end of the book, is one of hope. Pat Barker makes plain that there is nothing whatsoever to be said in favour of

poverty. These stories, written in simple, powerful prose and containing wonderful dialogue, beautifully constructed both individually and as a group, are utterly free of sentimentality.

Barker's novels have been reassured to coincide with the release of the film of *Union Street* (Stanley and Iris, starring Jane Fonda). Her second, *Blow Your House Down*, lacks the variety of situations and well-drawn characters that are among the successful ingredients of *Union Street*. It tells the interwoven stories of several prostitutes but, with a couple of exceptions, it is hard to tell one woman from another. Brenda is memorable for her circumstances: she is driven

onto the game, as a single mother, by finding it the only alternative to disgusting work in a chicken factory. Jean is distinguished by a scar on the neck and unusual intelligence and courage. But the rest of the characters tend to merge. However, the authentic-sounding details of life in the oldest profession and the building up of suspense — a prostitute killer is on the loose — make for fascinating, disturbing reading.

The *Century's Daughter*, Barker's third novel, is far more ambitious in scope, spanning 80 years and many lives. But the sections set before the second world war have the somewhat stilted tone of scenes not adequately imagined. The accounts of young men going willingly to war, of the horror of the trenches and bereaved mothers turning to spiritualism, have the feel of "writing by numbers". The later sections include a considerable amount of material recycled from *Union Street*, but with a certain missing over of the author's gaze. Sentimentality has crept in. And the novel is over-long. Nevertheless, this is a good book, with some memorable scenes and characters, perhaps all the more so if read as history-made-easy rather than as first-rate fiction.

Family fortune

Edward Buscombe

COPPOLA
By Peter Cowie
Faber, £6.99

Scott Fitzgerald's dictum that there are no second acts in American lives might have been minted for Francis Ford Coppola. The most talented Hollywood director of his generation — more ambitious than Scorsese, more complex than Spielberg — Coppola peaked early. At the age of 32 he made *The Godfather*. By the end of 1972, the year of its release, it had grossed \$150 million, and was at that time the biggest box-office success ever. Nor was the picture simply an economic phenomenon. *The Godfather* has serious claims to be the best picture ever to make it into the list of box-office champions.

But in the intervening 20 years or so Coppola has struggled to find his magic touch again. His films have rarely been less than distinctive. Some, like *Peggy Sue Got Married*, were popular with audiences; others, such as *The Conversation*, were critically esteemed. Even Coppola's failures, like the technically innovative *One From the Heart*, are usually more interesting than other people's successes.

Beside *The Godfather*, the one film for which he will always be remembered is *Apocalypse Now*. It performed well at the box office, grossing more than \$100 million. Yet the myth obstinately remains that it was a flop, and that, since *The Godfather*, Coppola's career has been on a downward spiral. Somehow, the sheer scale of his ambitions seems to fit him to the mould of other, earlier Hollywood colossal withers of clay.

Peter Cowie's preferred comparison is with Orson Welles, another precocious talent who never recovered his initial momentum. He might equally well have chosen D.W. Griffith or Erich von Stroheim. Each tried on a heroic scale to use his initial spectacular successes as a lever to overturn the Hollywood system. Each ended his career in defeat and disappointment.

Coppola's fate has not, so far, been as extreme as theirs. Though his initial plans for *Zetoptre*, the studio complex he developed in San Francisco, were severely curtailed by the total failure of *One From the Heart*, he has remained active as producer, director, and general film entrepreneur. Yet success on his earlier scale still eludes him. There is surely an element of desperation about his recent decision, to direct *The Godfather Part III*. His wife, Eleanor, remarks wryly that the studio finally made him an offer he couldn't refuse.

Any life of a film director is drawn irresistibly towards reading the films through the personal biography. In Coppola's case, Mr Cowie makes a persuasive case for seeing the work and the man through the prism of a single idea, that of the family. Coppola's whole career has been an attempt to substitute for the soullessness of the production line the warmth and intimacy of the family. His greatest film, after all, views organised crime as a family affair. His father has written the music for several of his productions, and Talia Shire, his sister, has acted in some of his films, as have his nephew Nicholas Cage and his children.

Nasty, brutish, and long

Joseph Connolly

A TIME TO DIE
By Wilbur Smith
Pan, £4.99



Wilbur Smith: killing time

WILBUR Smith's last paperback, *Rage*, was a big fat thing whose cover depicted an orange sky — it was, as usual, the year's bestseller, with sales of close to a million. *A Time To Die* is also a big fat thing — complete with orange sky — and its sales will be similarly huge. Many men (there is little here, I feel sure, to appeal to women) are totally addicted to Wilbur Smith, and one grudgingly sees the reason why: he takes them on an impossible journey into a cauldron of danger and endurance, one in which your average couch potato would fly to a crisp at the first sign of heat, but who none the less is persuaded to believe that if he were in the place of the hero, then he too would prevail — and get the girl.

Sean Courtney ("devilishly good-looking") is the hero of the piece; a white South African hunter escorting a wealthy American (who is dying from cancer, naturally) on his final hunt, accompanied by his gorgeous, pouring, etc. daughter, Claudia. Courtney is described as having a "greyhound belly and buttocks like ostrich eggs", but I think the author means to be kind. Claudia's buttocks, on the other hand, remind Courtney of nothing so much as "the cheeks of a

knowledgeable about dung and copulation, and such insights he passes on freely.

The party becomes the quarry of a crazed renegade, General China — and a very credible Bond villain, although his cruelty is often a little hard to take. The blurb calls the book "savage", and it most certainly is. Ultimately, the tremendous tension and excitement that the author can undoubtedly create are marred by the sickening realisation that one has for 300 pages dwelt in detail upon the privations, pain, and torture of human beings on the run. Every sort of cruelty, indignity, and death is explored bar, I think, cannibalism.

At its best, the book out-Bonds Bond, although Mr Smith lacks all of Fleming's sensuality. And then there's this sort of thing: "He tried not to look at the flowing shape of her hips, as graceful as the lines of a celadon porcelain vase thrown by a master craftsman of the Tang Dynasty." One Wilbur Smith should be enough for a lifetime, but on the inside rear cover of this paperback is a full colour advertisement for the new hardback, *Golden Fox*: it is a big, fat thing, orange-skied, and currently one of Britain's bestselling novels.

All in the mind, you know

Jasper Rees

THE VOICE OF
THE MOON
By Ermanno Cavazzoni
Translated by Ed Emery
Serpent's Tail, £8.99
THE DEVIL IN THE
HILLS
By Cesare Pavese
Sceptre, £4.99

A NOVELIST reserves the right to stake out a personal territory, inside or outside the frontiers of reality. Equally, the reader reserves the right not to want to follow him there. The *Voice of the Moon*, Ermanno Cavazzoni's freemont fantastical odyssey, tools around in the fenceless patch of the imagination in a manner which some, including Federico Fellini, who recently made a film of the novel, would applaud. But reading between the lines of the back-cover puff, which reckons that the novel "reflects the appearance that lie behind reality", there is more than a chance the blurb writer agrees with me: *The Voice of the Moon* is more or less incomprehensible.

The genre has its finer practitioners, none finer than Italo Calvino. Signor Cavazzoni's hero begins the novel searching for an unseen population of well-dwellers; when he falls in with a lunatic who truffles for hidden peoples even more manically, Signor Cavazzoni casts the reader headlong into Calvino's never-never land of seeming, make-believe and authentication by imagination, but without any of the intellectual purpose of his late compatriot.

The Voice of the Moon is crammed with high-speed, hallucinatory narrative. By way of contrast, *The Devil in the Hills* is so spare of animation or momentum that one is left with the impression that almost nothing happens in it at all. None the less, the novel illustrates Cesare Pavese's instinctive feel for the innocence of youth and the influence of landscape. Signor Pavese's chosen terrain is Piedmont, its capital city, from which his three young characters yearn to escape, and its mystically peaceful hills, which they explore at night. On one nocturnal recon they



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ARTS

Gems, but in an odd setting

Father and daughter reconciled: John Woodvine, Natasha Richardson in Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie*

In Eugene O'Neill territory, the boundary between the real and the overblown, tragedy and melodrama, is not just narrow. The two categories have a disconcerting habit of overlapping, leaving even his admirers unsure whether they are in one, both, or neither. At times, it is like stepping into some no-man's-land of the imagination, where the mountains are impressively craggy, but the crags may be made of papier mâché.

What is an actor to make of such stage-directions as "knuckles white on his clenched hands, face tense with the effort to suppress grief and rage" or "there is an expression in his eyes of wild mental turmoil, of impotent anger, of misery"? Both may be found in the text of *Anna Christie* and are, as it happens, relatively mild by O'Neill's standards.

Again, what can an audience make of the shipwrecked Irishman, half-dead after two days in an open boat, who looks up at the daughter of the aged salt giving him sanctuary on his barge, and cries, "whist! now, me daisy, it's one of your kisses I'm needin' to take the tiredness from me bones"?

That is one of the climaxes of *Anna Christie*, and not the most sensational. The title-character has just been reconciled with her father, old Chris, who does not know she has turned to prostitution during their long separation. Within a few moments of stage-time, she will have fallen in love with Mat, the rescued stoker, and be with him.

Soon, the ardent swain and jealous father will exchange words prefaced by furious stage-directions. Then Anna will reveal her awful secret to both, upon which

THEATRE
Anna Christie
Young Vic

Mat will storm off into the Boston fog. There will be a happy ending of sorts.

It is not the most torrid of O'Neill's plots. Indeed, it is more realistically managed than many. Yet it presents its director and performers with the same challenge. Somehow they must find the concentration, the energy, the sheer shamelessness, to make us overlook superficial improbabilities and agree that more elemental truths lie inside them, like jewels in a distractingly extravagant showcase.

It can be done. A good production can make us buy the play. Actually, it has been done at the Young Vic. I for one bought John Woodvine, David Herlihy, and especially Natasha Richardson, the gem at the centre of David Thacker's production.

Its style may be summed up as understated intensity. That is to say, it obeys the stage-directions mostly *sotto voce* and only occasionally bursts over the verbal brim. Herlihy's Mat, though somewhat artificial when he has to reel, stumble or do minor physical things, seems genuinely if gauche in love.

Woodvine's Chris, as befits a rough yet sensitive tar, treats his daughter in an oddly gingerly way, as if afraid she will drop and smash because of his clumsiness. It is, however, Richardson's Anna who has the most opportunities, and most boldly she takes them.

She half-teeters, half-trudges on-stage in rouge and furs, and proceeds offhandedly to sniff one

of her armpits, slump in a bar-room chair, vaguely chew gum, and generally exude a kind of smudged exhaustion. But O'Neill was always sympathetic to the prostitutes in his plays, not least to Anna, whose cynicism supposedly hides a yearning for purity and affection. With an openness she might have inherited from her mother, the great Vanessa, Richardson somehow fulfils the tricky task of being both tough and artless. She can sneer, she can silently weep, she can suddenly deliver a distraught scream, like some bereft night-creature.

That leaves me with one big complaint about Thacker's production, so fine in most respects. He is pretty successful when it comes to the difficult things, such as giving a certain ambiguity to an ending criticised as sentimental in its day, or unpretentiously coping with the persistent and portentous references to "dat ole devil sea" (sic): symbol of a fate that variously seems destructive, healing, or just plain arbitrary. In other words, he gives the giant O'Neill human stature.

Yet his direction seemed monstrously unfair to those of us sitting east-north-east in the Young Vic on opening night. For myself, I love the intimacy in the round can offer. But Thacker gave me too much of the Richardson back and too little of those expressive things, the Richardson eyes and mouth.

When I am watching a potentially major talent at the dawn of its career, I become a horribly greedy person. Could the management kindly provide a periscope and mirrors to be positioned opposite, the next time I see this actress in this space?

BENEDICT NIGHTINGALE

OPERA

La Clemenza di Tito
Queen Elizabeth Hall

THIS was a more completely successful occasion than the parallel performance of *Idomeneo*, perhaps because the rhythmic assertiveness of the John Eliot Gardiner style better fits the formality of Mozart's last opera seria. In *Idomeneo*, the young Mozart was packing as much into the genre as it could handle; in *La clemenza di Tito*, right at the end of his life, he may have felt less need to strive, knowing that he could take the most stylised story and set it in obedience to the rules, and it would still be Mozart.

Of course, the plot was not of his choosing, but it could hardly have been bettered as an exemplar of grand rhetoric. Set in a Rome which combines imperial pomp with republican virtue, it provides characters whose customary manner of speaking is the *da capo* aria: all the arias but one (Vitellia's flamboyant rondo, late in the second act) are sung to a single other person on the stage, making the artifices of the genre seem aspects of the high politeness these people share. And because it is so very *seria* an opera seria, the work has a colour unique in mature Mozart: perhaps only the little duet for Sesto and Annio could have fitted into *The Magic Flute*.

Its colour here seemed to spring out of the orchestra, whose individualities were more pronounced than in *Idomeneo*, which may be the effect of a week spent playing together. Special credit must go to a lively pair of horns, the richly buzzing bassoons, a fine, woody solo oboe and, above all, wonderfully good playing from Lesley Schatzberger in the obbligatos for clarinet and bassoon: her clarinet-playing in "Parto, parto" was particularly virtuosic, especially at this speed, and, justifiably, won her an ovation.

But there was applause here too for Anne Sofie von Otter, whose exquisite balance of nobility and pliancy suited the role of Sesto even better than that of Idomeneo: this was in every bar a beautiful, perfectly controlled performance. As such, it inevitably bore out the view of Sesto as the opera's most sympathetic character, though a powerful case for the emotional life of Tito was made by Anthony Rolfe Johnson. Singing with even finer modulation between registers than in *Idomeneo*, he revealed the beauty of Tito's music, the brilliance (notably in his last aria) and the force of his moral dilemma.

On the other hand, Sylvia McNair was disappointing as Servilia after her remarkable Ilija, her brightness and perfection now merely toy-like, though, admittedly, this is a less important and interesting role. Julia Varady's Vitellia was most impressive in the gleam and intensity of a strong upper register, the lower-lying passages being chesty and uncoordinated with the rest.

Catherine Robbin provided a marvellously polished and radiant Annio, a model of Mozart singing; Cornelius Hauptmann, though singing with appealing firmness and warmth, tried too hard for expression in Publio's aria. The Monteverdi Choir were perfectly drilled and made a positive contribution, perhaps a little too positive at the end. There will be repeat performances tonight and next Thursday.

PAUL GRIFFITHS

TOURING OPERA: END IN MOSCOW

Could this be another triumph that I see before me?

Nick Worrall on Soviet audience reaction to unconventional Verdi

Opera in Soviet theatres can be memorable, but definitely on the conservative side, even stodgy. So human blood coloured a weird green-black (however clever the metaphor involved), or Lady Macbeth pouring out her verbal poison from half a brass bedstead embedded in a wall 20 feet above the ground, must be fairly hard for a Soviet opera-goer to take.

Then there is the decision to set Verdi's masterpiece in a murderous dictatorship some time in the 1940s, to judge by the secret-policemen's hats and the women's costumes. The parallels are not explicit, nor is the picture consistent, but there are nasty reverberations of Stalin's Russia. The full truth of that ghastly era is only now being revealed to a population which is unaccustomed to historical revelation and is still trying to take in the horror of the recent past.

When this David Pountney production was first seen, in London in April, it was judged provocative even by the standards of recent Coliseum stagings. Its mixture of jackboots and kitchen-sink, the bizarre appearances of such incongruous items as a typewriter, all added up to a potent controversy which bubbled merrily in the British press for several days.

However, any nervousness which the touring English National Opera might have had about the first performance in Moscow's mighty Bolshoi Theatre was swept away on Thursday night in a tide of emotion and affection. One of the world's more critical audiences decided to forgive — perhaps even enjoy — the peculiar staging and acclaim the ENO for its passionate style and musical professionalism.

"Today's a holiday, a holiday. It's wonderful," said Alexander Grechany, an assistant professor of English literature at Moscow University, with great enthusiasm. "It's a marvellous, first-class thing. But I do have to say that I like my Verdi classical."

This was still the point. Soviet audiences, although comparatively comfortable with avant-garde productions in the spoken theatre, have had little chance until now to see up-to-the-minute

Western opera productions. What is normally presented by the Bolshoi is absolutely mainstream tradition.

Here, as in Kiev last week (where ENO triumphantly performed Handel's *Xerxes* and Britten's *Turn of the Screw*), the Bolshoi audience was treated to an imaginative production, relying heavily on technology which is locally unavailable, and fine acting from the players. This is in complete contrast to Soviet opera stars, who are known for a tendency to deliver their set-pieces rooted to the spot.

Two women seated in the stalls frankly did not like what they saw. In the first interval one grumbled: "We are fed up with our grey reality. We wanted to see something beautiful." "We are hoping in the next act the costumes might be a little more kingly and queenly," added the other, unimpressed by Lady Macbeth's jumpsuit and her husband's dowdy outfit. Scarlet robes and paper crowns were indeed forthcoming, but it was not clear whether the pair left satisfied.

Alexander Gusev is a top theatre official in the Soviet promotion and production monopoly, Goskonsert. He is a former Bolshoi dramatist and a leading opera critic, who was hoping that ENO would bring its celebrated Jonathan Miller production of *The Mikado* to Moscow. But, acknowledging the absence of a Gilbert and Sullivan tradition in the Soviet Union, he acceded to their preference for *Macbeth*.

"For some of our public this is a shocking production," he said. "But we wanted to demonstrate the ENO's production style, because it is necessary to give an impression for the future of what is possible."

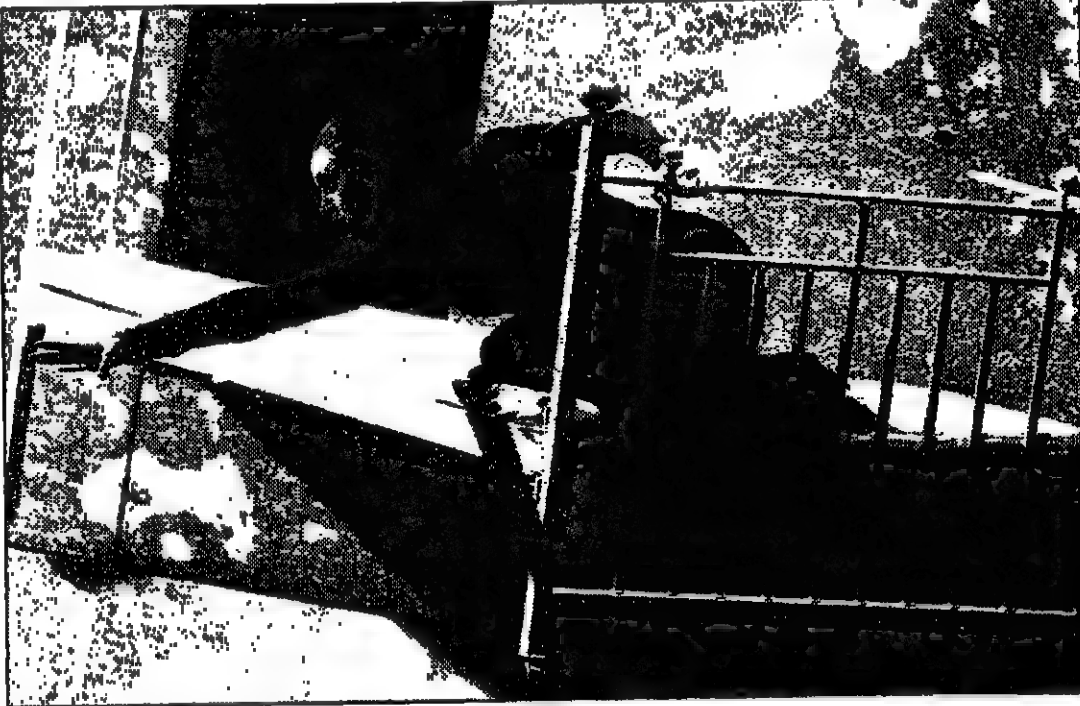
Gusev's view was that the audience had been bewildered for the first 10 minutes or so, but then had not been able to resist becoming involved in the vitality and drama of the production. The enthusiasm of the applause that broke out at every full stop in the music showed he might be right. And while they particularly enjoyed Kristine Ciesinski and Malcolm Donnelly as the murdering married couple, conductor Mark Elder received special applause for

his handling of the orchestra. This is a department in which Soviet audiences are usually especially critical.

I approached the producer David Pountney backstage, as the excited cast drifted away to a party at their hotel. Pountney and ENO's general director, Peter Jonas, had just hugged each other with joy.

Did Pountney have a Soviet audience in mind when *Macbeth* was chosen for the tour? "It would be insulting to the Soviet people to tell them about their country, but of course *Macbeth* is about a pair of murderers who set up and control a totalitarian state. So, in that respect, it must have many resonances."

A theatre official told the cast through an interpreter: "We did not expect to hear what we have just heard nor see what we have just seen. We want you to be our special guests. Please come back as soon as you can."

Half a brass bedstead, hanging off the wall: Kristine Ciesinski as Lady Macbeth in *Macbeth*

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Rossini: *Zelmira*. Gasda/Fink/Mateuzzi/Merritt/Garcia. I Solisti Veneti/Scimone. Erato 2292 45419-2. (two CDs)
 Dimitri Hvorostovsky: Tchaikovsky and Verdi arias. Philips 426 740-2. (one CD)
 Wagner: *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*. Schwarzkopf/Hopf/Unger/Edelmann/Kunz. Bayreuth Festival Orch./von Karajan. EMI CHS 7 83500 2. (four CDs)

The operas Rossini wrote for Naples when he was in his mid-to-late twenties are being rediscovered one by one. It was an extraordinarily fecund period, even for that most fecund of composers. He took themes from every area: biblical (*Mose*), classical (*Mao-metto II*), tragic (*Ermione*), even romantic (*La donna del lago*). But usually he worked on a grand scale, demanding everything and a bit more from his singers.

Zelmira is one of the last of the Neapolitan line to have late 20th century life breathed into it. Erato's new recording is based on a concert performance, claimed to be the first full-length revival in our time, at the Fenice in Venice, which was then put in the studios in Vienna. Richard Osborne, who has the double merit of being a Rossini enthusiast and a Rossini scholar, is a bit snuffy about *Zelmira* in his book in the *Master Musicians* series, still the best modern study of the composer. "Petrified" is the adjective he uses twice in its strictly stony sense.

At the start it is easy to see why. *Zelmira* takes a long time to get going. The fault is partly that of Rossini and partly that of a dull and growly performance by José García as Polidoro, the deposed king who has been hidden away for his own safety by his daughter Zelmira. The setting is Lesbos, but the goings-on are far from gay. However, with the arrival from Troy of Zelmira's husband, Ilio, matters take a distinct upturn musically.

Ilio is one of the two strongly contrasted high tenor roles. Walter



Casual skill: Dimitri Hvorostovsky, the 28-year-old Russian baritone, rehearsing in London with the London Philharmonic Orchestra

Mateuzzi brings to the Trojan Prince the bright, flexible tone he gave recently to Almaviva on record. Chris Merritt as his rival Autore is altogether more beefy in timbre. Both men are required to scale considerable vocal heights and they do it with much aplomb and with remarkably few slithers on the mountain tops.

Rossini wrote the title role for his future wife, Isabella Colbran, and in the style of the time, which was to be followed by Donizetti, gave her a mighty aria to close the opera. Cecilia Gasda carries this off with much graciousness and vocal skill. Fate deals Zelmira a dirty hand until this serene close. But also much distinguished music including two notable duets, one with Ilio and the other with her confidante, Emma. A mezzo new to me, Barbara Fink,

makes an excellent showing in the latter role.

Claudio Scimone, who has done a lot to spur on the Rossini revival, uses what sounds to be a smallish orchestra. His approach is generally brisk, but he is quite ready to slow down when Rossini wants to savour the combination of, say, harp and cor anglais. All in all a cherishable account of an opera which sounds in performance much less petrified than it might have looked on paper.

Dimitri Hvorostovsky is the youngest in the line of baritones Russia appears to be turning out with such ease at the moment. A clever combination of Verdi and Tchaikovsky arias, two groups of each interspersed, show many of the strengths of the voice. There is an admirable steadiness, ample support and a preparedness to

unleash a bit of venom, as in the father's aria from Act I of Verdi's *Luca Miller*. Finest of all is the strain of melancholic resignation that comes out in one of the best tracks, Yeletsky's scene from *The Queen of Spades* - very Russian, but pretty rare from someone aged only 28.

Excellent support comes from the Rotterdam Philharmonic under Hvorostovsky's fellow countryman, Valery Gergiev, who is now artistic director of the Kirov Opera. Aged 35, Gergiev will soon qualify for veteran status.

Herbert von Karajan was a little over 40 when he came to Bayreuth in 1951 for *Meistersinger*. Maybe the excitement engendered by the return of Wagner's comedy to its true home inspired Karajan to conduct so passionately. The over-

ture has a fervour that he totally rejected when he made his much more lyrical studio recording of *Meistersinger* 20 years later. But there is room for both on CD and the Bayreuth version, despite its warts, blemishes and occasional imbalance of sound, gives a real sense of occasion.

Otto Edelmann's Sachs had its critics at the time, but many an opera house would be grateful for him now. The same applies to the Walther of Hans Hopf, whose acting might have been crude, especially in Italian opera, but who was a genuine *Heldenenor*. Less controversy surrounded Schwarzkopf (Eva), Kunz (Beckmesser) and Unger (David): they were simply the best around. In a performance like this it is almost possible to hear Germany arising from the ashes of war.

Smooth Waters among the reeds

JAZZ

Clive Davis

Benny Waters: *Hearing is Convincing* (Muse 600-620)
 Scott Hamilton: *Tenorshoes* (Concord CCD-4127)
 Coleman Hawkins: *With The Section* (Savoy 650-134)

Every year or so Benny Waters sweeps through Britain to remind us that he is one of the last active links with the era of Fletcher Henderson and King Oliver. Aged 88, he is still capable of playing saxophone and clarinet with all the excitement and bravado of a 30-year-old.

Hearing is Convincing will bring some consolation to those who missed his last visit some weeks ago. Recorded in Rudy Van Gelder's Englewood studio in June 1987, the album is another example of Waters's ability to create first-class music with next to no effort. The tenor and alto choruses, which burst on to the opening track, "Topsy", set the tone for the rest of the session.

Waters scarcely allows the momentum to drop, pausing only for a polished vocal on the novelty song "Hit that Five, Jack", as Don Coates's rhythm section pads along behind him. The leader's habit of switching between reed instruments in mid-song gives the quartet added depth. The stark, great piece, "Strollin' Along the Rhine", cuts back and forth between a scything tenor and more a nimble solo on the clarinet.

Scott Hamilton, Waters's junior by half a century, is building a healthy career with an approach which owes much to the swing



Swinging at 88: Benny Waters

ethos. His last album, devoted entirely to ballads, showed him continuing to grow in stature. *Tenorshoes* takes us back more than 10 years to a studio date with some familiar Concord names: Dave McKenna (piano), Phil Flanagan (bass) and Jeff Hamilton (drums). Apart from a limp round of statutory bossa nova on "The Shadow of Your Smile", this is a thoroughly satisfactory date.

The common thread running through the work of Waters and Hamilton, naturally, is Coleman Hawkins. Enthusiasts may wish to note the re-appearance of two of his lesser-known dates. The first, recorded in Chicago in 1954 with drummer Buddy Smith and an unidentified group, is a scrappily recorded collection, including "September Song" and "They Can't Take That Away from Me". The other pieces are taken from a 1958 gathering at Van Gelder's with a nine-piece featuring Frank Foster and Nat Pierce.

JAZZ UPDATE

Various Artists: *Jazz at Ronnie's* (Castle Hendring Video HEN2 240), 90 minutes.
 Various Artists: *Jazz at Ronnie's* (Castle Hendring Video HEN2 240), 90 minutes.
 Despite the buff's complaints about the cutaways of yachts and crowds, Bert Stern's film of the 1958 Newport Festival remains a bewitching portrait of an age of innocence.

Various Artists: *Jazz at Ronnie's* (Castle Hendring Video HEN2 240), 90 minutes.
 A generally lively compilation of recent performances at the club, including extracts of Anita O'Day, Nina Simone and Chet Baker. Roy Ayers's jazz-funk is probably for party-goers only.

ROCK UPDATE

Talk Talk: *The Very Best of Talk Talk* (Parlophone PCSD 108). Despite a near-invisible profile, the studio-bound trio has flirted with the lower reaches of the singles chart since 1982. "Today", "Life's What You Make It", and the current success "It's My Life" are the best known.
 The Lovellans: *A Weapon Called the Word* (Musidisc 105572). Accomplished debut by folk-tinged politico-rockers from Brighton. Some perky fiddle and acoustic guitar balance the earnest intent of the rather colourless vocals.
 David Bowie: *The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars* (EMI EMC 3577). Complete with extra tracks, such as the single "John, I'm Only Dancing" and the previously unreleased "Velvet Goldmine" and "Sweet Head". This classic from 1972 is the latest album to emerge in the systematic re-issuing of Bowie's back catalogue.
 Kevin Godley, Peter Gabriel, Sting, etc.: *One World One Voice* (Virgin 410 904-630). The usual charitable crowd and others in a project for television's *One World* week. The music creeps under the weight of good intentions.

A-Z GUIDE TO ROCK

Part 34 of David Sinclair's collectors' A-Z, a guide to the essential albums of the most enduring performers of rock. To qualify for inclusion in this series, an act must have sustained a recording

career of at least 10 years, and have mustered at least one decent album during that time. The entries are designed to be pasted on to index cards and stored in a 6in by 4in filing box, available

from most good stationery shops, to form an instant guide to the hits and misses of rock history. In future, this feature will appear in the Arts pages of *The Times* on Fridays.

Stephen Pettitt

Handel: *Acis and Galatea*/Look down, harmonious saint. McFadden/Ainsley/Covey-Crump/George/King's Consort/King. Hyperion GDA 66361/2 (two CDs).

The music behind a masque



Lightness John Mark Ainsley

success, and for the most part it is played gracefully by the King's Consort. Sweetly piping recorders grace Galatea's first aria, "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir!", which Claron McFadden sings with a youthful bloom and plenty of eloquently flexible ornamentation. Acis is Ainsley once more, his tenor pushed into a touch of premature anxiety, perhaps by King's slightly bassy speed in his first contribution, "Where shall I

HANDEL'S pastoral masque, *Acis and Galatea*, composed for the Duke of Chandos and first performed at Cannons Park in 1718, quickly became one of his best-known scores. It is not hard to reason why, although, in an age when there was no such thing as a definitive musical text, the piece was subjected to many an alteration for specific performance conditions. As Robert King's note for his new recording points out, later additions even included arias in Italian and the appearance of a new character.

On this disc, however, King sticks to the 1718 score; it is a slight pity that in place of the solo cantata "Look Down, Harmonious Saint", he did not include some of those later changes of mind by way of an appendix. Never mind, for the extra piece, composed in 1736, is one of great charm, and it is sung with an appealing lightness of voice and emotion by John Mark Ainsley. The performance of *Acis and Galatea* can also be judged a

VAN MORRISON

Despite his harsh timbre, nonchalant timing and impossible enunciation, Van Morrison is one of the most expressive and distinctive singers the UK has produced. The range of stylistic influences which his music incorporates is staggering. A jaunty, easy-going strut such as "Bright Side of the Road", from *Into the Music* (1979), casually embraces folk-tinged fiddle, bluesy harmonies, a soul band brass section, countrified banjo-picking and neo-gospel backing vocals, all jostling merrily behind Morrison's gruff, apparently throw-away delivery. In "Jackie Wilson Said", from *St Dominic's Preview* (1972), a riot of jazz horns stretches like a string of gaily fluttering flags across the striding bass line. Much has been made of the bold streak of Celtic mysticism which distinguishes Belfast-born Morrison's work, notably the outstanding *Astral Weeks*, released to public indifference in 1968. His collaboration with the Chieftains, *Irish Heartbeat* (1988), is a magnificent celebration of the folk roots at the heart of his music.



Stylish: Morrison

NEXT WEEK: New Order, Randy Newman.

NEVILLE BROTHERS

The Neville Brothers - Aaron, Art, Charles and Cyril - impart a chunk of their native New Orleans to the best of their recordings with a stirring combination of soulful melodies, shimmering percussion, rousing saxophone and languid rumbe-funk syncretisms. The formula is topped off by Aaron's airy, tremulous falsetto, a voice of unerring purity which as long ago as 1966 guided him to his first solo US hit with "Tell It Like It Is". Few albums released in 1989 delighted the critics as much as the Nevilles' *Yellow Moon*, produced with rare sensitivity by Daniel Lanois but, in the UK, chart success remains elusive. The band convened in 1976 when Art and Cyril, at that time members of the Meters (the much admired New Orleans equivalent of Booker T and the MGs), drafted in Aaron and Charles to record *The Wild Tchoupitoulas*, a joyous slice of funk-up Mardi Gras music. The many-splendoured *Fly On The Bayou* (1981) includes spellbinding versions of "The Ten Commandments of Love", "Iko Iko" and Nat Cole's "Mona Lisa".

Solution to the Spring bank holiday Jumbo crossword

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 NIGHTINGALEWARD BROKENHEART
 D U O U C N M E A G C O R L
 YULELOG KNAVE CORK CARROT I
 K A G R E G F P T E N
 EARLYWARNING INDOORS SHRUG
 C E R A E O T O M E S
 ONBEAT WISTERIA CONVINCED T
 L R A L S A S O T N A A R
 LEERING BURLESQUER CORACLE
 A A N A H K A R U E B C E
 R KEYSTROKE ABUTTING NOTOUT
 I E E M R L N P N U
 MONDAY CONTEMPT PRECISIONS
 E G R S S H E I R T F T T
 DRAGON ABERDONIAN OPERATE
 I N U A P M T O N S N R N E
 C DETERMINE ORTHODOX BOATER
 I E E T E L L B U I
 NONET INSIGHT WAREHOUSEMAN
 E T O S S M E E R O G
 C E Q U A T E S P I T A R G U S S W A L L O W
 H R R R T E E S O E C V O H
 E D I F I C A T I O N E D I N B U R G H C A S T L E
 S N S I N D T E B V I O E
 TUG MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

Here is the solution to The Times Jumbo crossword competition published on Saturday May 26. The five winners, who each receive a prize of £50, are: Miss Isabel M. Carr, Chapel Lane, Lichfield, Staffordshire; Brenda Bibby, Southport Road, Scarisbrick, Lancashire; Andrew Scott, Seagrave Street, Peterborough, Cambridgeshire; Miss M. Pittaway, Shustoke Road, Solihull, and Mr C. V. G. Harries, Sunnyside Cottages, Stoke Bishop, Bristol.

SPOKEN WORD

Peter Davalle

Arlott: *The Voice of Cricket* (BBC Radio Collection, ZBBC 1108).
 King Richard III (Collins Caddison, CCL 5223).

CRICKET commentaries, on rare occasions, are just what John Arlott says they ought to be, and what he has proved they can be: just one step down from poetry, painting, and other kindred arts. They can also be lessons in anatomy and philosophy, as we learn from two of the 20-odd snippets from his commentaries.

Watching Compton make a short-arm jab during the 1954 second Test at Trent Bridge, Arlott tells the radio audience that depended on him for pictorial evidence: "He drew his left arm so far back into his stomach that it's a wonder he didn't elbow himself in the spine." And of Gower's four in the first over of his first Test (Edgbaston, 1978), Arlott opines: "If that doesn't make him feel better, then he's a



Artist with words: Arlott

very odd young man as well as a brilliant one.

Arlott's characteristically economical use of words fails only once. "How tragic", he says four times when Boycott runs out Randall in the 1977 Test at Trent Bridge.

At no point is Robert Stephens in danger of imitating Olivier's Richard III in the Shakespearean Recording Society production, transferred from LPs with all its 210 minutes intact.

This is Stephens in his glorious summer, perfectly clear in his own mind as to what Richard had in his. Fine support from Peggy Ashcroft, Ian Holm and Paul Curran.

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GARDENING

Francesca Greenoak discovers how the National Trust is training youngsters to become the head gardeners of the future

Where raw enthusiasm blossoms

The head gardener of the past is a legendary figure, a repository of arcane skills, expert knowledge, and with absolute power over the green domain which was his empire. A learner-gardener, even in the first decades of this century, would start life washing pots, barrowing and mixing soil, without even handling a plant for perhaps a year or more. The business of learning the trade took place slowly and over many years until, for some, senior positions were reached.

Modern gardeners are drawn mostly from the agricultural and horticultural colleges, with fewer individuals trained in situ. Because gardening is not well-paid, however, there is a problem about getting applicants of the highest calibre because they are drawn off to other areas, such as landscaping and design, or they do not consider gardening a credible career. I should say at this point that the senior gardeners that I encounter are invariably engaging and self-reliant characters.

The National Trust is worried about its potential to attract gardeners of similar distinction in the future. Demographic figures show that over the next few years there will be fewer youngsters than jobs. With this in mind, the Trust has initiated a form of training linked to the government's youth training scheme (where it undertakes to train suitable youngsters drawn directly from school, the Trust supplementing the money allowed under the scheme to make a more attractive wage).

Trainees work in some of the most famous NT gardens at Llanthony, Trelissick and Cotehele in Cornwall, at Peckover House in Cambridgeshire, Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire, Stowe Gardens, Buckinghamshire, Montacute, Somerset, and Saltram, Devon. I visited the large, semi-formal gardens at Speke Hall, on the north bank of the River Mersey, a few miles to the south-west of Liverpool, to meet trainee Stuart Webster, who is studying under the head gardener, Gary Rainford,

who has worked at this medieval house for 15 years.

As we walked around the 37 acres of formal courts, shrubberies and restorations, I was impressed by Stuart's enthusiasm and the breadth of experience he had acquired during his nine months in the garden. He had thought of going into the RAF but went to Speke after hearing about the Trust's scheme because he had always been interested in gardening, although he had never thought of it as a career.

His work has included planting and shaping formal hedging and embanking the stream in the woodland valley garden restoration. He is learning how to carry out seasonal maintenance on the wide shrubberies which flank the house, with their fine, black pine trees and unusually tall, cone-shaped clipped hollies. This area was designed and planted when Richard Watts owned the house in the mid 19th century and includes the range of Victorian favourites such as rhododendrons, yuccas and pampas grass.

Stuart seems to have developed a wisdom beyond his years. He was proud of being able to mow the long lawns which apron on to the main view of the house in a way a regular groundsman would approve. At Speke, this task is complicated by a remarkable low-growing heather patch in part of the lawn which requires a special regime to conserve it.

Acquiring the skills of discreet staking in the herbaceous border, he impressed even his demanding instructor — "He not only picked it up quickly, but was soon doing a better job than I did". Staking at Speke is done with birch branches (although it could be any readily available wood) stuck firmly into the earth around the plant, in this case peonies, bringing the plant through the loose frame. Stuart's idea was to bend and weave the twigs, making a stronger framework to support the heavier stems and foliage, a practice which could be usefully borrowed in many a domestic garden where heavy plants such as peonies or hellebores look unattractively floppy.

Stuart admitted he "had not



realised how much there was to keeping things going in a garden such as Speke".

Because the scheme aims at all-round proficiency, he will have to travel to another Trust property, Tanton Park in Cheshire, to gain glasshouse and propagation skills. The training also involves a short residency at the horticultural college at Cannington, Somerset, where he will learn the science and theory of horticulture, along with trainees from other parts of the country.

Each student keeps a diary of the work he or she does throughout the training period. They also do one special project. Stuart did his on the two ancient yew trees (called Adam and Eve) which stand in the central

courtyard at Speke and are said to be older than the 15th century house. They were recently pruned to let light down to the lower branches, some of which had to be wired.

The Trust's course lasts two years, leading to a nationally recognised qualification (National Vocational Qualification, which is equivalent to City and Guilds). The Trust does not automatically offer jobs at the end of the course. "We see ourselves as increasing the pool of trained craftsmen and helping to reverse the low attention given to gardening as a career," says John McKennell, who is in charge of the scheme, "although we hope that some of the trainees end up working for the Trust."

Last year, when the scheme began, the Trust took on 26 trainees; this year another 12. "Eventually," Mr McKennell says, "we hope to have a National Trust apprentice scheme which will take older trainees as well — many of our best gardeners came via the mature student government scheme (Tops), perhaps they recognised the value of the satisfaction that gardening brings with it."

Details of the National Trust Youth Training scheme from John McKennell, National Trust, Cornwall Regional Office, Looe, Cornwall PL30 4DE. Speke Hall, The Walk, Liverpool, L24 1XD. Open daily (except Mon) 11.30am-5pm. £2.20, family £5.30, garden only 50p.

WEEKEND TIPS

- For larger roses to use in vases, cut off the smaller cluster buds leaving a single central one.
- This greenhouse grapes in one bunch on every shoot.
- Harvest fruit and vegetable crops regularly.
- Take cuttings from hebes, ceanothus, skimmias, fuchsias and clematis plants.
- Prune out dead or damaged wood on plum, pear and peach trees.

GARDENS TO VISIT

LINCOLNSHIRE. Marston Hall (turn off A146 N of Grantham to Marston village). Sixteenth-century house, and garden with notable trees, including wych elm and laburnum. Combined entry £1.50, child 75p. Tomorrow 2-5pm.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE. Oving (5m NW Aylesbury, signed off the A413 at Whitchurch). Oving Village Gardens: five gardens, including 1-acre Manor Close, and small West Cottage on three levels; both gardens in Manor Road. New cottage garden at Milton Cottage. The Green. Combined entry £1.50, child free. Tomorrow 2-5pm.

YORKSHIRE. Shandy Hall, Coxwold (between Easingwold and Thirsk, turn E from the A19 to Coxwold). Eighteenth-century walled garden with unusual plants and low-walled beds. Wild garden in adjoining quarry. £1, child free. Tomorrow 2-5pm.

DYFED. Hean Castle (1m N of Saundersfoot). Take Wissemans Bridge road from Saundersfoot or the A487 road from Kington. Two-acre garden with mixed borders, rose garden walled garden and greenhouse, pot plants and troughs, good views. £1, child 50p. Tomorrow 11am-4pm.

WALKS

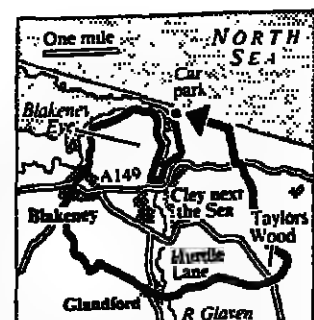
Cley next the Sea, Norfolk

THE Norfolk Coast Path and the Peddars Way combine to become a long distance route (LDR) along the Norfolk heritage coast, which stretches from Holme-next-the-Sea to Salthouse. This circular walk takes in lonely saltmarshes, small villages, vast barley fields, quiet country lanes and deciduous woodland where nightingales sing.

Start at the coastguard lookout car park by the shingle bank north of Cley next the Sea. Walk along the LDR on its lofty bank with the River Glaven meandering through saltmarsh on the right. Here in reed-fringed pools reed buntings and sedge warblers court and sing.

At Cley, follow the LDR waymarks to continue behind the windmill, through the village and then right along the Blakeney Road to the path that leads into the saltings again.

Stride along the embankment as it swings around Blakeney Eye with extensive views over the Cley and Blakeney channel to Blakeney Point, where shelduck and oyster catchers feed. Continue to Blakeney. Turn right to walk along the quay and to the A149. Cross, and step out along the B1388 for 200 yards beyond the last house. Head along the hedged cart-track, left, to the Saxingham road.



Turn left, then left and right again to the hamlet of Glandford. Continue ahead to the river Glaven and cross by the narrow footbridge.

Beyond, walk right along Wall's Lane and where it swings right continue ahead along Hurdle Lane — an overgrown cart-track. Cross Cley Road and continue up a narrow lane into Taylors Wood, where the nightingales sing. Turn left at the cross roads and at the next junction walk the unsignposted footpath that goes off right, for a mile, along the hedge boundaries of huge fields of barley and rape.

At the coast road, turn left and then right to walk a raised bank beside Cley marshes nature reserve, where avocets, spoonbills, shovellers, Brent geese and a rare Cetti's warbler can be seen. At the shingle bank, which is covered with bright yellow poppies, turn left to return to the car park.

Mary Welsh

WEATHER

ALTHOUGH the vertical extent of clouds is evident from the ground, it is often difficult to visualise the three-dimensional quality of the weather. From an aircraft it is possible to gain an entirely new perspective, so the tedium of air travel can be eased.

The most obvious features are shower clouds and thunderstorms. These range from isolated pillows of clouds through mountainous, heaped cumulus, protruding here and there from a deck of cloud, to towering cumulo nimbus rising to more than 30,000ft and capped with a horizontal dagger of cirrus at the base of the stratosphere.

Should you have the misfortune either to fly through a severe storm or land beneath one, the bumpy ride can provide uncomfortable evidence of the strong vertical winds. Aircraft radar can help avoid the strongest updrafts,

which can exceed 100 mph. But radar has difficulty detecting the violent turbulence which sometimes occurs beneath the cloud deck.

At the other extreme, taking off on a calm, clear morning can provide graphic evidence of how pollution and dust can be trapped near the ground by the temperature profile of the atmosphere. As the aircraft rises the murky haze gives way to crystal clear conditions with a well-defined boundary marking the top of the low level polluted air.

Conversely, on a clear, bright day, the striking feature is the sharply defined cloud-base. This marks the level at which rising air cools sufficiently to condense the moisture in the atmosphere, illustrating how convection on a sunny day produces open "fair weather cumulus".

W.J. Borroughs

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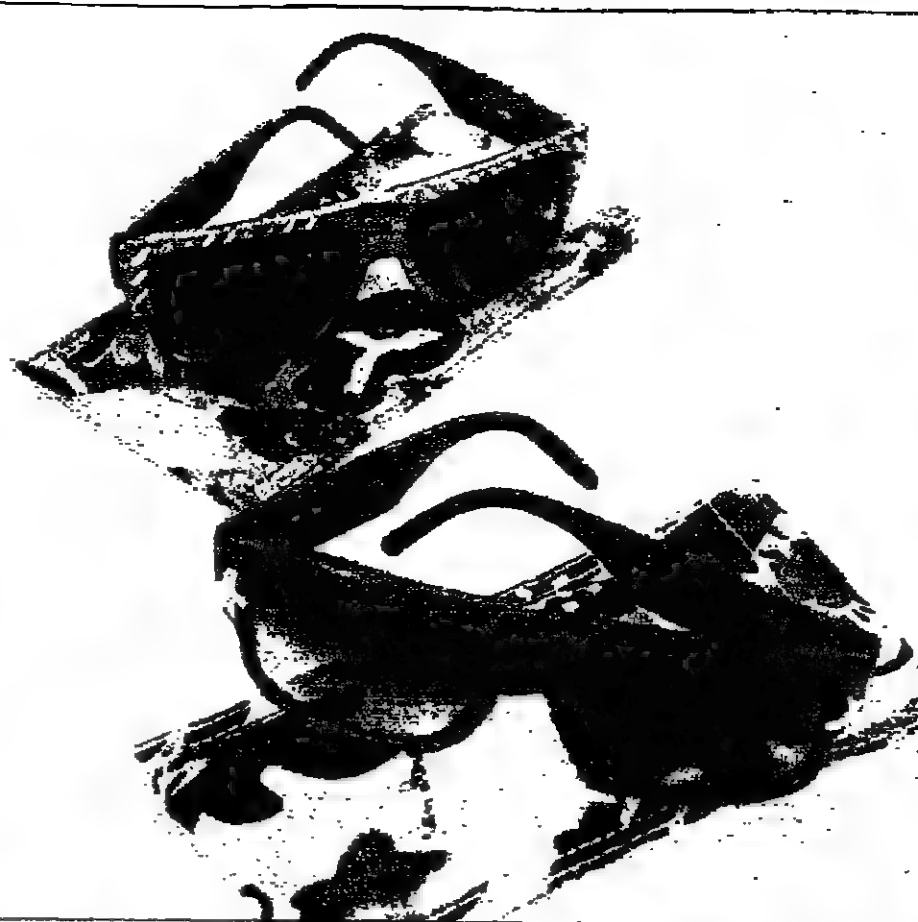
SHOPPING

A little touch of quality in the sunlight

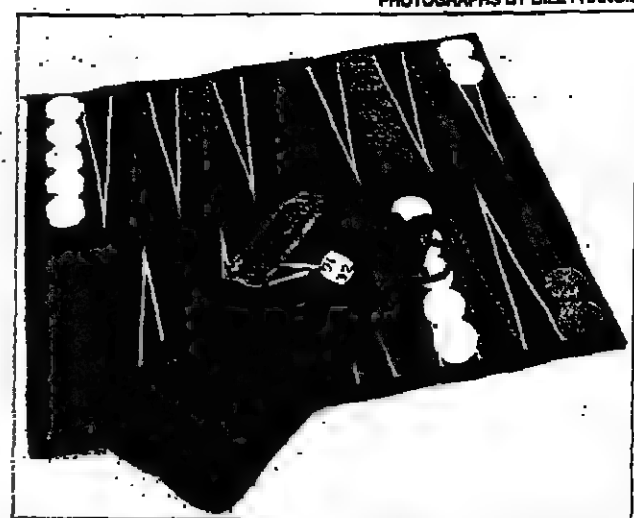
Portability is the key to unruffled travelling this summer. Think small, in terms of lightweight, foldable luggage and miniaturised technology. A check around the shops by Nicole Swengley yielded this selection of sunny ideas



The sizzling colours of Heal's Ravenna bath sheet, £21.50, are likely to put other beach towels in the shade. From Heal's, 186 Tottenham Court Road, W1 (071-636 1666)



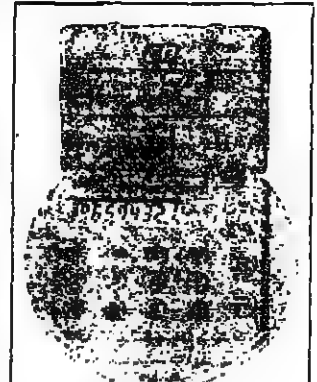
The abstract daubs on these colourful sun visors, £11.50, have been designed by Ken Done, an Australian artist. Co-ordinating sunglasses with plastic pouches, £18.95, are among Mr Done's other fashion accessories. All from Crackers, 62 Church Road, Barnes, SW13 (081-741 1254), and Whiteleys of Bayswater, Queensway, W2 (071-243 1601)



Sackgammon is played on a screen-printed cloth which rolls up with the counters and dice into a drawstring pouch for travelling. Designed by Richard Mutton, it costs £36.50 by mail order from Sackgammon, 22a Lakeside Road, London W14



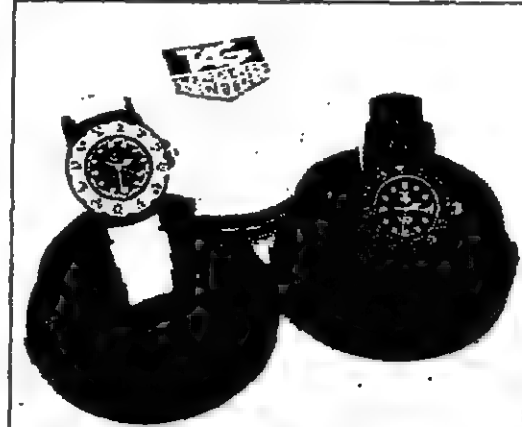
A neat pair of scissors with plastic travelling sleeve, £4.15 from General Trading Co, 144 Sloane Street, SW1 (071-730 0411)



The Go money changer takes the headache out of currency conversion and costs £4.99 from branches of Salisburys



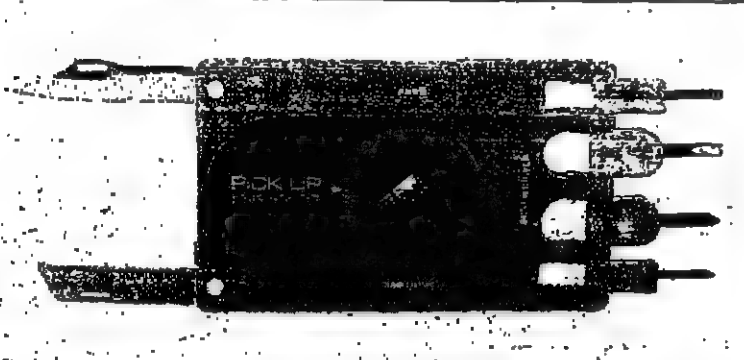
The Philips Voyager 11 folding hairdrier (110/240v), has two power settings and comes in a travelling pouch; £12.99 from Selfridges and other stores



Swiss diving watch, Formula 1 by Tag Heuer, is water-resistant to 200m. It comes in blue, black, green, yellow, grey or orange, and costs £99 from Authentics, 42 Shelton Street, (071-240 9845)



This Plico waterproof torch takes three LR20 batteries or equivalent and costs £2.99 from department stores



Mini tool kit includes a knife, saw/grip, spirit level, measure and screwdrivers in a credit-card size gadget; £16.50 from General Trading Co



Right: Strappy Red Ten sandals, £5.99, come in pink, blue, black or white from the Selfridges Selection summer sale catalogue (details 0800 100188)



Mosquito-Go, an electric mosquito-killer, has vapour-producing tablets which last for eight to 10 hours. Thirty tablets come with the plug; £5.95 from Selfridges, Oxford Street, W1 (071-629 1234)



Compact toothbrush, £1.95, folds up into a slimline case to carry in pocket or handbag. Available in various colours from Way in, Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 (071-730 1234)

Finding a word for it

Pocket-sized, battery-operated foreign language translators are being hailed as the answer to a traveller's prayer (Nicole Swengley writes). But how good are they? I asked two frequent travellers to test four types.

Nigel Lewis, marketing manager for BOC's Continental European Games, used them on business trips, while Shona Crawford Poole, *The Times* travel editor, had typical two-week holidaymakers in mind during her tests. Here are their comments, and ratings:

● **Fanfare Advanced Translator**, £39.95. Five languages: English, French, German, Italian and Spanish. Contains more than 2,600 words in each language. Instant word conversions from one language to another. Non-Query keyboard.

Can be converted to include seven additional languages — Swedish, Finnish, Norwegian, Danish, Yugoslavian, Greek and Portuguese. Stockists include WH Smith, Harrods, Duty Free shops. It is also available direct from Fanfare Electronics Division, 3 Finsbury Square, EC2 (071-638 7953).

Nigel Lewis: Simple and easy to use — no need to consult the instruction booklet — but disappointing. Good buttons and a functional design, although it has a small display screen, more than eight letters and you're off it altogether. The machine is best for students, as its vocabulary is limited.

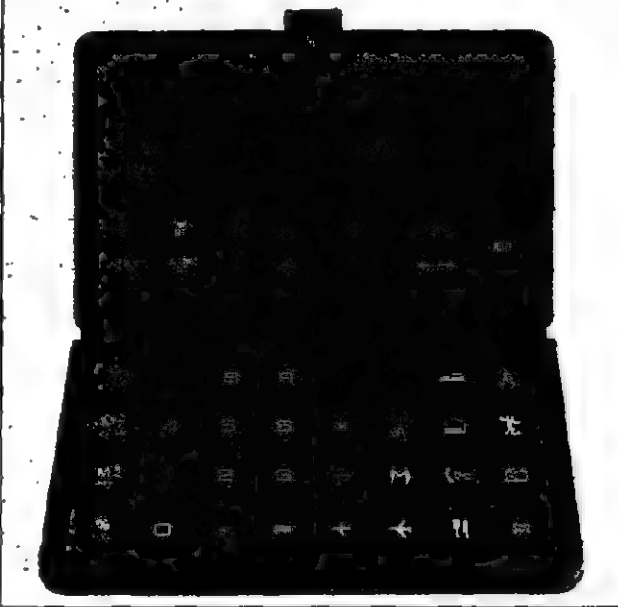
Shona Crawford Poole: A neat, lightweight machine with a loose lid that could get lost. Simple to use. However, finding words is a problem. Although there are said to be 2,600 words in each language, I could not find obvious ones such as "fare" or "sunglasses". Such a product would be useful for Thai, Greek or Russian, where one is slower to recognise the words because of the different alphabets.

Rating: 6 out of 10

● **Berlitz Interpreter**, £79.95. Five languages: English, Spanish, French, German and Italian, with 12,500 words in each. Also included are 300 phrases per language. Two-line, 20-character screen and Query keyboard. Can also



Left: Fanfare Advanced Translator, making sense of foreign alphabets but not so sure on the obvious



Right: Uni-Com Phrasemaster, adding an alarm clock and calculator to the business of translation

function as a calculator and currency converter. Stockists include Harrods, all branches of John Lewis, Argos, WH Smith, Duty Free shops.

Further details from Zeon Limited's Consumer Electronics Division, 39 Waterloo Road, Staples Corner, NW2 (081-208 1833) Zeon's Berlitz Eurotraveller, £99.95, a 10-language phrase translator, including Danish, Portuguese, Norwegian, Dutch and Swedish, is also new but was not available at time of testing.

Nigel Lewis: The design is not outstanding, but is compact. You can miss a letter easily on the keyboard. However, performance is 50 per cent better than the Fanfare.

Shona Crawford Poole: The neatest and lightest of the four machines tested. Again, there is a loose lid, which could be lost. The buttons are packed closely but made of matt rubber so one's fingers are less likely to slip. It has clear instructions. The easiest product to use and the most useful.

Rating: 8 out of 10

● **Uni-Com Phrasemaster**, £99, incl. p&p. Five languages: English, French, German, Spanish and Italian, with 724 phrases in each. These are divided into 10 categories — airport, hotels, dining, for example. Can also function as an alarm clock, calculator and currency converter. LCD display with two lines of 20 characters. Available by mail

order from Misco Computer Supplies, Faraday Close, Park Farm, Wellesborough, Northamptonshire (freephone 0800 789000; please quote F305).

Nigel Lewis: A different product completely. It is bulkier than the Fanfare and Berlitz, and, therefore, less easy to carry. However, there is a good, clear keypad. The "beep" of the buttons is irritating, and it was difficult to work out whether it was possible to switch this off. It is an expensive alternative to a phrase book.

Shona Crawford Poole: A compact machine with big buttons, but there is no facility to key in words for translation. The questions asked in the 10 categories are well-chosen, although obviously cannot deal with everything.

Rating: 7 out of 10

● **Interpreter**, £149.95 plus £2.95 p&p. Five languages: English, French, Spanish, German, Italian, with 13,000 phrases in each. A "teach mode" selects random words and phrases for developing language skills.

Quick reference facility provides 50 commonly used phrases stored under five categories — eating, shopping, socialising, courtesies and assistance. Query keyboard. Simultaneous audio translation with male or female voice option. Earphone provided.

Available by mail order from Innovations, Euroways Business Park, Swindon SN5 8SN (0793 514566; please quote H561). Also available from The Leading Edge, Unit 115, Whiteleys of Bayswater, Queensway, W2 (071-229 3338).

Nigel Lewis: The voice translations are not always clearly pronounced. *Homme* apparently translated into something which sounded Japanese when the English button was pressed. The machine, which scored a 33 per cent rating on my test, was gimmicky, with the voice-over being more of a novelty than a practical tool.

Shona Crawford Poole: A showy, impractical design with a carrying case. The buttons are small and closely packed, so it was difficult to use accurately. The machine's chief claim is the simultaneous audio translation.

Rating: 4 out of 10

● **Concleshine**: Nigel Lewis: These machines translate words or phrases. With the former you need a basic framework of grammar into which these fit. With the latter, you need to understand the response.

Shona Crawford Poole: I find it hard to visualise using these machines except in dire circumstances.

For them to be useful in an emergency you would need to master them quickly — and that's difficult.

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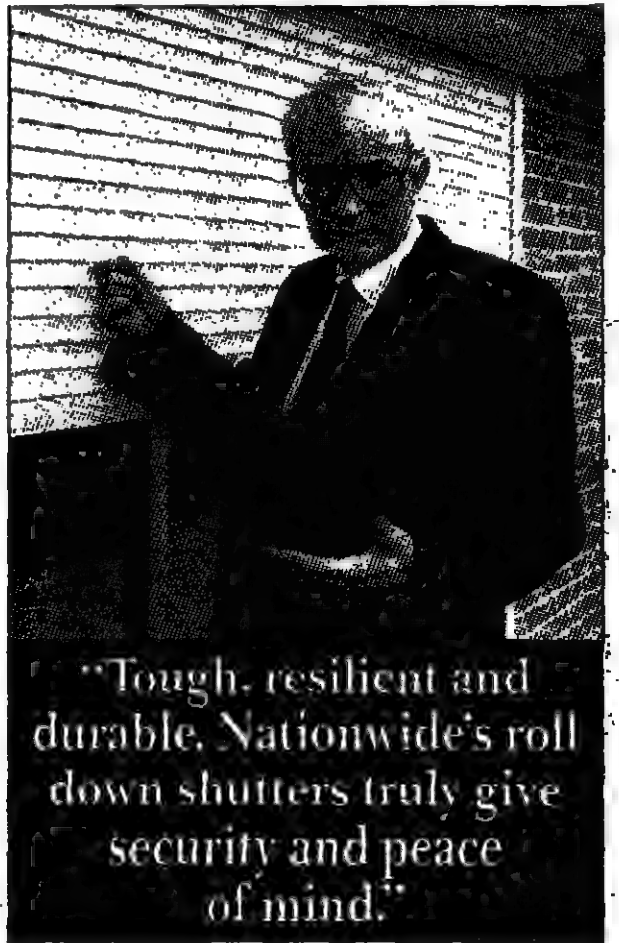
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JAZZ

BILL FRISSELL: An increasingly fashionable member of John Zorn's New York scene, the ECM guitarist is back with his band featuring oddball cellist Hank Roberts.

Royal Festival Hall, London SE1 (071 928 8800) Mon; Leeds Irish Centre (0532 742486) Wed; Band On The Wall, Manchester (061 832 6625) Thurs.

TED HEATH BAND: Nostalgia rules as trombonist Don Lusher supervises swing alumni as Jack Parnell and Kenny Baker. Barbican Centre, London EC2 (071-638 6681). Fri.

OLIVER CROMWELL JAZZ FESTIVAL: Trad and mainstream in the hedgerows with Beryl Bryden, Duncan Swift and others. Various venues, Upton-upon-Severn (int 06846 3254). Fri-Sun June 24.

ROCK

GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL: For the keen price of £38 (in advance only), the usual discomfort and squallor may be endured on behalf of CHD. Music from a legion of acts including the Cure, Del Amitri, the Hummingbirds, Ry Cooder, David Lindley, Aswad, Sinead O'Connor, Hothouse Flowers, Happy Mondays, Green On Red,

CONCERTS

REQUIEM ENCOUNTER: As part of "A Mozart Encounter" a way of preparing us for the bicentenary next year of the great man's death, John Eliot Gardiner, the Monteverdi Choir, English Baroque Soloists and other soloists such as Sophie von Otter perform what all too aptly was his last work, the Requiem. Festival Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (071-928 8900). Tomorrow.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING: Winner of last year's Dudley National Piano Competition, Head Gainsford makes his London debut not only with George Benjamin's Relativity Rag but also with such fiery, and differently, demanding works as Brahms's Paganini Variations, Rachmaninov's Sonata No 2 and Schubert's late C minor Sonata. Wigmore Hall, London W1 (071-935 2141). Tues.

HOUGH'S HUMMEL: The brilliant French Hough solos with the ECO under Marcello Vitti in Hummel's little-known but delightful A minor Piano Concerto. This is an enterprising programme altogether, with further rarities such as Mendelssohn's Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde Overture

James, Jesus Jones, etc. Worthy Farm, Pilton, Shepton Mallet (cc 071-251 0027). Fri for three days.

DE LA SOUL: Celebrated "Daisy Age" rappers. A marvel on record but so unsure of themselves on stage that their record company refused to allow the press access to review their last shows. Keele University, (0782 711411) Mon; Reading University, (0734 860222) Tues; Brixton Academy, London SW9 (071-326 1022) Fri.

PRINCE: Reports from Europe speak of a "back to basics" show with more emphasis on the little fellow's superlative stagecraft and less on high-tech set design. Wembley Arena (081-902 1234). Tues, Wed, Fri.

WORLD PARTY: "Ship of Fools" group fronted by ex-Waterboys keyboardist Karl Wallinger. Pursuing a fashionably ecological theme on their strong second album, *Goodbye Jumbo*. Nottingham Polytechnic (0602 476725) tomorrow; Newcastle University (081 232 8402) Mon; Irish Centre, Leeds (0532 480887) Wed; Royal Court, Liverpool (051 709 4321) Thurs; International, Manchester (061 839 0858) Fri.

THE NEVILLE BROTHERS: Stirring combination of soulful melodies and languid rumba-funk syncopations, topped off by Aaron Neville's sweet, airy falsetto. Town & Country, London NW5 (071-284 0303) Tues-Thurs; Glastonbury (see above) Fri.

and Rietz's cheerful Clarinet Concerto (Thea King, soloist). Barbican Centre, London EC2 (071-638 8881). Tues.

MEMORY LANE: In contrast, the City of Birmingham SO keep to the reassuringly familiar in the second concert of their summer season as Tadeaki Otake conducts them in Mendelssohn's *Fingert Hölle* Overture, Bruch's Brahms-like Violin Concerto No 1 with Kurt Nikkanen as soloist and Dvořák's "New World" Symphony. Town Hall, Birmingham (021 332 3889). Wed.

ELGAR, BRAHMS: André Previn's "Festival of Brahms and Elgar" with the RPO also consists entirely of standard repertoire works and starts with the Englishman's first international success, the "Enigma" variations. Also heard are his *Cockaigne* overture and, with Viktoria Mullova as soloist, Brahms's Violin Concerto. Festival Hall (see above), Thurs.

OLYMPIC MANCHESTER: Gala to launch Olympic Festival events from five continents includes Dame Kiri te Kanawa singing Richard Strauss with Sir Georg Solti conducting the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra. Free Trade Hall, Manchester (061 831 7766/7733). Tomorrow.

CINEMA

Six years ago, in *Falling in Love*, Robert De Niro fell for Meryl Streep: they made a powerful, if odd couple. Now, in *Stanley & Iris*, De Niro faces another female luminary — Jane Fonda. Simple romance, however, is not the film's concern. These are people with problems. Stanley — capable, hard-working — is inhibited by his inability to read; Iris is dogged by the memory of her late husband and the struggle to pay the bills. When Stanley loses his job at the local bakery, Iris teaches him his letters and they soon develop a close emotional bond. The film's optimistic treatment of a social issue like adult illiteracy is typical of its director, Martin Ritt. The well-crafted script similarly displays the fingerprints of Harriet Frank Jr. and Irving Ravetch, whose association with Ritt stretches back to *The Long Hot Summer* in 1957. Their source is *Union Street*, Pat Barker's novel about seven women from a British industrial town. The writers, eager to work on a story about illiteracy, selected one of these women, Iris, shipped her to New England, and then developed Stanley from a tiny reference to Iris's illiterate husband, Empire. London WC2 (071-437 1234). From Fri, certificate 15.



Odd couple: Jane Fonda (Iris) and Robert De Niro (Stanley)

THE FOURTH WAR (15): Sturdily made but antiquated Cold War thriller, with Roy Scheider and Jürgen Prochnow as army colonels pursuing a private feud across the West German-Czech border. Director, John Frankenheimer. Cannon Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2 (071-836 6279). From Fri.

VINCENT AND THEO (15): Robert Altman's intelligent, sensitive study of the complex relationship between Van Gogh (Tim Roth) and his brother (Paul Rhys); written by Julian Mitchell. Everyman, London NW3 (071-435 1525). Screen on the Green, London N1 (071-226 3520). From Fri.

FOOLS OF FORTUNE (15): Garbled version of William Trevor's novel about an Irish family pursuing a private feud across the West German-Czech border. Director, John Frankenheimer. Cannon Shaftesbury Avenue, London WC2 (071-836 6279). From Fri.

REVENGE (18): Faltering version of Jim Harrison's novels about a doomed love triangle in Mexico, starring Kevin Costner as a retired Navy pilot playing with fire by

romancing his host's wife. Director, Tony Scott; with Anthony Quinn, Madeline Stowe. Odeon Leicester Square, London WC2 (071-930 6111). From Fri.

AN INNOCENT MAN (18): Unpleasant round-up of prison drama clichés, with Tom Selleck as an ordinary Joe wrongfully jailed by two corrupt cops. With F. Murray Abraham; director, Peter Yates. Odeon West End, London WC2 (071-930 6252). From Fri.

TRUTH OF THE SPIRIT (15): Worthwhile Holocaust drama — the first filmed entirely at Auschwitz — with Ernest Manno, with Natalie Wright. Dominion, London W1 (071-580 9562). Previews Mon and Tues. Opens Wed.

FAMILY VALUES: The Halfpenny Club and Sex and Violence companies combine in a black comedy by Jeff Young. Unity Theatre, Liverpool (051-709 4988). Wed-Fri only.

KEAN: Sam Mendes directs Derek Jacobi in the first major British production for 20 years of Jean-Paul Sartre's play based on the life of the great actor. Visits Brighton and then comes to the Old Vic at the end of July. Bath Theatre Royal (0225 448844). Opens Tues.

KING LEAR: Deborah Warner directs, with Brian Cox as Lear, Ian McKellen as Kent. Lyttelton, Royal National Theatre, London SE1 (071-928 2252). Previews from Fri. In repertory. Opens July 26.

LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES: For a 15-week season. Daniel

PHOTOGRAPHY

SPANISH REPORTAGE: Aggressive reportage photography by Fernando Hernandez depicting traditional rites of the Spanish countryside; plus more lyrical scenes from the beaches of central and northern Portugal. The Special Photographers Company, London W11 (071-721 3489). From Thurs.

HAND TO EARTH: Photographs, constructions and other pleasant works contrived from coloured leaves, ice, twigs and thorns by "green" artist Andy Goldsworthy. Leeds City Art Gallery (0532 462495). From Fri.

SOUTH BANK PHOTO SHOW: An often patchy, open exhibition on London by Londoners.

Foyer, Royal Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, London, SE1 (071-921 0621). From Tues.

FESTIVALS

CHARLECOTE PARK MIDSUMMER FESTIVAL: Festival featuring Emma Kirkby and Anthony Rooley, New Budapest String Quartet, and I Fagiolini. Charlecote Park, Wellesbourne, Warwick. From Fri.

LEEDS FESTIVAL: New multi-arts festival featuring Opera north,

West Yorkshire Playhouse and Northern School of Contemporary Dance. Also film and visual arts. Festival Office, York Street, Leeds (0532 428887). From Fri.

ST MAGNUS FESTIVAL: Includes works by Peter Maxwell Davies, Richard Rodney Bennett, John McLeod and Philip Glass. "Strand", 15 Nicolson Street, Kirkwall, Orkney. From Fri.

SEVENOAKS FESTIVAL: Highlights include Borodin String Quartet, Compass Theatre, Humphrey Lyttelton, and Helen Shapiro. Festival Office, Sevenoaks School, Kent (0732 455133). From Mon.

CIRENCESTER FESTIVAL: Highlights include Pavilion Opera in "The Barber of Seville", with Peter Skellern, Patricia Routledge, Pam Ayres, George Melly. Cirencester Festival, Spendlow Centre, Charlbury, Oxford (0608 811311). From Fri.

CRICCIETH FESTIVAL: Includes performances by baritone Bryn Terfel, new Welsh Chamber Choir and Guildhall String Ensemble. Details: Lach Charnock, Rhosyll Fawr, Chwilog, Pwllheli, Gwynedd (0766 810584). From Wed.

THAXTED FESTIVAL: Tenth anniversary of Julian Lloyd Webber, Paul Patterson, Stuart Bedford with Michael Peart, Promethee Ensemble, City of London Sinfonia. Ticket Office, Thaxted Galleries, Thaxted, Essex (0371 84296). From Fri.

THEATRE

BERNADETTE: Slightly delayed opening for the Bernadette of Lourdes musical, by Gwyn and Maureen Hughes, directed by Ernest Manno, with Natalie Wright. Dominion, London W1 (071-580 9562). Previews Mon and Tues. Opens Wed.

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J. Travanti plays La Vicomte de Valmont, with Diana Kent as La Marquise de Merteuil, directed by David Leveaux in Christopher Hampton's adaptation of the classic French novel. Ambassadors, London WC2 (071-936 6111). From Mon.

LITTLE WOMEN: Clare Venables's adaptation of the Louisa M. Alcott novel about four devoted sisters, directed by Michael McCaffery. Crucible, Sheffield (0742 769922). Opens Wed.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE: Patricia Leventon takes the role of Shylock in a Phoenix Contemporary Theatre Company production, directed by Gerard Reidy, and set in Mussolini's Italy, with a cast of seven. Civic Theatre, Leeds (0532 455505). Wed-Fri only.

TWELFTH NIGHT: Peter Benedict directs an all-fresco, arguably unseasonal Shakespeare production. Open Air Theatre, Holland Park, London W8 (071-602 7856). Opens Tues. Until June 23.

WESKER'S WOMEN: One performance only by Arnold Wesker of a conflation of his monologues for women. Young Vic, London SE1 (071-928 6363). Tomorrow only at 2.30pm.



Broadway actress and opera-singer Angelina Reaux (above) will be performing *A Stranger Here Myself*, a cabaret of Kurt Weill songs, staged by Christopher Alden, on Monday as part of the 1990 Almeida Festival. Weill is one of the central themes of the festival and tomorrow the Willem Breuker Kollektief, a ten-piece jazz band, makes its London debut with music by Weill, Eisler and Dessau, with the participation of the double string quartet of the Moudrian Strings. The performance takes place at the Union Chapel, the other venue of the festival, Almeida Theatre, London N1 (071-359 4404). Mon. Tony Patrick

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: The conjunction of Simon Rattle's inspirational conducting with Bill Bryden's exuberant inventive production provides some breathtaking moments in Janacek's *Cunning Little Vixen*. Covent Garden, London WC2 (071-240 1086). Tues and Sat June 23.

A MOZART ENCOUNTER: John Eliot Gardiner conducts his period-instrument orchestra in concert performances of *Idomeneo* and *La Clemenza di Tito*. Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (071-928 8800). Tues (*Idomeneo*) and Thurs (*Clemenza*).

MECKLENBURGH OPERA: This year's offering by the excellent Mecklenburg Opera should not be missed. Zdzislaw Rudzinski's *Mnenikins*, a riotous, surreal, gothic story, has swept through Europe; this is its UK premiere. The Place Theatre, London WC1 (071-836 0008). Wed, Thurs, Fri, Sat.

NEW SUSSEX OPERA: Ambitious presentation of Wagner's *Tannhäuser* in the more sumptuous Paris version. The Dome, Brighton (0273 674357). Fri.

GALLERIES

THE END OF THE 20TH CENTURY: A Giant's Causeway of a sculpture by Joseph Beuys made from 30 hexagonal basalt boulders. Anthony d'Offay, London W1 (071-499 4100). From Fri.

ART FROM SOUTH AFRICA: Contemporary painting, sculpture, posters and prints made by black South Africans. Museum of Modern Art, Oxford (0865 728608). From tomorrow.

THE FORTNITE YEARS: Early paintings, 1959-65, by figurative artist Mario Dubsky (1939-1985) who was a student of David Bomberg's. Boundary Gallery, London NW8 (071-824 1126). From Fri.

FRANK STELLA: New aluminium constructions jizzily painted in dayglo colours by a former minimalist, now a master of exiles. Knoeller Gallery, London W1 (071-439 1066). From Tues.

DEGREESHOW: A final show for students in textiles and fine art, from Goldsmiths, one of the most acclaimed art colleges. Goldsmiths' Gallery, London SE14 (081-682 7171). From Thurs.

DANCE

KIROV BALLET: Reinforced from Leningrad, the company performs this week in two English cities. London sees *The Sleeping Beauty*. Mon-Sat, while Manchester has *Giselle* Mon-Thurs and a programme with *Les Sylphides* and gala showcase numbers Fri. Sat. London Coliseum (071-935 3161); Palace, Manchester (061 236 9822).

NETHERLANDS DANCE THEATRE 2: A lively young modern company affiliated to the famous troupe in the Hague. Works by Kilian and Van Manen are given Tues and Wed; young choreographers Nacho Duato and Omid Nafarini contribute to that programme and provide the whole bill Thurs-Sat. Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041 331 1234).

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET: Two popular comedies this week — *La Fille mal gardée* Mon-Thurs, *Hobson's Choice* Fri and Sat June 23. Birmingham Hippodrome (021-622 7480).

CUMBRE FLAMENCA: Gypsy dance and music from Spain. Sadler's Wells, London EC1 (071-278 8916). Tues-Sat.



The Greenwich Theatre premiere of *A Single Man*, Michael McCaffery's adaptation of the novel by Christopher Isherwood, stars Alec McCowen (above). He plays a middle-aged Englishman in California, an outcast by virtue of age, nationality and his homosexuality. Waris Hussein directs the story of how he survives the loss of his partner and reconstructs his life. Rosemary Martin, William Gaminara, Barbara Barnes, Angelo Gibson, Neil Roberts and Ellen Wilkes complete the cast. Greenwich Theatre, London SE10 (081-858 7755). Previews from Wed, opens June 28. Tony Patrick

BRIDGE

Simultaneous events using the same hands at different venues have become, distinctly more meaningful with the introduction of "instant scoring", which enables each hand to be scored according to a predetermined scale and an overall ranking produced.

The fifth Epsom Worldwide Bridge Contest was held on Friday last week at about 2,000 centres. The top British pairs, with 75.25 per cent, were David Khan and Jonathan Middleton, playing at the Bridge World Club in Manchester. The winning pair, Lapan and Goddensen of Copenhagen, scored an incredible 88.54 per cent. Hardly less remarkable was China's feat in filling the next three places.

The US probably fielded more than 30,000 of the 88,000 competitors, but got only one pair into the top 40.

Each competitor received afterwards a book of commentaries by Omar Sharif with an auction and feasible sequence of play for each deal. Rubber-bridge addicts with more regard for the safety of the contract than for trifling overtricks could have had their day in court on this deal.

Dealer, East. East-West vulnerable.

♠ AK876
♥ KQ8
♦ A102
♣ 543

♠ 98765
♥ KQ8
♦ A102
♣ 543

To reach six hearts — or, no less creditably, six spades — North-South have to diagnose

W	N	E	S
No	20	No	20
No	20	No	20
No	20	No	20
No	20	No	20

Opening lead: ♠ 98765. The combined point count, 28, would normally suggest only a comfortable game contract, but here a not a point is wasted and even South's tenaces are valuable.

North's hand represents a sound game-forces, but initially little more. It receives horrible treatment — when South, having bid hearts and clubs, shows delayed support for spades and hence a single-tenace diamond. Suddenly, all the high cards are working: there is nothing wasted in diamonds.

As a grand slam is not ruled out, North cue-bids four diamonds to show the ace; but when South merely confirms a 5-card heart suit, settles for six hearts. Indeed, North might well bid only five, leaving South to bid six on the strength of good controls.

The play seems easy. West leads a diamond, won by the ace, and two rounds of trumps are drawn. South should now decide to play a third round. It would be wrong to take a club ruff, for this would leave the fourth club unprotected and, in any case, four spade tricks will be enough for slam.

spades comes up. By playing low in dummy, South assures 12 tricks against any lie of the cards.

Omar's scenario for the next deal calls for East-West to co-operate in setting South's optimistic game contract.

Dealer South. East-West vulnerable.

W	N	E	S
No	20	No	20
No	20	No	20
No	20	No	20
No	20	No	20

Opening lead: ♠ 98765. First, West has to avoid leading a club, which would leave the defenders with only three club tricks and the ace of diamonds. Instead, he looks for a passive opening, hoping East will be clever enough to lead clubs from his side.

Since North's heart bid may indicate merely a stopper rather than a genuine suit, West leads a heart. Dummy's queen wins the trick and a high diamond is played.

East has only two diamonds but nevertheless he holds up. This allows West, on the second diamond, to make a telling diamond, the 2 of spades. Convinced now that South has the ace of spades, East computes that five diamond tricks, two hearts and at least two spades will give him game. So he returns the jack of clubs, bringing matters to a neat conclusion.

Albert Dormer

CHESS

The qualification season is upon us again. Murray Chandler and Michael Adams have qualified from the Pilkington Glass World Championship Zonal tournament in Blackpool for the interzonal stage, to be held later in the summer in the Philippines. They will be joined in their assault on the World Championship by Nigel Short, who already has a place in the interzonal. In the Women's Zonal from Blackpool, congratulations are in order for Cathy Forbes who has gone through against a powerful field to take a place in the Women's Interzonal set for Kuala Lumpur.

Meanwhile, in Moscow, an immensely strong Swiss system tournament has decided the qualifiers for next year's Grandmaster Association World Cup cycle. Jon Speelman had a splendid result and won first prize on tie-break. He is joined in the World Cup by Murray Chandler, who came in half a point behind him. Less successful were Tony Miles, who came 36th out of 42, and Danny King, who finished last.

One notable absentee from Moscow was Viktor Korchnoi (who defected at the age of 45 in Amsterdam in 1976). For quite understandable reasons he did not want to play in Moscow. It is to be hoped that the Grandmaster Association will take pity on Korchnoi and find some way for him to be included in the next World Cup, for their tournaments will be seriously impoverished without his presence. Korchnoi is currently in particularly fine form, as can be seen from his victory at Rotterdam last month, ahead

of Gurevich, Timman and Short.

White: Viktor Korchnoi; Black: Nigel Short. Euwe Memorial. English Opening.

Black's opening has been a success.

10 Ng1	Nf6	11 Bg5	Nag3
12 h3	Rod1	13 Bxh1	Kf7
14 Qxg3	Qd6	15 Bg2	Bd7
16 0-0-0	Qd5	17 Qxd5	hxd5
18 Nf3	Rd6	19 Rf1	Rf6

A poor move which fails to achieve its ambition, namely the exchange of White's dark squared bishop. Correct would have been 19...Bg6.

TENNIS

Lendl and Edberg progress without serious distraction

By ANDREW LONGMORE
TENNIS CORRESPONDENT

THE top two seeds, Ivan Lendl and Stefan Edberg, barely bothered to turn their heads as they walked into the semi-finals of the Stella Artois tournament at Queen's Club, London, yesterday. Lendl continued his lengthy preparations for Wimbledon with a 6-2, 6-4 victory over David Pate, the hard-serving Californian, and Edberg struggled for a set before finding his rhythm to overcome Christo van Rensburg, also in straight sets.

Of the two, Lendl was the more impressive. He thought so, too. "I felt fine. I'm feeling as if things are going naturally at the moment and that's so important," he said. In fact, it was a nicely ordered day for the No. 1 seed. He played the first match on Centre court, there were few people there to watch him or, more probably, disturb him, and he was back in the locker-room before the executives had finished their coffee and port. "I liked it. It was a good atmosphere," he said.

By the time Edberg had discovered his stride the centre court had filled to near capacity. Yet it was only in the second set that the gentle Swede brought them to life, his volleying as swift and precise as ever, his serve belatedly incisive. Until then, the match had existed in a vacuum. That was due partly to van Rensburg, who would not even rush to catch a bus, and partly to a warm and heavy atmosphere, which was welcome after the cold of the previous days but which induced a certain sense of somnolence as well.

Edberg's only moment of anxiety came early in the first set when he was broken to go 3-1 down, but three flashing passes in the next game brought an immediate break back. The main worry for Edberg was his serve. It had troubled him in Paris during his defeat by Sergi Bruguera and it troubled him again for a time yesterday. Van Rensburg, a finalist here last year, broke twice and had points to break in two other service games.

The reason why he was unable to capitalise on that fragility was his own serve.



Fast return: Lendl, who overcame Pate in straight sets at Queen's yesterday

The South African served five double-faults in the first set, two of them in the seventh game, which he lost. He made amends by levelling to 5-5, dropped his serve again when he netted a backhand volley and, after 56 minutes, lost the set.

There was less doubt about the rest of the match as the No. 2 seed lost only three points in five service games. Though van Rensburg produced the shot of the match, a miraculous backhand lob from behind the baseline which looped over Edberg and

dropped just in, Edberg's serve-and-volley game was otherwise too solid.

"Since the French I have been working hard on my serve and I served well in the second set and better than my last two matches. Above all, I have been winning my matches and that is what counts," Edberg said.

With Becker due to play Edberg in the semi-final today, there will be a nice game of cat-and-mouse between last year's Wimbledon finalists. Yesterday, Edberg gave himself a neat safety net by

pointing out that he was beaten by the West German at Queen's in 1988 and went on to win Wimbledon.

"We know each other's game so well because we have played so often. It depends on who is the more confident on the day," Edberg said.

Becker reinforced his own slow return to form with a convincing 6-3, 6-3, win over David Wheaton, a promising young American.

RESULTS: Centre-Court: Lendl (US) 6-2, 6-4, 6-2; Pate (US) 6-2, 6-4, 6-2; Edberg (Swe) 6-2, 6-4, 6-2; van Rensburg (SA) 7-5, 6-3, 6-3.

Garrison improves against brave foe

ZINA Garrison, allowed some breathing space by Belinda Cordwell's damaged left knee, defeated the New Zealander 6-1, 6-2 yesterday to reach the semi-finals of the Dow Classic at Edgbaston.

Cordwell has suffered a great deal from injury in the past year, and for that reason was unwilling to take the safe way out and withdraw from the tournament. Instead, with Wimbledon only days away, she risked further damage in a fruitless challenge against the top seed.

"I've rested enough. I'll play until my leg is broken in half," she said.

The damage, some stretched ligaments, actually occurred some 10 weeks ago while she practised with Mark Cox, who she began working with during his sojourn in New Zealand.

Her movement was obviously restricted, and by the end she could no longer try for the half chances. Her serve suffered too, with double-faults occurring in five of her seven service games.

Garrison was much sharper than on the previous day, and after saving a break point in the opening game she moved from strength to strength.

"My passing shots were better today, but she wasn't in the best condition," Garrison conceded. "But you have to be careful you don't take them too lightly when they are like that. Kidowski (her previous opponent) was bandaged up as well, and she moved extremely well."

Helena Sukova, seeded No. 2, defeated Larisa Savchenko 3-6, 6-3, 6-2, losing the first set after conceding her serve with a double-fault in the second game. That apart, she had an excellent match, serving and volleying with her usual authority.

Her only difficulty came from the power of Savchenko's returns, but she overcame that difficulty by mixing up her serve. Her own punishing returns made Savchenko try for too much, resulting in the Russian producing eleven double faults.

RESULTS: Centre-Court: Z Garrison (US) 6-1, 6-2; B Cordwell (NZ) 6-1, 6-2; N Sukova (CZ) 6-3, 6-2; L Savchenko (USSR) 3-6, 6-3, 6-2; P Farnes (US) 6-2, 6-3; D Wheaton (US) 6-3, 6-3.

ROWING

Troubled waters as Cam protests ruffle Bumps

By a CORRESPONDENT

FOR the second time in 15 years, Cambridge rowing is at the crossroads with proposals for rail and road bridges over the Cam - and protests against them threatening to disrupt the final day of the May Bumps today.

Last time it was the development of the Cambridge northern bypass that sparked off a joint project between town and gown rowers for a multi-lane 2,000-metre course northwards from the bypass; the earth to be removed would have been used for the embankments to carry the A-15 across the railway and Cam.

The strong support for this withered when a senior university coach stated he would never be interested in anything as vague as 2,000-metre rowing.

Now the road and rail proposals are much bigger, ranging from a bypass to the east of Milton to a light railway across Stourbridge Common and along Riverside. Most attention, however, is being given to a proposal to build a bridge across the stretch of river known as The Long Reach and on to Ditton Meadows.

This is the suggestion that is attracting all the opposition, including a 10,000-signature petition and protests during the Bumps, for the course would be split in half by the new road bridge. The Save Our Commons and Meadows campaign is urging Cambridgeshire County Council to reconsider its approval in principle for the road scheme. It is expected that a public inquiry will be held because of objections from landowners.

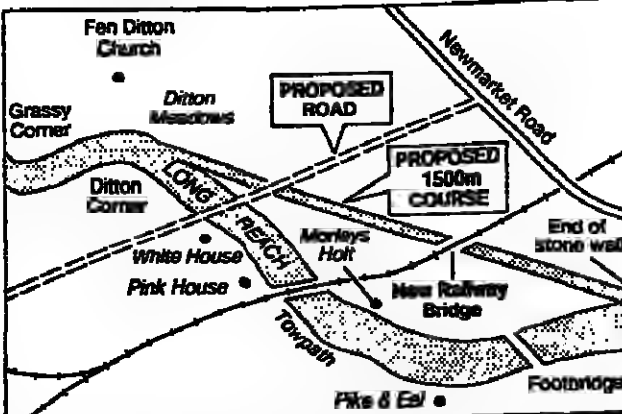
However, I believe the opportunity is there for some positive thinking, something that many would claim has been lacking in Cambridge rowing lately. If embankments have to be built, then why not dig them from somewhere which could be turned into more water space for rowing's needs?

Such a possibility appears to exist. If the tranquility of the Long Reach has to be disturbed, there is a case for a four-lane rowing course from Ditton Corner, across the Meadows and Stourbridge Common to the end of Riverside. It would double the amount of river available for training, and ease congestion on the Cam, which is now at such a peak that the Cambridge University Boat Club had to take off the river one of the men's divisions, so reducing the numbers in the Mays.

A straight four-lane course would also attract top-level competition to the city, another need for Cambridge. Mark Lees, the university coach, wants more competition for the Blue boat. While many may feel 2,000 metres should be the optimum course, being the distance used at most international events and also at Holme Pierrepont, the national rowing centre near Nottingham, I think that 1,500 metres would still be extremely attractive.

Indeed, Peterborough, the county rival of Cambridge, has shown what can be done on just 1,000 metres - including the finals of the Daffodil Sprint, two of the largest two-day regatta weekends in the country, and special regattas for veterans and juniors including the Anglo-French match.

Peterborough's course was a result of adapting the city development plan to the needs of rowing, again including new roads and leisure facilities. The declining standard of Cambridge college rowing is there for all to see - as dramatically shown this term, when the best any college crew could do in the Head of the Cam was to finish ninth, believed to be the lowest ever, and behind the first boats of the three main town clubs. Town and gown now have a second chance to try to prevent the slow slide of the Cam into yet another silted-up backwater of the rowing world.



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ATHLETICS

Hutcheson returns to international scene

KAREN Hutcheson, of Berry Hill, who so nearly won a medal in the Commonwealth Games in Auckland, opens her season for Scotland in Athens this weekend. The Midlands-based runner, aged 24, contests the 1500 metres against Greece, Ireland and Portugal.

In New Zealand, Hutcheson just failed to snatch the bronze medal in the 3,000 metres. Chasing Angela Chalmers, of Canada, the gold medal winner, and the runner-up, Yvonne Murray, of Scotland, Hutcheson was caught on the line by Liz McColgan, her Scottish colleague. But Hutcheson improved her personal best time by over 12 seconds.

It was a typically determined effort from the no-nonsense secretary from Mansfield. "I like to go to the front - there's no point in hanging around waiting for someone else to set the pace," she said.

Hutcheson will use this race as a warm-up for some of the season's important tests, including the IAC grand prix meeting at Meadowbank on July 6.

Nicola Emblem, the javelin thrower, who has an elbow injury, has been replaced by Diane Sutherland.

Meanwhile, ESPC, the Pasadenian Scottish League first division champions, will be out to make amends at Crownpoint Stadium, Glasgow, tomorrow for their poor showing at the same venue last month.

BOWLS

Bon Accord in suspense in North section

WITH three of the four sections still to be decided, today's final round of matches in the CIS Insurance counties championship produces the usual crop of imponderables with nine teams competing to join Ayrshire in the semi-finals.

The most open of the sections is the North, where the leaders, Bon Accord, have completed their six-match programme with four wins, Angus, Dundee and Northern Counties can all overtake them.

In the West section, the leaders, Stirlingshire, and second-placed Renfrewshire West meet at Kilbarchan, with the prize for the winner a semi-final spot next week.

It doesn't take long to explain why Tom Walkinshaw puts Goodyear Eagles on the WSPC Silk Cut Jaguar team and IMSA Castrol Jaguar team, before he puts them on the track.

Two seconds is more than enough. That's how long his drivers reckon their

Goodyear Eagle tyres saved them per lap in the Daytona 24 hr race.

But then, Eagles have been designed through the race track for high performance. Design experience we use to develop the Eagles you can fit to your performance car.

Our Eagle VR, Eagle NCT and the new Eagle NCT2 all take advantage of Neutral Contour Technology for superb steering control.

The new Eagle NCT2 tyres also give increased performance in the wet. Plus greatly reduced noise levels, through unique variations in both horizontal and vertical tread elements.

You see, even though we're already out in front, we're constantly improving our performance.

As well as, apparently, people like Tom Walkinshaw's.

Maybe you should take a couple of seconds to think about fitting Eagles to your car.

FLY WITH THE EAGLES.

GOODYEAR

TRAVEL

Cornwall's forgotten corner

Some time between Suez and the Beatles, the splendours and subdued charms of the Rame Peninsula slipped people's minds. Well, there was a lot going on, mainly to do with rising aspirations, while trips on old ferry boats — the easiest means of access — struck a dull note in a shiny new age of proud owner-drivers.

Today, the gentle old-fashioned countryside and clear pebbly bays that are the prelude to Rame Head's towering presence make up one of the least-known parts of Cornwall; a forgotten corner, although its eastern arm borders Plymouth Sound. Strollers on the Hoe admire the view, promise themselves a visit and, in the end, tend not to make it. Once, things were different. At weekends, armadas of pleasure boats shuttled families and tourists out from the city's Barbican to the twin fishing villages of Kingsand and Cawsand, tucked away beyond Fort Picklecombe, covering the shores in bodies of intensifying pink.

Passengers waving from the decks of an anchored Cunard Queen or the French Lines De Grasse pointed up post-war austerity and plain tomato sandwiches: a touch of pride in a big-guns cruiser moving majestically seawards from docks on the River Tamar maybe eased the contrast.

The entire peninsula was a Navy port's playground in which tin trays from cafes went awash with tea, and pubs — one coyly admitting to being where Admiral Nelson and Lady Hamilton spent romantic interludes — were half-seas under in thirsty shipwrights.

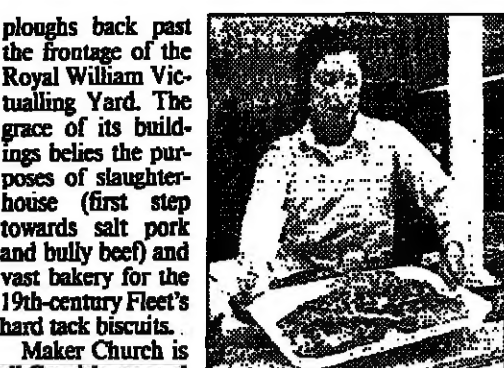
Now most motorists cross the Tamar Bridge, way up-river, and drive on deep into Cornwall, rather than skirt creeks and mudflats over which Tamar and tributaries spread themselves below Torpoint and its chain ferry.

But a regular service run by a wooden boat with a jaunty funnel crosses from Durnford Street, Plymouth, to Cremyll on the Cornish side in just 10 minutes. Up the steep slope of Mount Edgumbe, Maker Church overlooks the riverscape, dockyards and the city extending towards Dartmoor.

Train your binoculars on a departing frigate, and a buzzard glides into focus on a great mothlike wings. The song of skylarks here carries more volume than hooters sounding across the water.

In the foreground, the ferry

John Hill enjoys the Rame Peninsula, once a playground for Plymouth pleasure boats

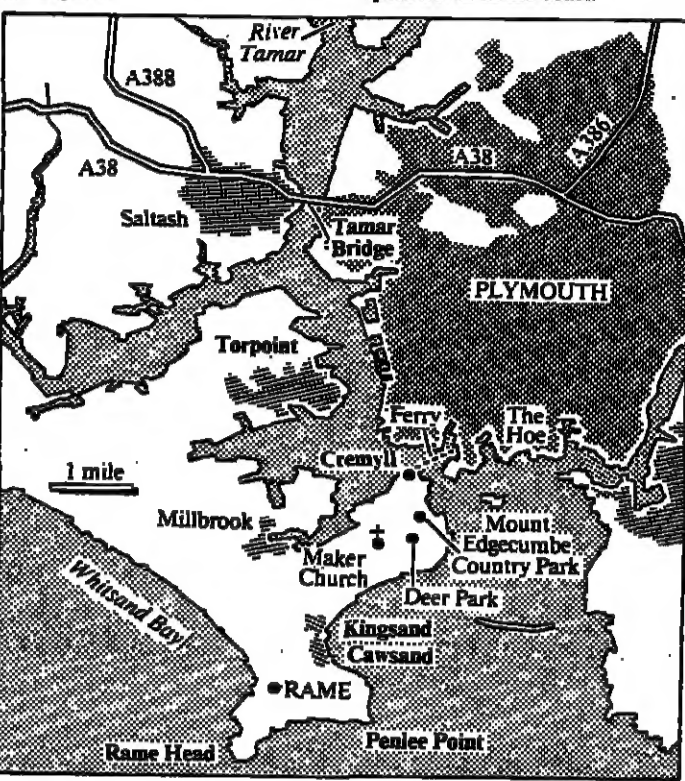


Pasties from Cawsand Bakery

Outside the church is a signpost, mostly downhill, footpath to Kingsand which runs past a huge fort, merging ever deeper into undergrowth; one of the "folies" built to repulse invasion that never came. This is now walking country, served by buses which unfortunately only occur with the frequency of glaciations.

Low buildings on the shore are fish cellars built by Elizabethan businessmen to cure catches of the once-abundant pilchard, and the thickets all around make first-landfall refuges for migratory birds.

Kingsand and Cawsand, where residents smuggled on until the 1850s, have crooked streets of jumbled whitewashed cottages, and some tall Georgian houses, without the besetting crowds and overpowering two-story of more famous spots down in the coast.



On the narrow cliff road that links the villages in their suntrap (made warmer by much red sandstone) the crack of a training yacht's sails comes in like gunfire.

The boundary between Devon and Cornwall once divided them: a line dictated by Saxons bent on control of both banks of the Tamar, which put Kingsand on the "English" side and fostered a rivalry that lasted centuries. (Midshipman John Pollard will have scored high points for Cawsand. He was credited with avenging Nelson's death at Trafalgar by toppling the marksman who fired the fatal shot.)

Here be real pasties: filled to their roofs with meat, potato, onion and maybe swede, the whole thing well peppered. They are not the airy pastry casings with a smear of something on their floors often passed off in less advantaged regions.

Penleez Point, to the west of the villages, marks the approach to Rame Head, a colossal, conical, ram's head rising dramatically. It is crowned by St Michael's Chapel and thrust out from the mainland on a narrow isthmus.

Seabirds, sometimes including fulmars, those superb aerialists, wheel dizzily around the cliffs while cormorants dive into the waves that lurch against rocks at the base.

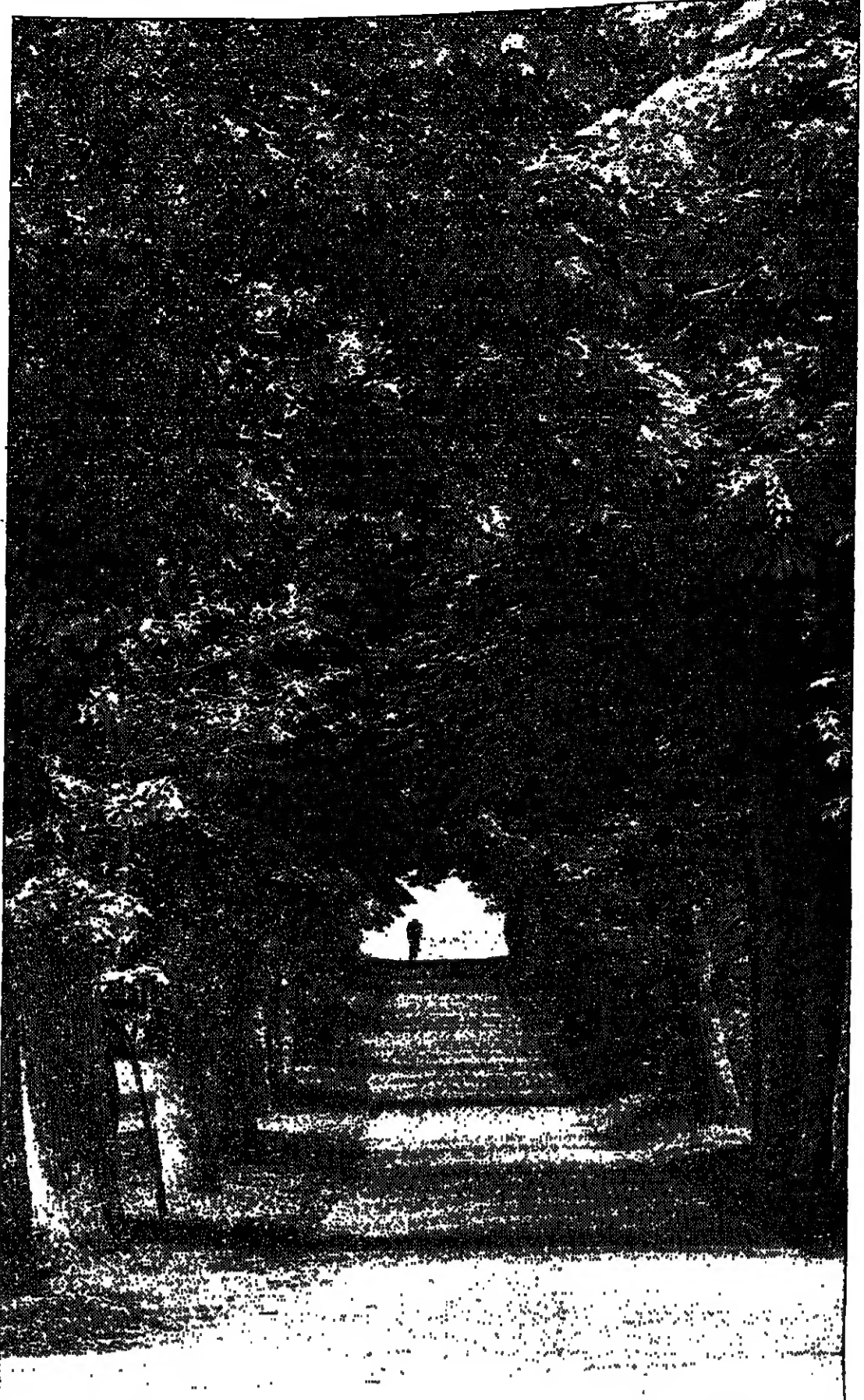
The tiny chapel, licensed for mass in the 14th century, served as a medieval lighthouse and probably saw more early coastguards than communicants. Views up-Channel and towards the Lizard are among the most magnificent on the south-west coast, particularly at sunset.

A ferry ticket of 40p takes you from Plymouth to Cremyll and Mount Edgumbe Park, the gates of which are only a few yards from the waterfront (admission to the park is free).

That 40p was eight shillings in what a Cornishman might call the "real money" of Betjemansesque days. They faded away when people went hurrying down dual carriageways to look for sandy Camelots with big car parks.

TRAVEL NOTES

For information on local bed and breakfast, farm and guesthouse accommodation, contact the Welcome to Cornwall Tourist Information Centre, Granada Service Station, Carkeel Roundabout, Saltash, PL12 6HF (0752 849 526).



If you go down in the woods today: an avenue of trees heralds Mount Edgumbe Park

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TRAVEL BOOKS

Common sense says that an old guidebook should be worthless: quaintness and charm are no substitutes for hard facts when you are on the road. But some travel books (Evelyn Waugh and H. V. Morton spring to mind) transcend the rule. Collins is evidently confident that *The Companion Guide to Venice*, by Hugh Honour (£13.95) and *Burgundy*, by Robert Speaight (revised and expanded by Francis Pagan, £14.95) have stood the test of time. *Venice* first appeared 25 years ago, and *Burgundy* is 15 years old. Both read well today, perhaps because the emphasis is on history rather than current culture. Honour has a light, chatty style that makes for easy reading, while Speaight/Pagan take a more academic approach. To ensure that age does not weary them, these revised editions sensibly omit such details as museum opening times.

Talking Germany, by Jennifer Lee (Routledge, £5.95) is in sharp contrast to the old-style guides. No one would read it for pleasure. In her foreword, the author states: "You will find no authoritative (or boring) descriptions of cathedrals and architectural wonders... but lots of advice." This is a basic utility guide, with compact information on how to get around and handy phrases. There are suggested routes for leisurely travel and brief summaries of the cities for those on flying visits. Short on poetry, perhaps, but undeniably useful.

Les Woodland's *Get Away by Bike* (Pelham, £13.95), is billed as "The essential guide for every cycle tourist". More likely to appeal to raw beginners who are sorewing up the courage to take a holiday on two wheels than to experienced riders, it contains advice on the topics most likely to worry the inexperienced cyclist, such as how to persuade airlines to carry your bike, or which screws to adjust when the chain flies off the sprockets. There is also, a section on buying a bike and brief guides to cycling in other European countries. It is all written with a geing-up enthusiasm that gets a bit wearing, but there is lots of advice and useful addresses.

Jenny Tabakoff

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TRAVEL NEWS

News on the air

Two new radio stations begin broadcasting airport information for Gatwick and Heathrow on Monday June 25. Radio Travel News Heathrow (1584FM), and its sister service on the same wavelength for Gatwick, can be picked up within ten miles of the airports. The 24-hour news services will include roundups of airport travel information, including the state of traffic on the approach roads, news of arrivals and departures, and of delays and parking.

Fly France

The new youth and student airpases for the services of Air France and the French domestic airline Air Inter offer exceptionally good value. The passes are valid for four or seven not necessarily consecutive days of unlimited travel in any one month, and include the return fare from Britain to France. Prices start at £155 for a four-day pass, beginning with a London Stansted to Paris flight. The principal restriction is that all flights must be vols bleus, which are

flights which appear in blue print on the Air France and Air Inter timetables. The passes are available to anyone under 25, and to full-time students up to the age of 27. Ask for a Le Fly France leaflet: Air France (071-499 9511)

Lizard life

The Polurian Hotel on Cornwall's Lizard Peninsula opened again this week after six months of refurbishment following storm damage suffered in last January's gales. A new smoker room has been called Oscar's in memory of the hotel's bar manager, who was injured when a chimney crashed through the roof, and later died. Twelve new bedrooms have been added in the £500,000 rebuilding programme (0326 240421).

Walking tall

Allowing luggage to make its way from hotel to hotel while its unburdened owner walks from village to village is an increasingly popular way of ensuring that a healthy holiday does not turn into an endurance test. The Swiss Travel Service (0920 463971) offers a selection of walking holidays including a walking-without-luggage week near

Lake Lucerne from £239 for return flight to Zurich, airport transfers, half-board accommodation for the first night and the transfer of luggage each day to the next hotel. Resting places on the tour are at Brunnen, Engelberg, Wilen and Sorenberg. Expect to pay about £26 a night for additional bed and breakfast accommodation.

Ship of war

Sweden's most famous warship, the Vasa, which capsized in Stockholm harbour in 1628 is the centrepiece of a new museum opening in the city today. Preserved and restored, she will be on show daily from 9.30am to 7pm at the Vasa Museum, Galarvarvet, Djurgården, in Stockholm. Further information from the Swedish Tourist Board, 071-437 5818.

Moscow days

Day trips to Moscow next winter are planned by Airtours (0706-260000). The company's winter programme, which starts on November 7, will also include one-day visits to Berlin for £159 (the same price as the Moscow trips), Vienna for £119 and Paris and Amsterdam both at £99.

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TRAVEL

Old Glory and ancient Spanish glories

The dollar might rule in Puerto Rico, but Tom Millar discovers it still adds up to four pesetas

Puerto Rico. Before you go, try it on some friends and you may note a certain unease. "Are you flying direct?" (actually, a bold bid for a clue), "South America?" (a generous stab), "Where is it?" (honest ignorance). To tell them it is an island in the Caribbean helps only a little, for they are many. A map tells it all; Puerto Rico is the easternmost of the four main islands which make up the Greater Antilles. From here, the islands are smaller and more numerous, like floats on a great net extending to the coast of Venezuela.

A more exciting preparation is to read *Christopher Columbus*, by John Stewart Collis. The author tells of a monk, sent by Columbus to record the antiquities of the Indians, who discovered this oracle: "There will come men wearing clothes who will dominate us and kill us." The Tibes Indian Ceremonial Centre at Ponce tells of the savagery with which the Spaniards wiped out a gentle people and their rich culture. A native Indian king, about to be burnt at the stake, refused baptism lest he go to heaven "and meet only Christians". Other men came, many from the west coast of Africa. They wore shackles. Their presence added another pigment to the racial palette of Puerto Rico.

A fourth, richer and more powerful culture intruded in 1898 when Puerto Rico became a prize of the Spanish American War. Hence the school bus, Old Glory, the Kentucky Fried Chicken, the dollar, the military presence and the draft. But it is a subtle presence. Spanish is still the first language; the dollar is a peso and the quarter a peseta; the national flag flies beside the Stars and Stripes and independence is still one option.

A booklet on shopping, restaurants and entertainments picked up in a hotel lobby provided a half-page on Old San Juan, enough for a morning. "At the beginning of Cristo Street is the chapel with its beautiful silver altar," it said. A notice on the padlocked gate announced that the chapel was open only on Tuesdays.

"Across the street, the Museum of Puerto Rican Art offers work by old masters and modern artists," the booklet went on. A cleaner, busy on the frontage, told me the museum did not open until 11 o'clock.

"A short walk up Cristo Street and you arrive at the recently restored San Juan Cathedral," the booklet said. Off the left chancel was the white tomb of Ponce de Leon, first governor of Puerto Rico.

At the base was a Latin inscription which I wanted to copy. The woman caretaker was scribbling on a pad. "Please, could I borrow your pencil for a moment?" "No, you could not borrow it."

I bought a booklet about the cathedral. "Now can I borrow your pencil?" "Yes." The booklet advised a walk across the plaza to the El Convento Hotel. This was a Carmelite convent for 250 years and the monastic layout has been preserved. The tariff describes the sleeping quarters in clerical terms: abbot, monsignor, cardinal, in ascending order of status and price.

Next, up Cristo Street to San Jose Church. Inside, the exposed stonework was the colour of oatmeal. Wall tiles marked the stations of the cross. Dark pews sat on polished flagstones. This was the family church of Ponce de Leon, whose statue dominates the plaza. His right hand is raised in either command or admonition. It seems to point



Rich legacy of a fallen empire: the great Spanish fortress of El Morro, which was built, together with San Cristobal, to protect the Atlantic coast of Puerto Rico from invasion



TRAVEL NOTES

- Tom Millar was a guest of Commonwealth of Puerto Rico Tourism Company, Cus Pasa, the official guide, is available from their offices, PO Box 15, Coudersport, Surrey.
- British Airways (081-897 4000) has twice-weekly flights direct to San Juan from £515 return for a low-season Apex fare. An American visa is required.
- Paradores are attractive, government-sponsored country inns, ranging in price from £20 to £35 for a double room. Kuoni (0306 740888) offers a 15-day, fly-drive holiday based on three paradores and allowing three nights in San Juan at the start. Virgin (0293 775511) and Speedbird (081-741 0866) also provide holidays on the island.
- Kiosks are roadside stalls, selling inexpensive and tasty food. Roads are good; driving is on the right. Wear a seatbelt and keep to the 55 mph speed limit.

at Les Balcones, a pub where the previous night we had listened to *merengue* music, watched the dancers or looked down on the crowd in the lighted plaza.

I looked back down Cristo Street, with its blue cobbles, its houses in white, ochre and bleached pink. This pattern of plaza, narrow streets and balconied houses is repeated in Ponce, San Germán and many other lesser towns. Where restoration is complete, the impression is sometimes of a pastiche. Where balconies and balconies are weathered, one would not be surprised to see Butch and Sundance appear in their long-johns in the morning light.

As I turned into San José Street, the guide book ran out. Number 109, with its salmon pink facade and dark green balcony, was open. I climbed the tile-fronted steps.

"Sir, can I help you?" "Yes, can you tell me about this house?"

"It is called the House with

the Two Alleys. At one time it was a warehouse and was known as *los Prados* (the Fields). It is now an office and sometimes when I am alone and working late, I think I can hear the girls. But if you are interested in Spanish houses, go back to 53 on Cristo Street."

There was a hand-written message on the gate: "The Porcelain Inn is closed on Wednesday." I returned to the plaza.

On the way to Cristo Street I noticed a red Glenda Line bus parked in the shaded square near the US Customs House. Where was he going? To Naranjito and Corozal in the mountains. How long? Five hours and the fare was \$2. On the outskirts of Bayamón, someone threw an over-ripe melon at the windscreen. This was the signal for yards of seamless Spanish. The bus stopped; the driver went in search of a policeman. They shook hands; the driver made his report and the journey was

resumed. He drove with his left hand on the wheel and his right on the gear stick.

Climbing the hills or plunging into the valleys, this driving position never changed. Colourful, graceful houses perched on the hill-sides, but the hill towns were disappointing, mere crowded shopping places.

On the return journey, a handsome woman with a pretty, silent daughter was eager to talk. A good place for lunch? The El Roncho restaurant, she would show me. She had lived in the Bronx, 20 years ago. It would be different now? Had I been to Boquerón? San Germán? By this time, a listening teenager in a white suit was ready with her speech: "Sir, if you want to stop, you must tell the driver. But maybe you do not want to stop?" (No, for a thunderstorm broke and it was like being caught in a car wash).

At the terminus, I offered \$2 for the return journey. He waved it away. His face, the colour of flake tobacco, creased in a smile. "Did you like?" I liked very much.

Touring is about meeting people who want you to go to where they have already been. When you get there, you angrily wonder what mood, company, event produced the spell that wholly eludes you. Boquerón, a favourite with *la señora*, was for me a shanty town with a splendid beach.

Here I was saved by the small print on the Parador Boquerón brochure. It read: "Bird Refuge of Boquerón (10 mins), the Lighthouse and Playuela Bay (20 mins), Salt Industry and Salinas (20 mins)." The water near the salt beds was purple in the evening light.

Among the mangroves, I caught a glimpse of an egret doing a fine imitation of an angry old man.

The architecture of colonial Spain and nature's gift of mountain and sea give the island its charm. Sometimes the setting is dramatic, as at the Hacienda Buena Vista at Ponce; a restored plantation with mill and mansion house set in dense tropical forest.

Everything about this place speaks of loving care. Elsewhere, sea and shore combine to provide the setting, as at the Parador Villa Paguera. Soft rounded hills form the backdrop. Offshore there are mangrove islands, where pelicans roost and houseboats are moored on the landward side. Patches of shallow water are a vivid, transparent green. In the phosphorescent bays, the

water itself has a magic: stirred by hand, it becomes liquid light.

In the Plaza de Colon stands the statue of Christopher Columbus, the tall, sad genius who never knew where he was. He discovered this island and devoutly named it San Juan Bautista. He did not discover Mexico and did not live to see the great fleets enter the Caribbean near Puerto Rico to

collect the silver and pearls. Cartagena and Puerto Bello. To protect her empire, Spain built the great forts of El Morro and San Cristobal on the Atlantic side of the island. These and the plazas, haciendas and colourful houses are the rich legacy.

I had expected to hear some wild, satirical chorus from *West Side Story*. But, "Always the hurricane blowing, always

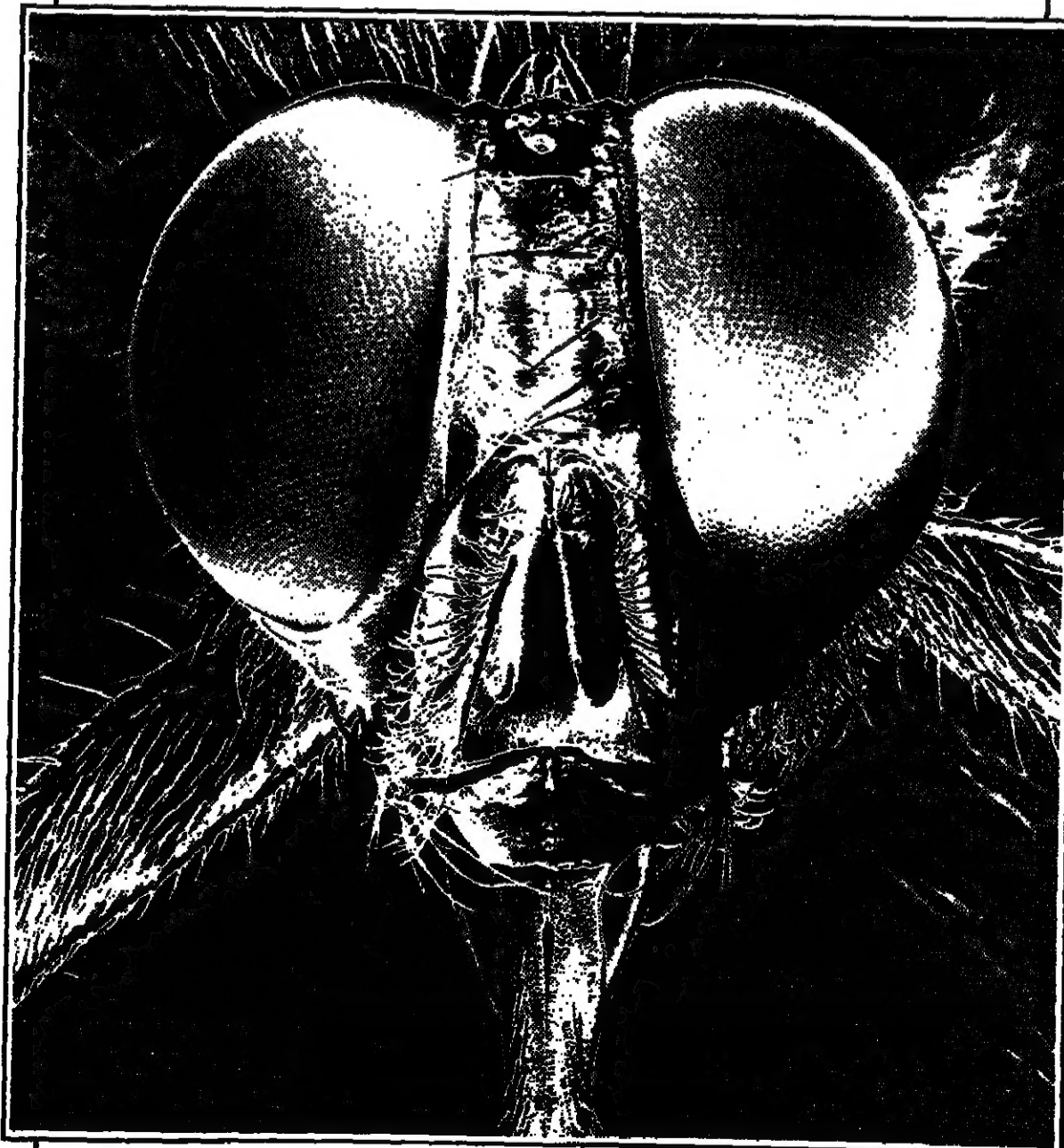
the population growing", may not be good for tourism. Instead, I heard a story:

A Puerto Rican sent his son to America to learn English. After two months, the son called his father.

"Father," he says, "I'm in big trouble."

"What's going on?" "Father, I am not learning English. I am forgetting the Spanish."

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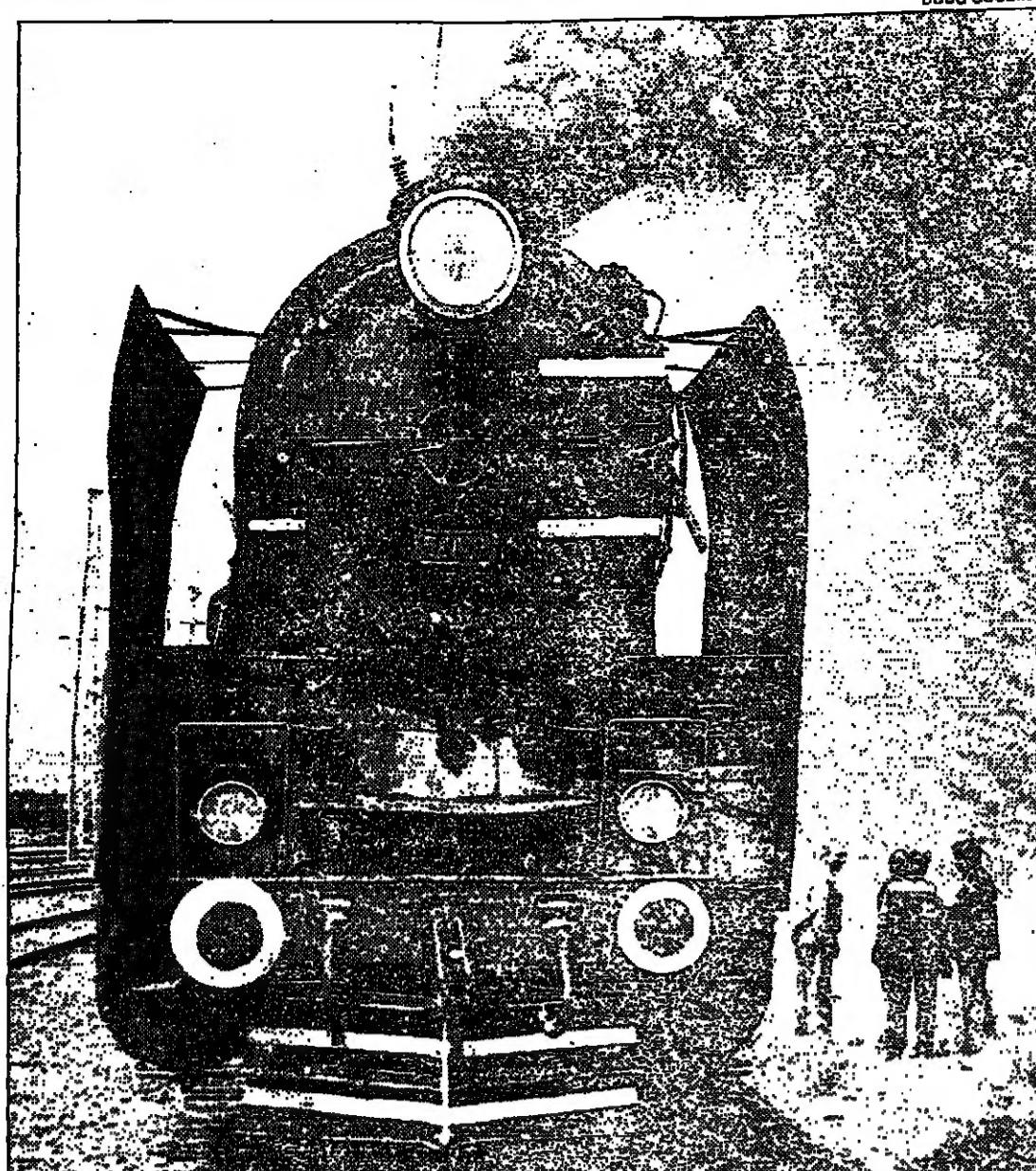
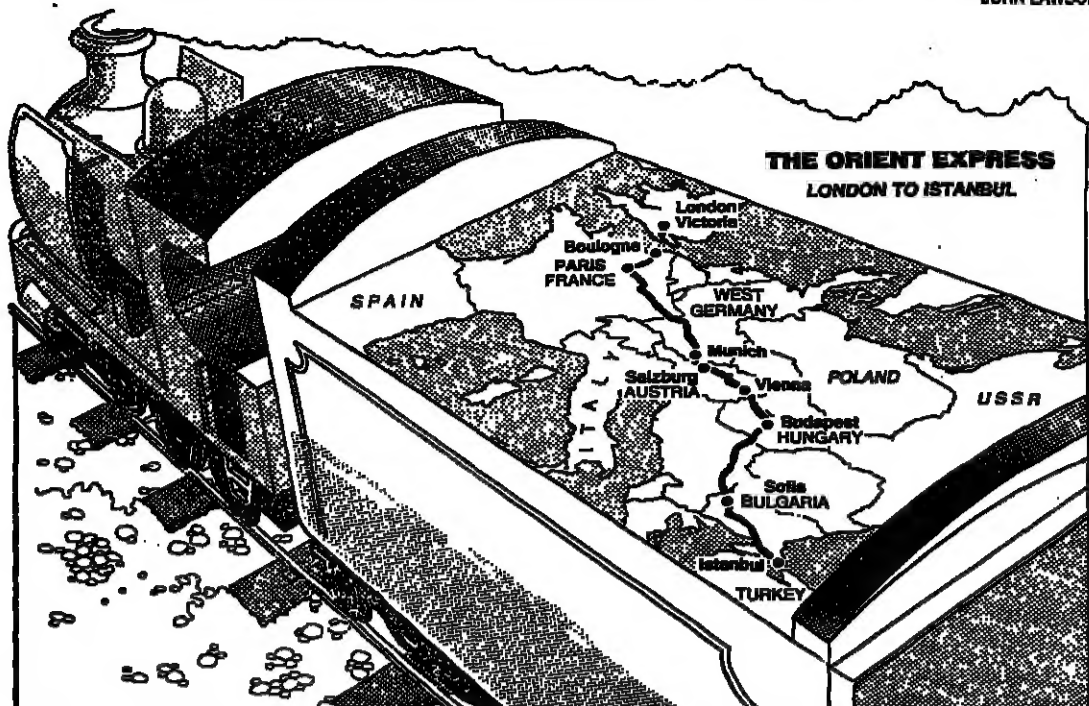
Symbols of the 'new' religion: a statue at San Juan and the glistening, white cathedral at Ponce

TRAVEL

Orient Express? That'll do nicely

On October 4, 1883, Oppert de Blowitz, Paris correspondent of *The Times*, travelled on the inaugural journey of the famous train to Constantinople. Ron Gribble followed in his tracks, on the first journey of the express, from London to Istanbul, for nearly 51 years

JOHN LAWSON



Full steam ahead: a Turkish locomotive pulls the Orient Express on the final run to Istanbul

The scene might have been taken from an Agatha Christie novel. The women were headbands and short dresses, and swung their coats as they danced. The men wore striped blazers and boaters and crossed their hands over their knees as the music broke into a Charleston. Half a dozen soldiers with guns in their belts looked on. The one woman in military uniform wore a granite face. She was not amused.

It was five o'clock in the morning and we were enjoying a Roaring Twenties Night on the Orient Express, somewhere between Bulgaria and Turkey. The train had come to a halt in a stretch of no man's land so that the Bulgarian frontier guards could come aboard.

We were expecting them. "They will want to check passport pictures with faces and will wake you if you are asleep," a courier had warned us, so we had decided to keep the party going until they arrived. "Papers," snapped the man with the stripes and the rubber stamp.

Someone pressed a glass of champagne into his hand. A pretty girl stole his peaked cap and put it on askew. The younger soldiers looked aghast. A quick-witted fellow in a white suit and floral cravat grabbed an arrangement of dried flowers from a table and presented it to the woman officer. Her boss grinned, threw back his head, swallowing his drink in one gulp, and the whole carriage burst into laughter as the pianist played ragtime.

This was part of a journey earlier this month by 100 passengers who had each paid £3,500 for a nostalgic five-day trip that recreated the last run of the Orient Express from London to Istanbul on September 2, 1939 — the day before war broke out — before returning home on Concorde. But it would have taken Hercule

Poirot to guess the true identities of some of the revellers at that fancy dress party. The dapper dresser in red and black striped jacket, for instance, was London Underground worker Kevin Christie, aged 42, from the Old Kent Road, south east London. A former Tube train driver, Mr Christie said: "My workmates chided me about the price of the trip, and even worked out how much it was costing me an hour. But it was worth every penny."

Behind the white gloves and silver cigarette holder was Jackie Bisset, aged 65, a widow from Wiltshire. She said: "I love nostalgia. I have travelled on the Royal Scot, the Mallard and the Coronation Scot. Since a child, I must have travelled on every steam train in Britain."

Two men in white tuxedos, fifty shirts and bow ties turned out to be Roman Catholic priests who had flown from the United States for the trip. Father Robert Weiss, aged 43, from Connecticut, and Father Charles Guarino, aged 49, from New York, were sponsored by a benefactor. Father Guarino said: "A very good friend of mine paid for our tickets. He obviously believes that we are doing some good in the world."

Continued From Page 53

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EAST ANGLIA

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YORKSHIRE

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